*April 12, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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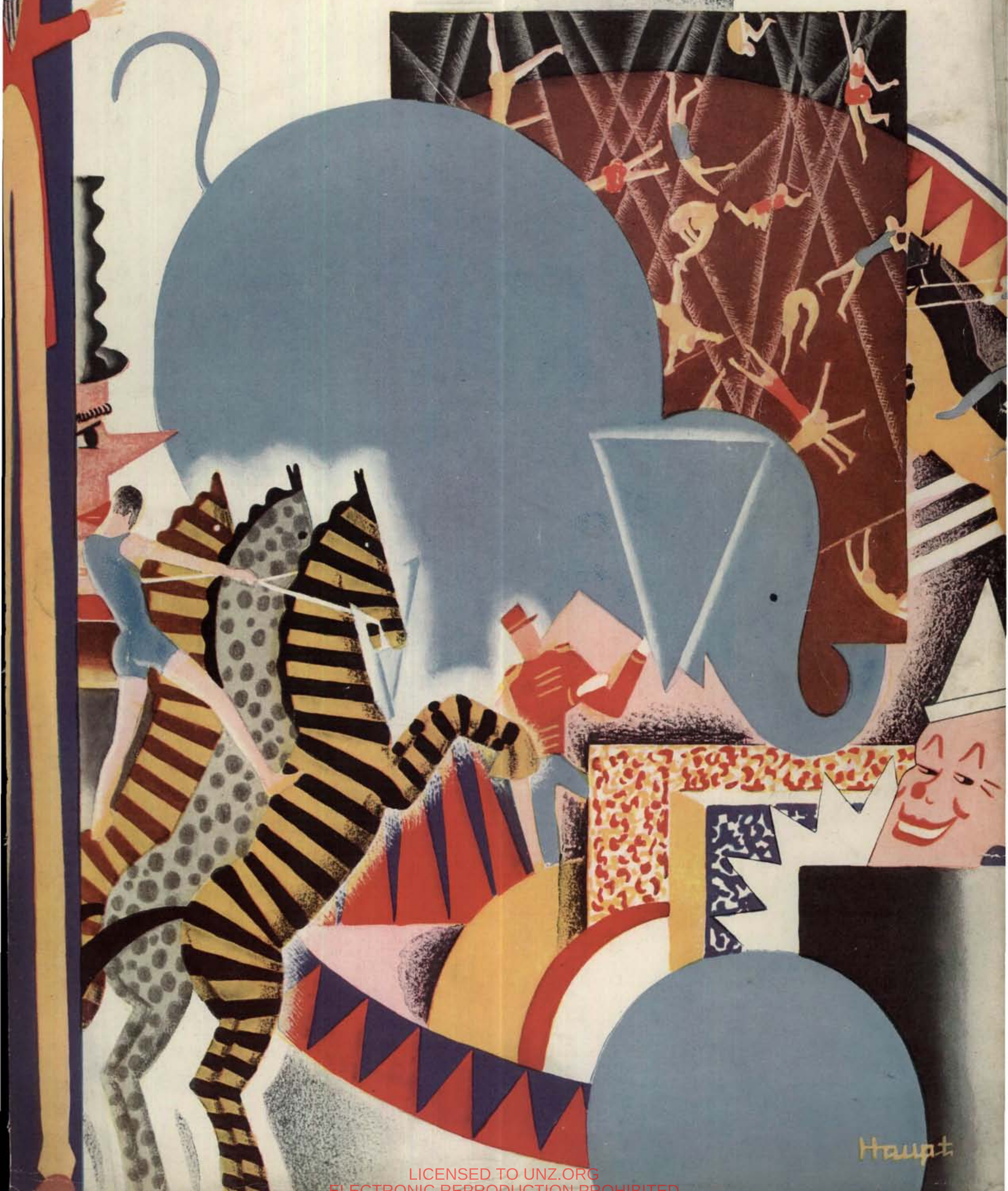

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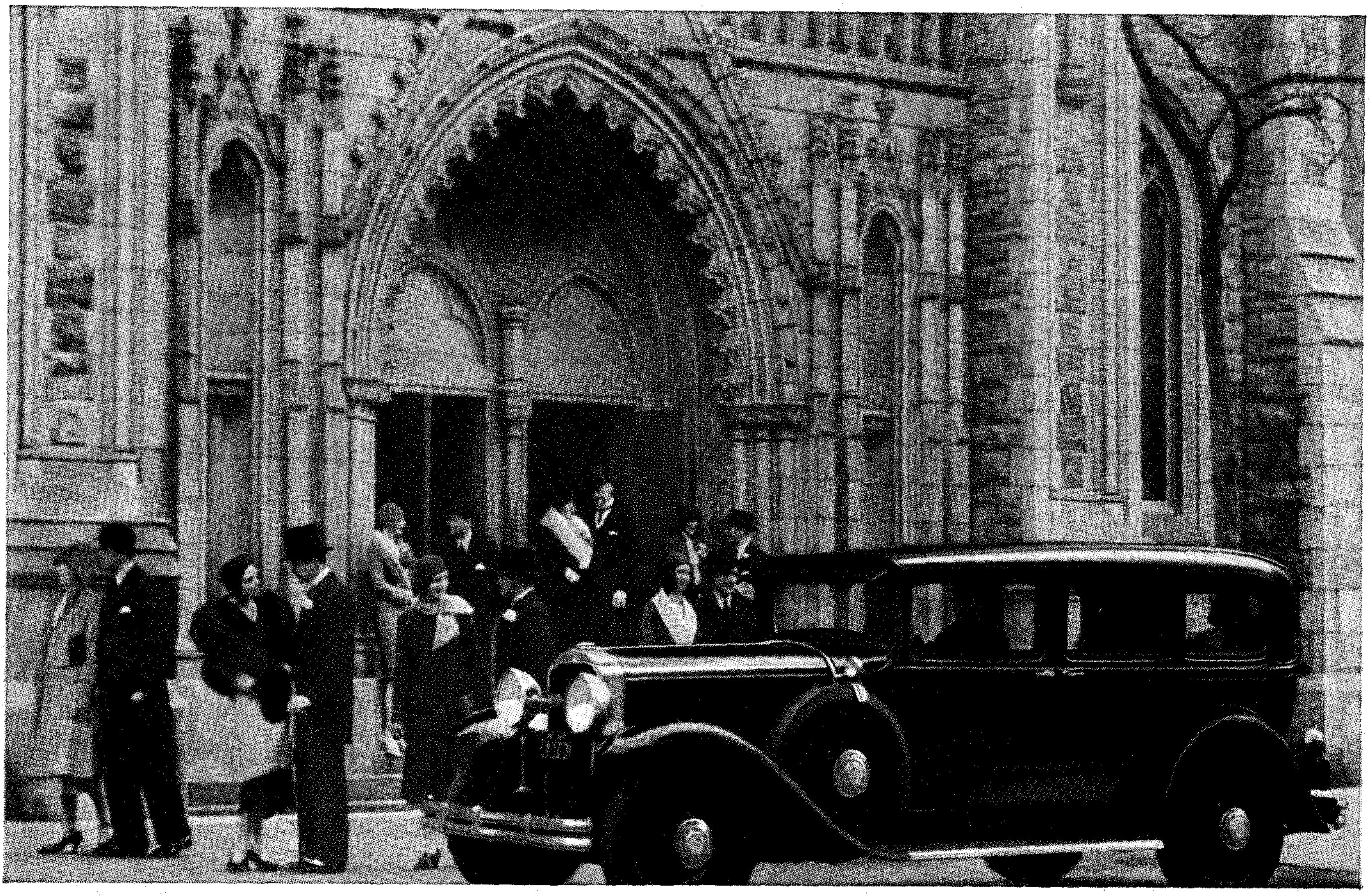

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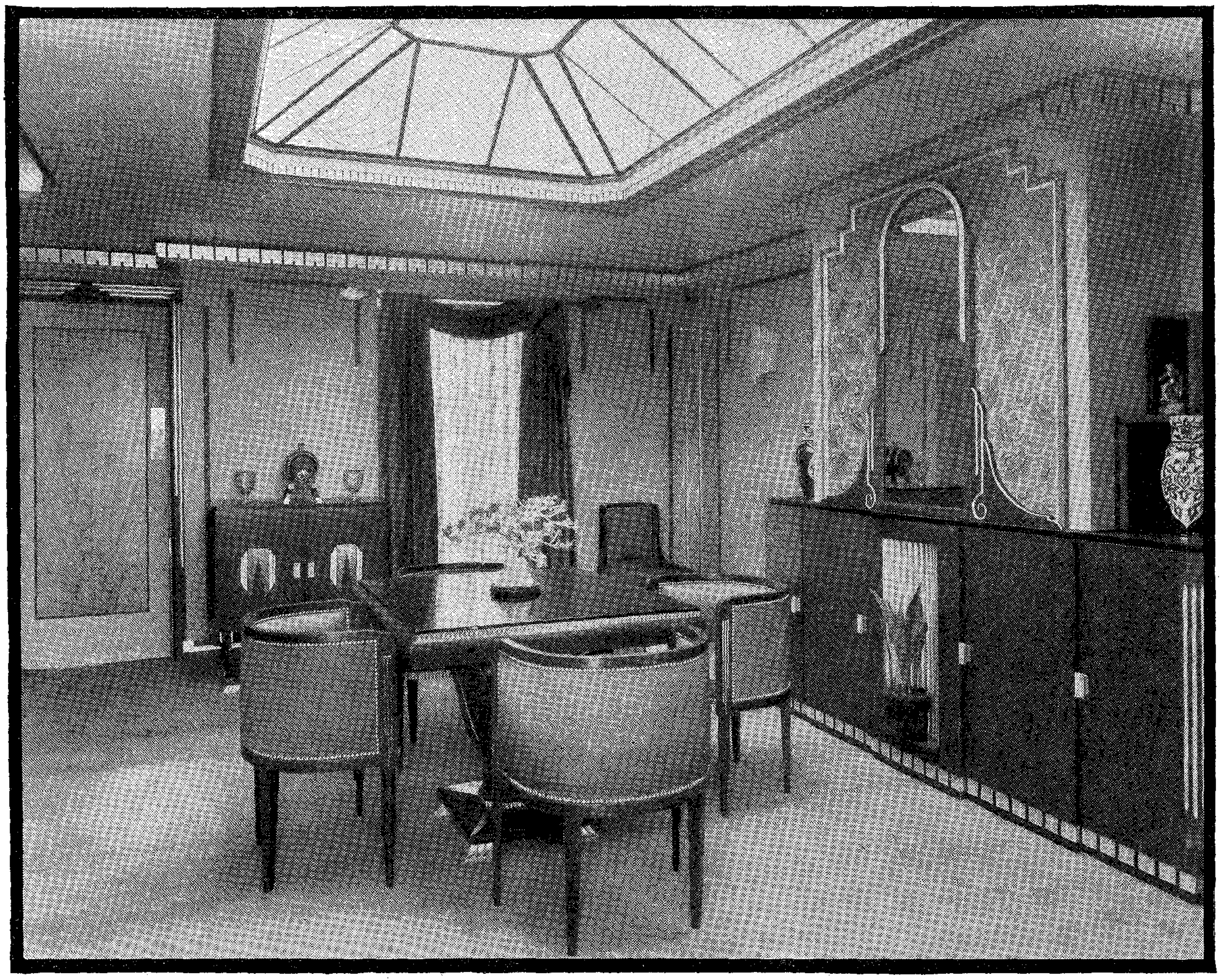

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Calling forth dramatic artistry and dynamic design in decorating, the penthouse offers an interesting background for the application of contemporary ideas. The above interior was executed by Altman Decorators, who invite consultation.

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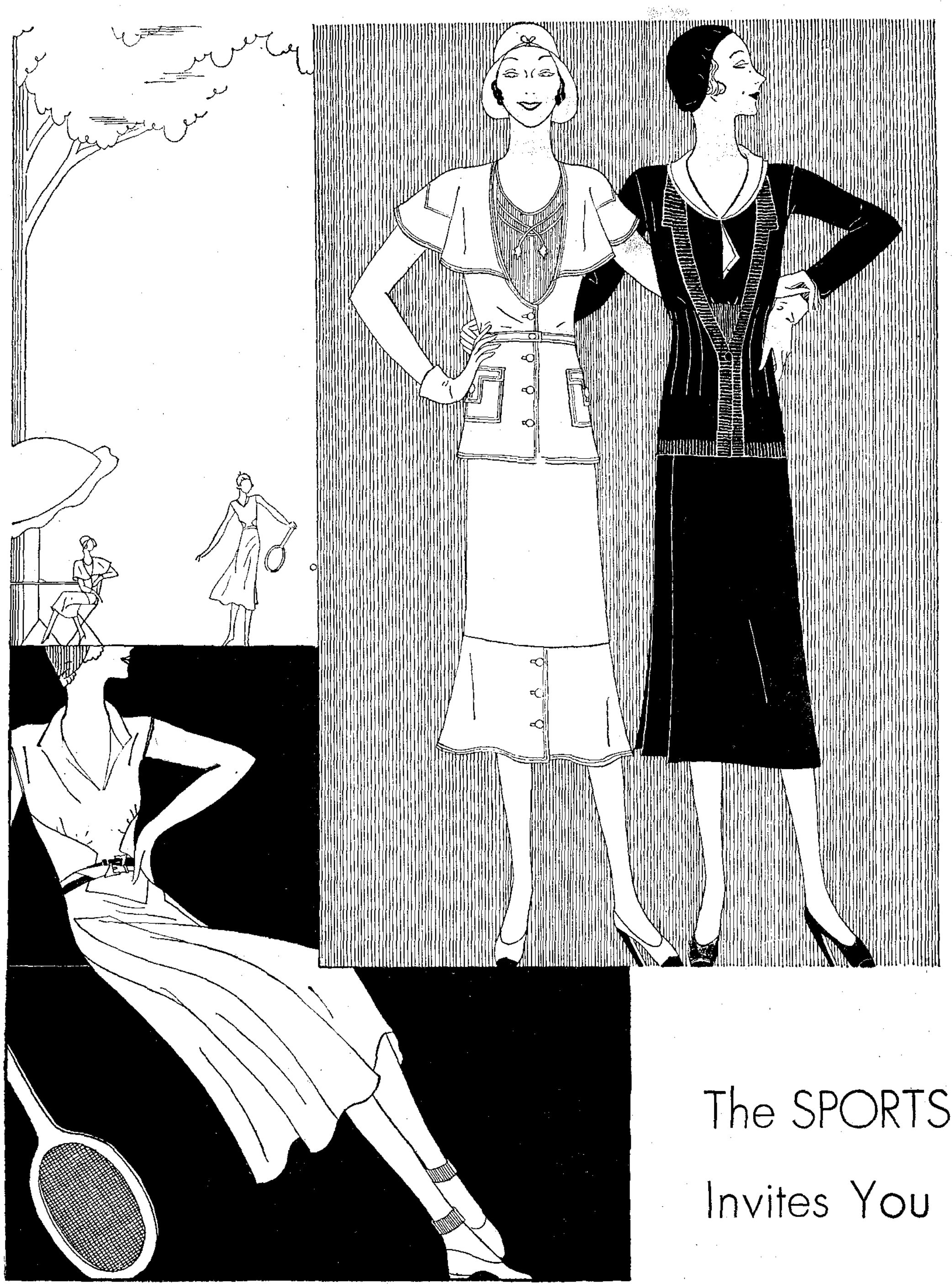
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 8, April 12, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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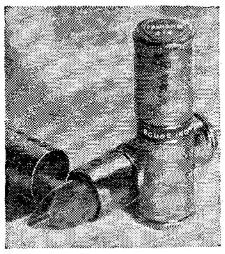

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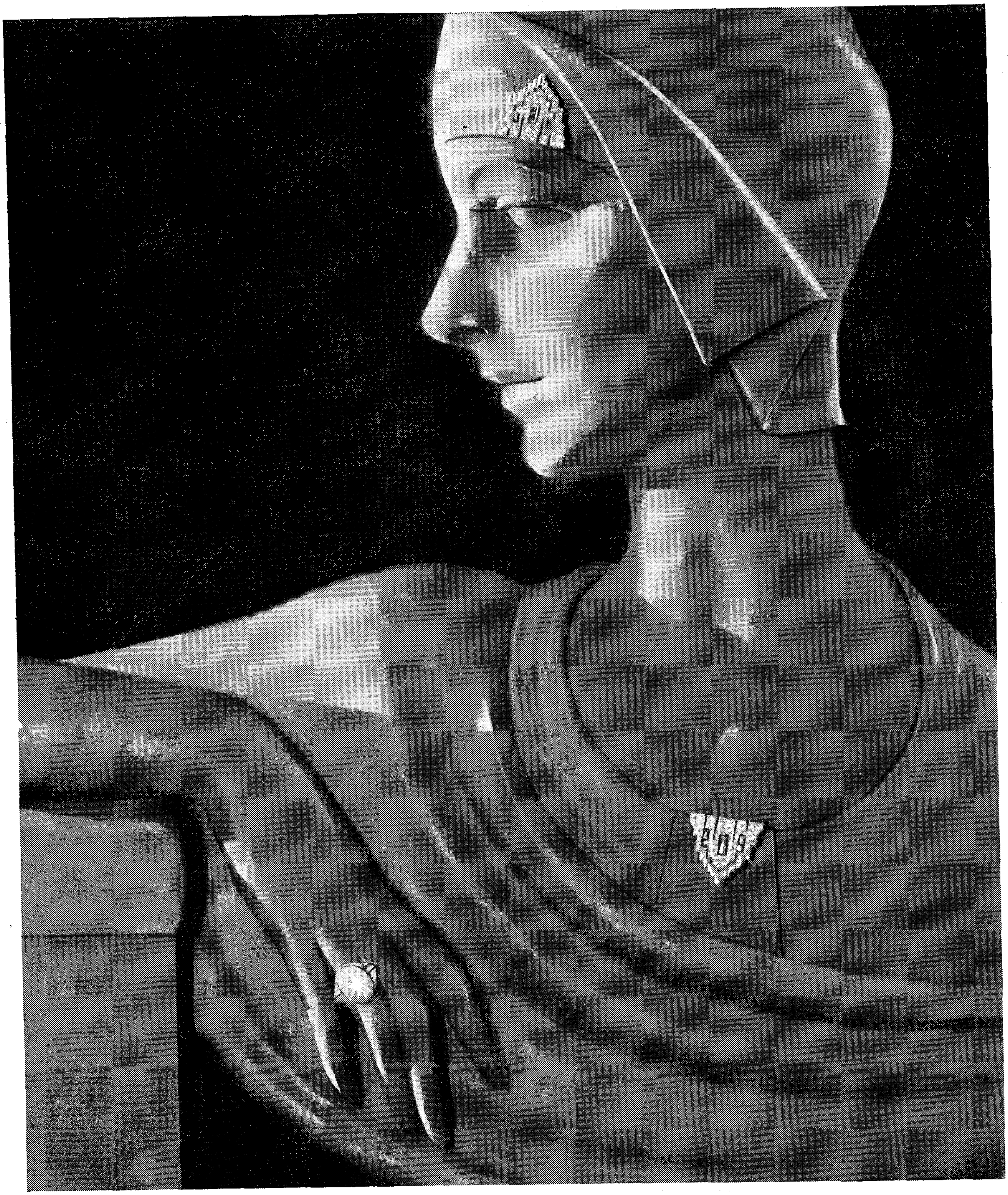

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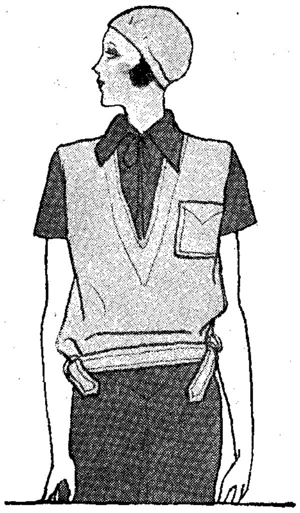

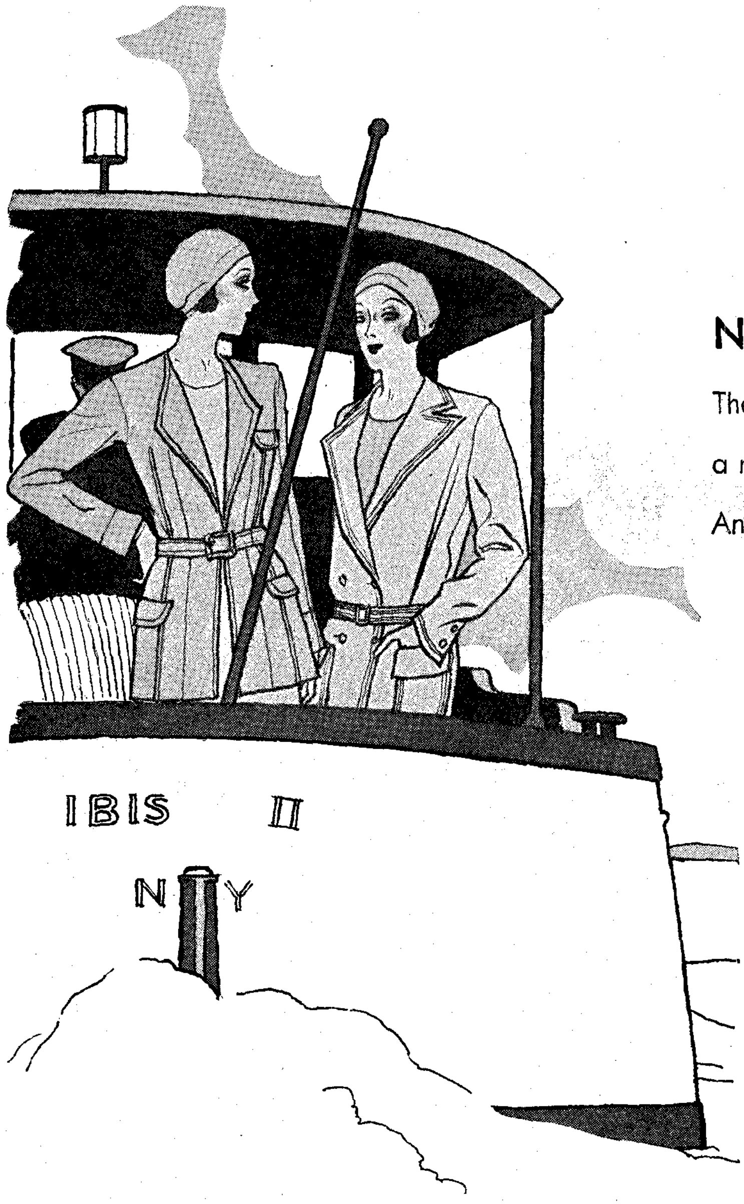

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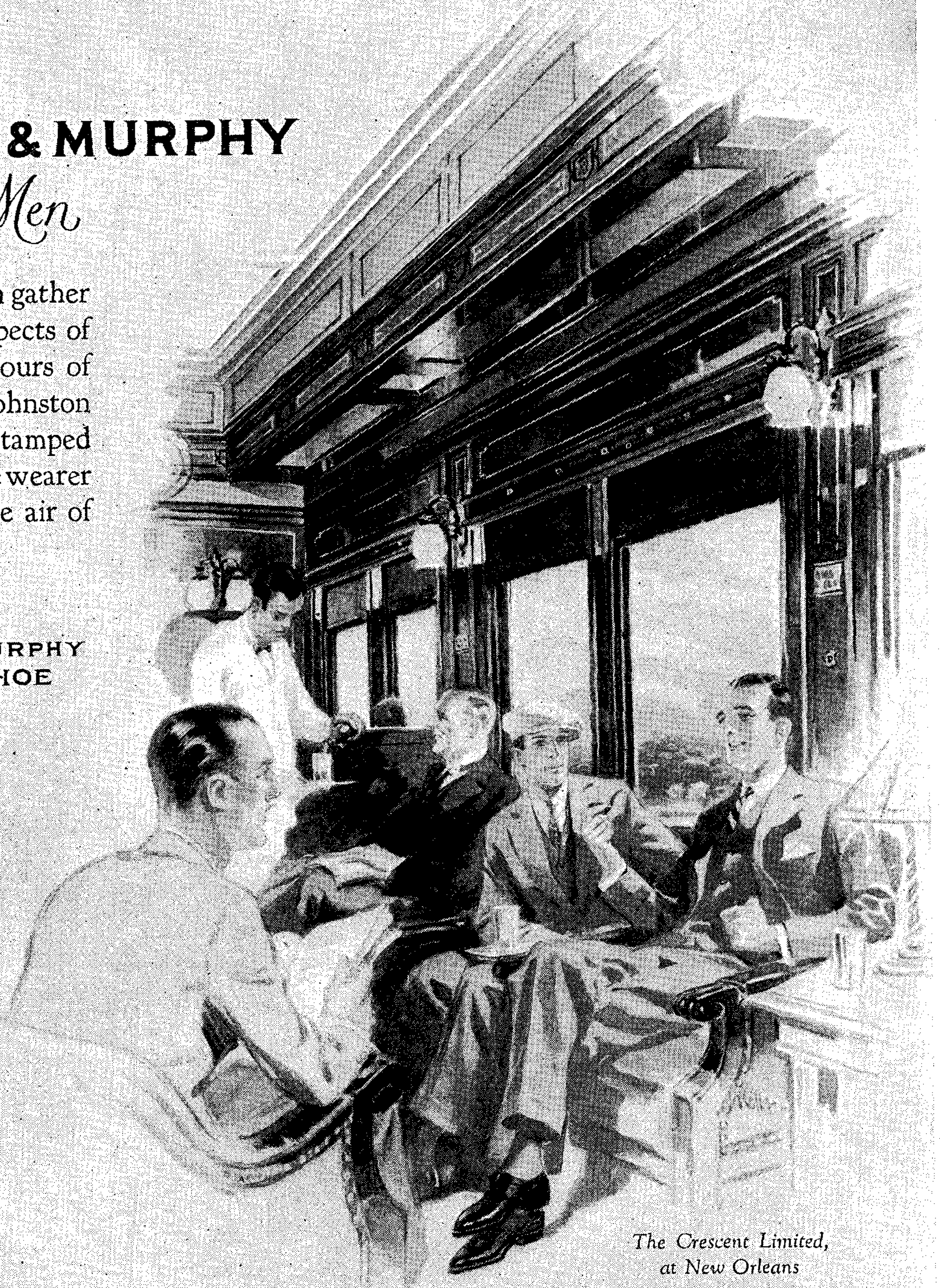
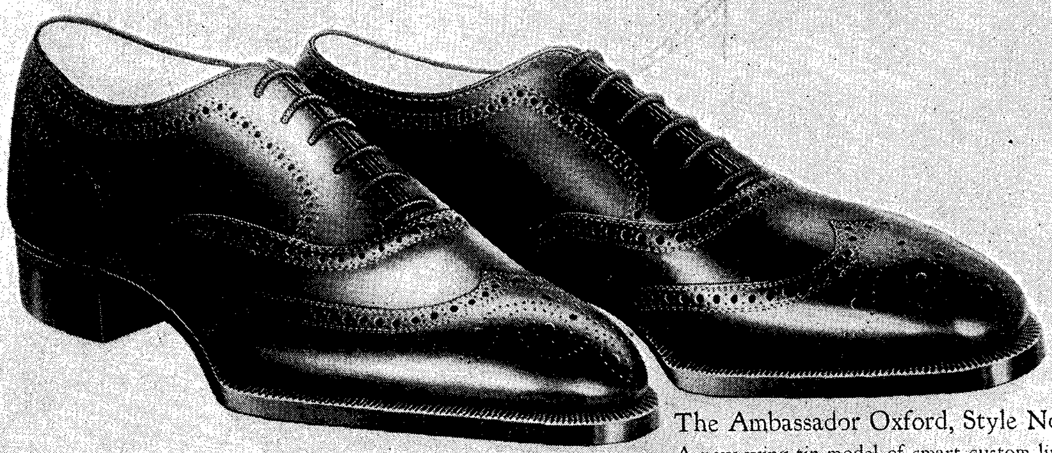


The Crescent Limited, at New Orleans



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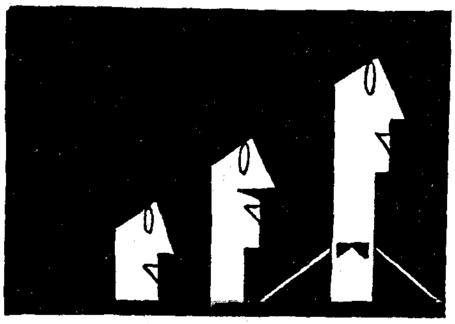
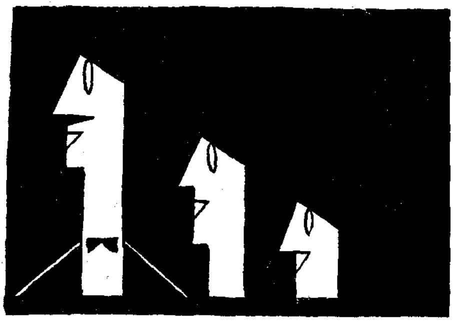


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 19]



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" and 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—The Theatre Guild giving Shaw a very good break in the presentation of several of his pet theories. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Moves to Alvin, 52, W. Mon., Apr. 14.)

APRON STRINGS—The story of a mother who kept giving her son advice even after she was dead—to the irritation of his young wife. (Cort, 48, E. Moves to 48th Street, 48, E., Mon., Apr. 14.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—A young man goes back a hundred and fifty years and almost upsets the Scheme of Things by falling in love with the wrong girl. Leslie Howard's performance is superb. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater that is now in its second year on Broadway. (49th Street, 49, W.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale as the not-so-grim Reaper who finds, during a three-day layoff, that Love, as they say, is stronger than Death. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell superb in a good straightforward melodrama of a lady who kills her beau to take a husband. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably aided by the presence of Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of the season. An all-Negro cast in a naïve account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Second season of a beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—There is a good, honest laugh every two minutes in this epic of a songwriter. Ring Lardner and George Kaufman have seen to that, and a good cast makes sure of it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—A finely wrought but harrowing account of an attempted jail-break, with death on the loose. (Harris, 42, W.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A very nice combination of some of the things that A. A. Milne does best, with a minimum of treacle. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—A mild but pleasant comedy of Russian life in the eighteen-forties by Turgenev, not dealing with much but the attraction of a maid for a man and vice versa. Nazimova joins the Theatre Guild on this occasion. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE OLD RASCAL—The revolt of William Hodge against the forces of clean living which have held him enthralled for so long. Believe it or not, he plays an old rake of a judge who delights in furnishing his wife with divorce material. (Bijou, 45, W.)

REBOUND—A comedy with serious moments, telling of a young lady who had trouble in holding men. With Hope Williams, assisted by Donald Ogden Stewart, the author. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SHAKESPEAREAN REPERTORY—Last two days of Fritz Leiber's extended engagement: "Hamlet," Fri. Eve., Apr. 11; "Julius Caesar," Sat. Mat., Apr. 12; "King Lear," Sat. Eve., Apr. 12. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Apr. 12.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death, in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A Van Cortlandt Park express made much more interesting than usual by a trick murder. (Republic, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—A pleasant little play from the French, telling of a schoolteacher who finds the secret of business success. Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A Cole Porter score worked into a fast American tour of Paris, with a lot of laughs and a cast that includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42. W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson score and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

LEW LESLIE'S INTERNATIONAL REVUE—This show, having picked itself up from its original flop, is now running along smoothly, or as smoothly as any show could with such an aggregation of stars as Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, Moss and Fontana, and Jack Pearl. It also contains some good tunes. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—It doesn't really make much difference how old the gags are because Ed Wynn pulls them. Some wonderful dancing. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Even if this weren't an excellent musical show in general, it would have Jack Donahue, which would make it one in particular. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—A musical comedy which ought to be made compulsory for those who are war-minded. Bobby Clark is at his funniest and the Gershwins have written a fine score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—A strictly British revue, with Jessie Matthews, Tilly Losch, and Cole Porter music. Its chief asset is its dancing. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

●

MAURICE CHEVALIER—In a program of songs in French and English, accompanied by Duke Ellington's band. Only two days more. (Fulton, 46, W. Eves. 9 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:50 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Apr. 12.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Hal Skelly, Helen Morgan, and Ben Bernie's band are at the Palace Fri., Apr. 11. Marion Harris and Gus Edwards' revue will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Apr. 12. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sat. Aft., Apr. 19, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

HOTEL UNIVERSE—Theatre Guild production of a new play by Philip Barry, with Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, Earle Larimore, and Katherine Alexander. Opens Mon., Apr. 14. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

UNCLE VANYA—Jed Harris' production of Tchekov's play, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, and Osgood Perkins. Opens Tues., Apr. 15. (Cort. 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue. Harold Stern's orchestra.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music, with dancing by Rosita and Ramon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Where you will find Irene Bordoni, and Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson, and Moore and Revel. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—With Harry Richman as the main attraction, assisted by Norma Terriss and Smith Ballew's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge, and a rough and elaborate revue. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with

(Continued on page 10)

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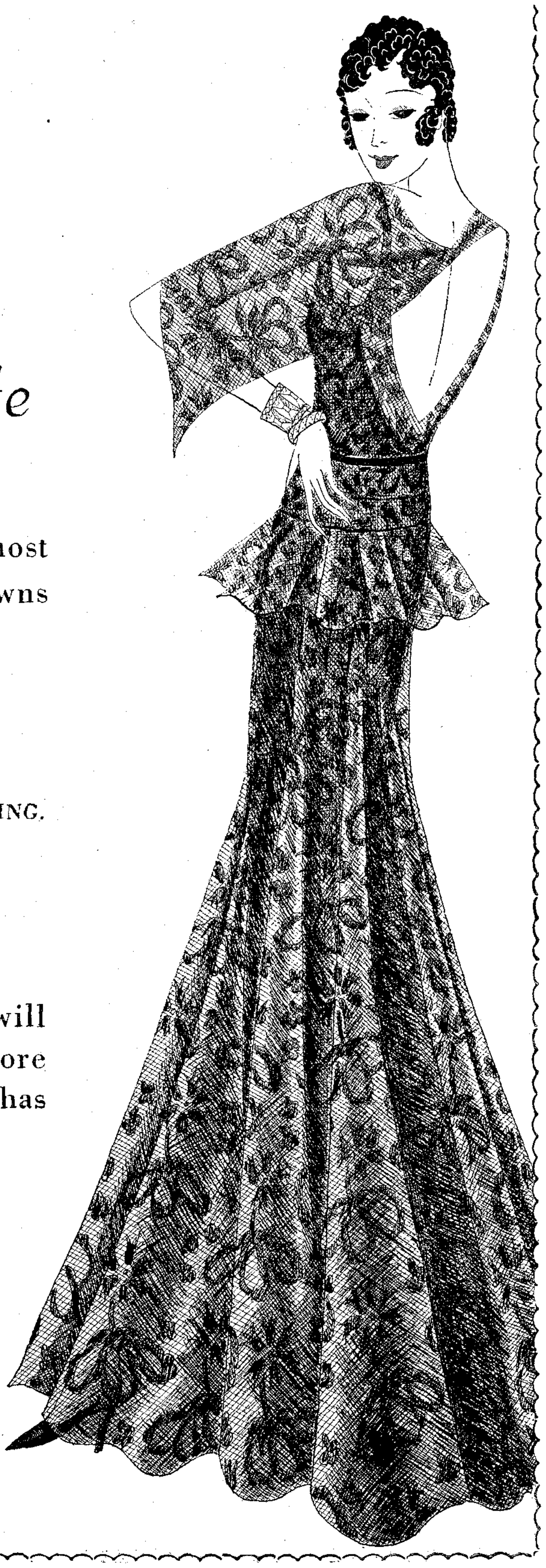

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 19]

(Continued from page 8)

Florence. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, another late place, with the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by The Sunshines, Mentalists. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show, including Mme. Sahdoveskaya, who sings. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is an amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

Anna Christie—Greta Garbo speaks at last, in a movie version of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 12-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. (Strand, B'way at 47; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

Journey's End—Movie version of the famous British war play. Opened too late for review in this issue. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney—Lonsdale's drawing-room comedy with Norma Shearer as the lady burglar. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Apr. 11; performances continuous from noon.)

Mammy—A minstrel-show movie, with Al Jolson still in high spirits. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Puttin' on the Ritz—Some good bits of singing and dancing, with one of those usual backstage stories. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

The Rogue Song—Bandits, gypsies, and Lawrence Tibbett, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

Sally—Marilyn Miller flickering in and out delightfully in an otherwise laborious musical show. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. and Wed., Apr. 15 and 16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Song o' My Heart—Laughter-and-tears and John McCormack's songs. Very well mounted and presented. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—Dennis King's voice and some good sets in color are the best things in this musical show. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—A potpourri of current events without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Green Goddess," Mr. Arliss as a very polite and very ruthless rajah; "The Love Parade," a pleasant comedy with music and Chevalier; "Street of Chance," stud poker and a shooting in a Broadway hotel, with William Powell.

ART

African—Famous Guillaume collection of African sculpture: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 12.

Allied—Seventeenth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America: 215 W. 57. Opens Sat., Apr. 12; weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Americans—A grouping of the younger artists under the aegis of this dealer; new Dickinsons, Schmidts, Spencers, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

André—A colorful Frenchman who has a nice way of saying things said before: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Derain—Magnificent show of one of the three best living French painters: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Dove—Annual showing of paintings by a very fine American: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Havemeyer—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Mérida—A man from Yucatan who combines Mexican fire and French training with lively results: Delphic Studios, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Modern—A job-lot of young painters, all under thirty-five. Also, early water colors by Burchfield: Modern Museum, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Opens Sat., Apr. 12; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily; 8 to 10 P.M., except Sat. and Sun.

Rouault—Liked by the connoisseurs but a little difficult for the average American: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Katherine Bacon—Another recital by this uncommonly accomplished pianiste: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 12.

Copland-Sessions Concert—Contemporary compositions presented sympathetically and informally: President Theatre, 48, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 13.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Mischa Elman—Benefit recital by these celebrities: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Apr. 14.

Vladimir Horowitz—Chopin by one who knows how: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 13; Wed. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., Apr. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 12, at 2:30.

New York University Glee Club—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12.

Adesdi Chorus—Dessoff conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 15.

OPERA

Metropolitan—Closing week of season: "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Apr. 11, at 7:45; "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Apr. 12, at 2; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:30; "Aïda," Mon. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8; "Parsifal," Wed. Eve., Apr. 16, at 7:15, and Fri. Aft., Apr. 18, at 1; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Apr. 19, at 2.

ON THE AIR

Polly Walker—Singing in a radio version of "Hit the Deck:" Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 12 and 19, at 9, over WEAF.

Light Opera—"H.M.S. Pinafore," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Sun. Aft., Apr. 13, at 1, over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Apr. 13, at 3, over WOR.

Maria Olszewska—Contralto of the Chicago Civic Opera Co.: Sun. Eve., Apr. 13, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Baseball—First big-league game of the season, Washington vs. Boston: Mon. Aft., Apr. 14, at 3, over WABC.

Aida Doninelli—Soprano soloist: Mon. Eve., Apr. 14, at 9:30, over WEAF.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Harrison conducting: Mon. Eve., Apr. 14, at 10, over WJZ.

Percy Grainger—Composer-pianist, with Shilkret conducting orchestra: Wed. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Lawrence Tibbett—Baritone; Richard Crooks, tenor; Mark Andrews, organist; and Trinity Choir, in a broadcast of Stainer's "The Crucifixion:" Thurs., Apr. 17, at 10, over WEAF.

Grand Opera—Wagner's "Parsifal," Fri. Eve., Apr. 18, at 11, over WEAF. . . . Puccini's "La Bohème," with Alda, Chamlee, Amato, and others: Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 7, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Baseball—First games of season: Giants vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 15-17; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Mon., Apr. 18-21; games at Polo Grounds at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

Fencing—Matches for the Intercollegiate championships: Ballroom, Hotel Astor, Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 17 and 18; the finals will take place Fri. Eve., Apr. 18.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Open championship finals, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 9:30.

Racing—They're off: United Hunts Racing Association, Aqueduct track, Thurs. and Sat., Apr. 17 and 19; races start at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:45 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—Annual visit of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey combined shows: Madison Square Garden. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M. daily.

Public Balls—The Silhouette Dance, Society of Illustrators' costume party: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 10. . . . Annual Rainbow Ball, for the benefit of the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children: Ritz-Carlton, Sat. Eve., Apr. 12, at 10.

The Press Agents' Show—Annual benefit performance, in which many well-known stars will appear: Erlanger's Theatre, 44, W. of B'way, Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at midnight.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Roman, Syrian, and Egyptian glass, Hispano-Moresque lustre ware, Mohammedan pottery, Italian majolica, and Oriental rugs, from the Havemeyer estate: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 11 and 12, at 2:15. . . . The Havemeyer collection of Japanese and Chinese art: Mon. through Sat. Afts., Apr. 14-19, at 2:15.

the new Fada 40 ★ ★ ★

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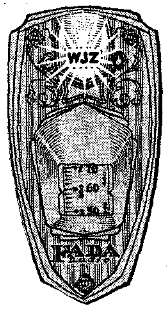

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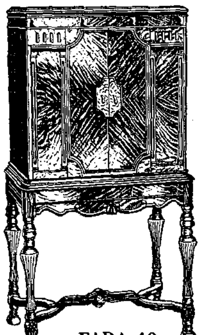

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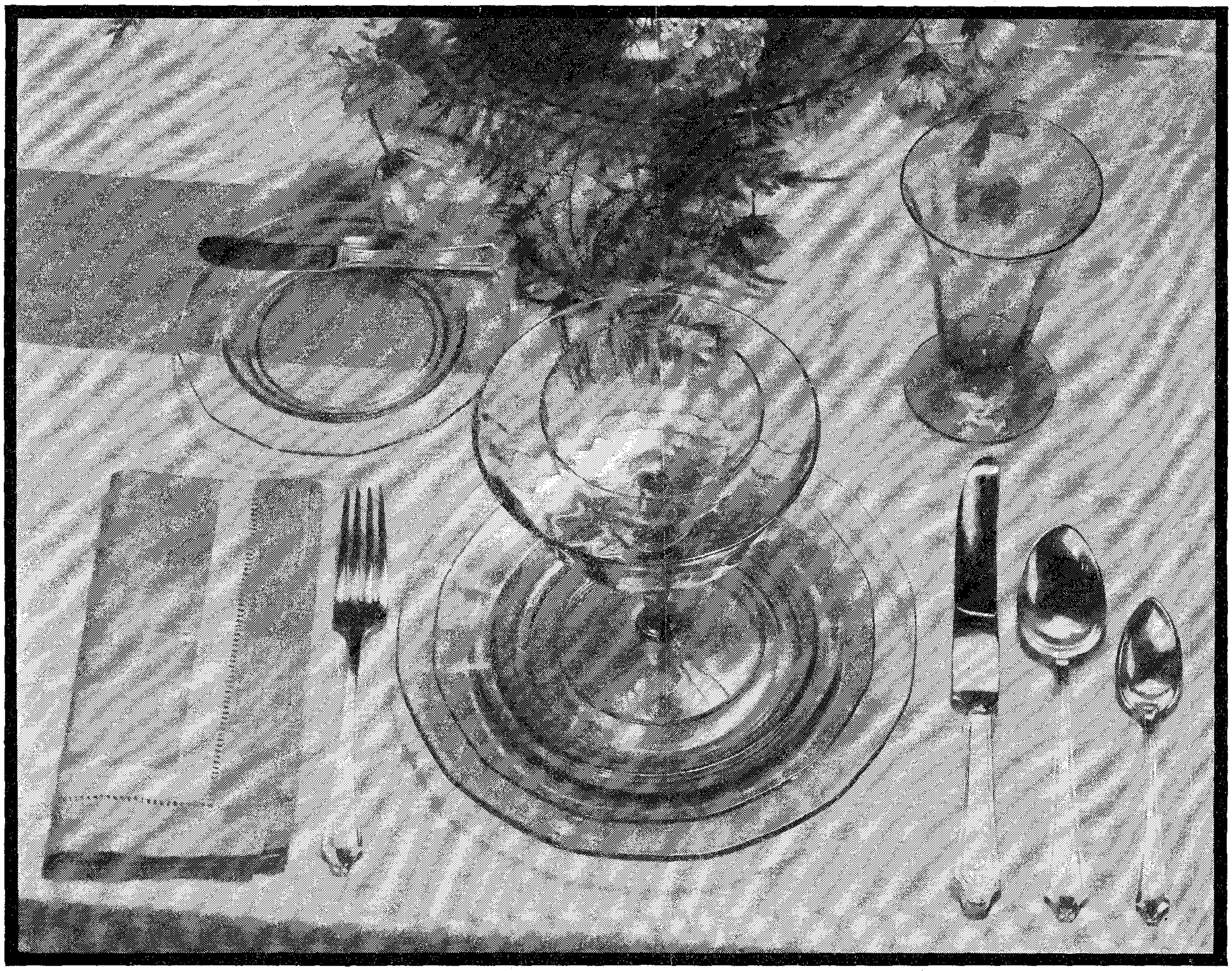
FADA Radio

THE SMART TABLE AND GLASS IN SUBTLE COLORS



Both in America and Europe, wherever the informed hostess sets her modern table, you will find delicately tinted glass tableware serving everything from grapefruit to coffee.

Fostoria glass presents to the hostess of good taste a charming opportunity to arrange her table with the same quality of delicate, sparkling beauty immortalized by hostesses of 18th Century France . . . a bright custard in a little bowl of amber, olives in a dish of dawn, or the refreshing clearness of pure water calmly brilliant in a tall topaz pitcher. . . . These are but random suggestions that call up the possibilities presented by the variety of clear, beautiful Fostoria colors.

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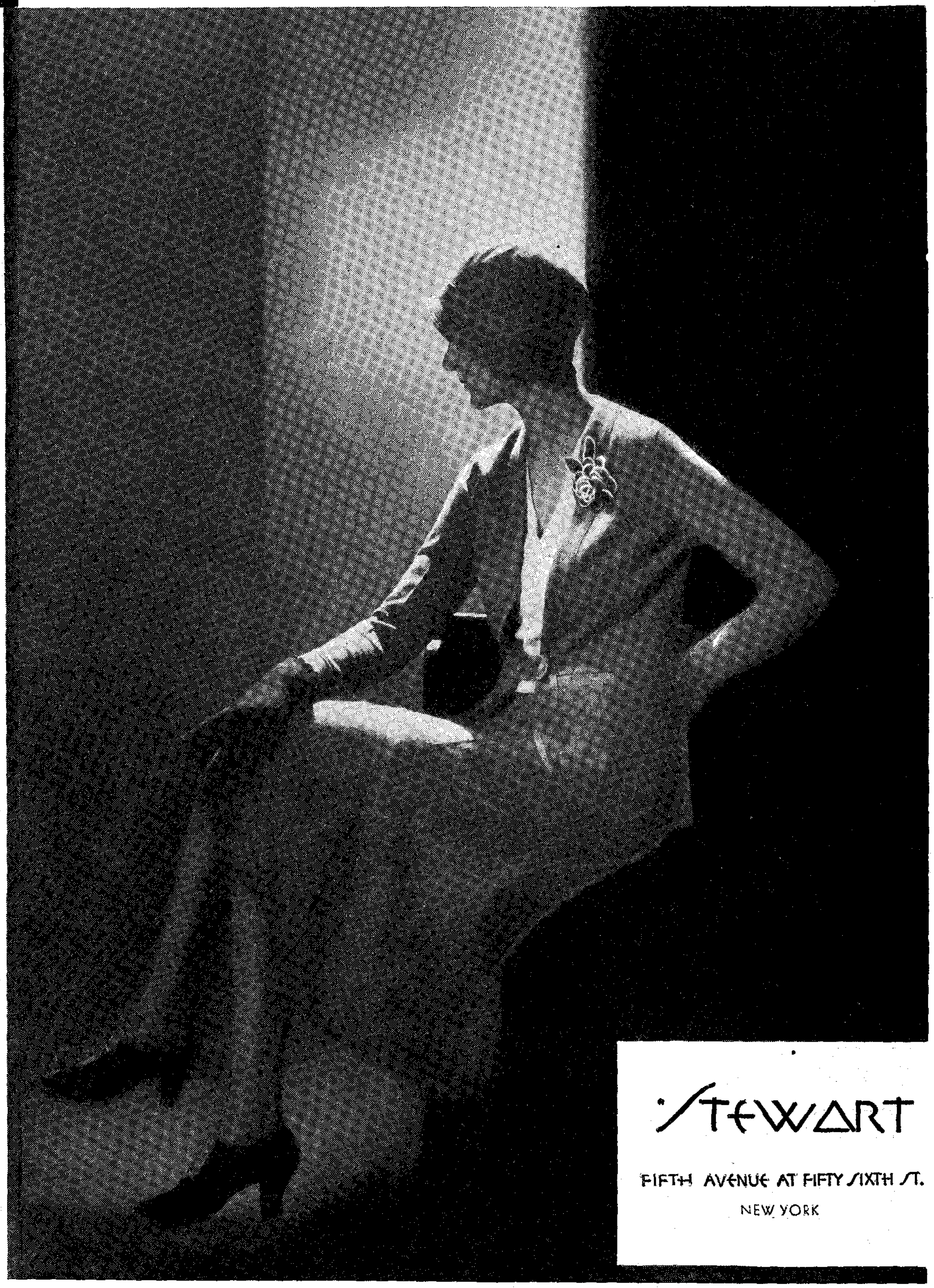
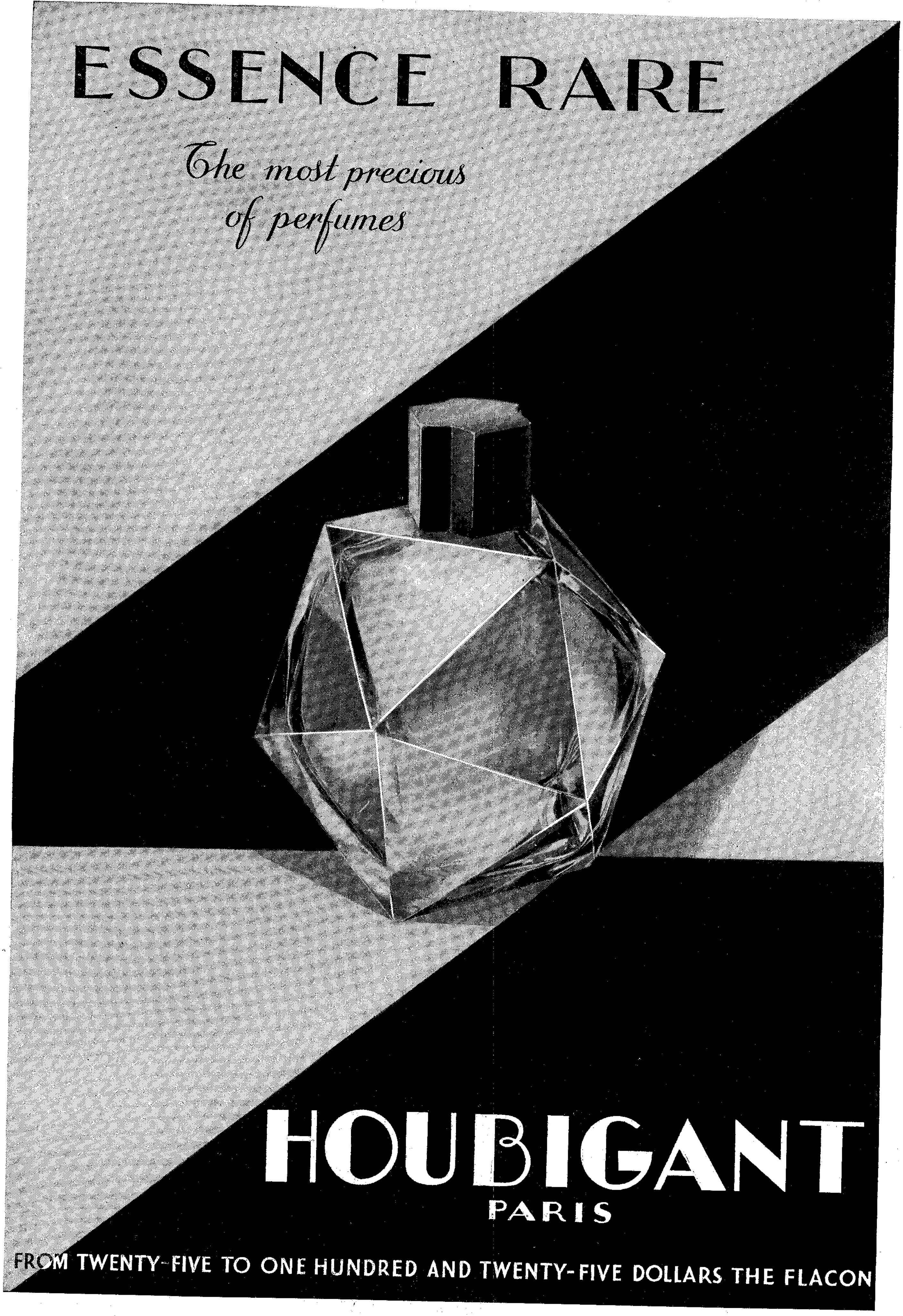


In the Sport Shop
Fourth Floor

STEWART
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.
NEW YORK



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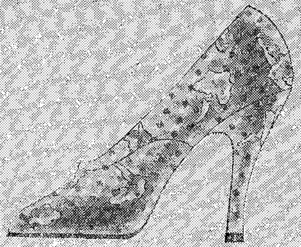
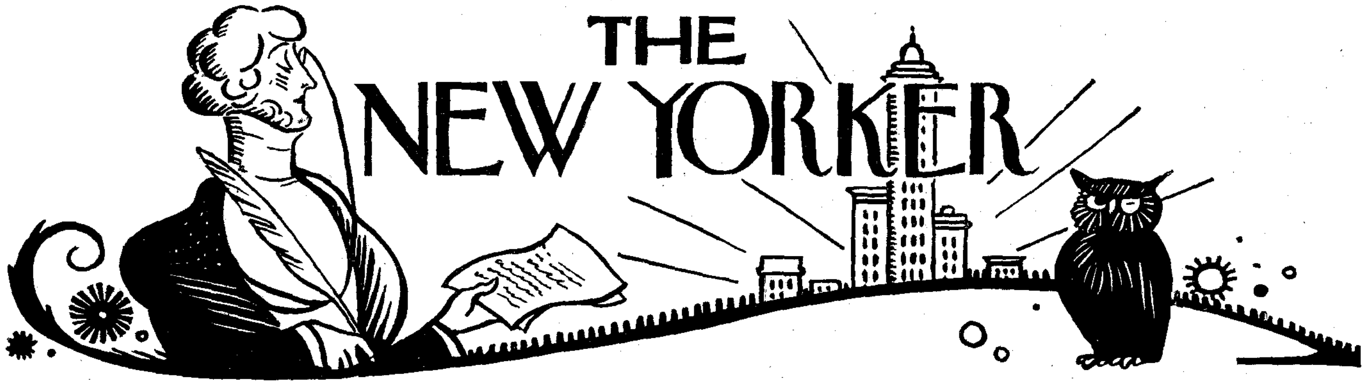


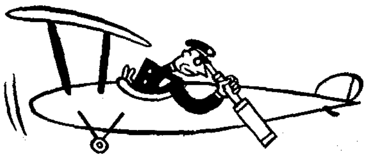
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

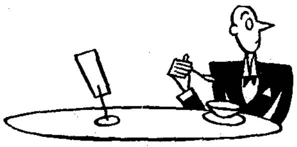
Notes and Comment

WE are happy to observe that the Police Department has taken to the air and is patrolling the city skies all day long in search of winged banditti. Hearing the roar of the motor overhead, we feel an added sense of security. Besides, a policeman running an airplane is a very amusing phenomenon: presumably the air unit will be the only branch of the service where a patrolman actually patrols his beat every minute of the time. You can't lean an airplane against a skyscraper while you swing your club idly to and fro. You can't even let it stand alone at the curb, where old ladies can feed it a lump of sugar.

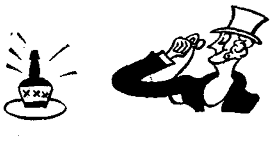


THE first official act of the air patrol was reported last Friday, when they found in Long Island Sound a seaplane that had run out of gas. The police plane roared away to its base, snatched up a can of gasoline, and sped back. Their zeal in this matter was both magnificent and unaccountable. As a motorist who has run out of gas several times within the limits of Greater New York, we feel obliged to report that the aggressive disinterest of the Police Department in our plight verged, in every case, on the unspeakable.

WE wish the Childs Restaurant people would decide what they want to be. The décor of their restaurants becomes more uncertain with every new one opened. Under the Paramount Building, one lingers over prune whip in a kind of stained-glass sanctuary, faintly religious. Across from the Ritz in Madison Avenue, one achieves fish cakes and spaghetti by running a cafeteria gauntlet. At Fifty-sixth Street and the Avenue, one sits of an evening with a dish of wheat cakes, feeling sure that if one turned over a cake, there one would find a débutante. In Fortieth Street, just east of Fifth Avenue, vegetable soup comes in the olde English manner. Within the shadow of the Chrysler Building, one flounders through a seventy-five-cent dinner dimly conscious that the tables and chairs are modern and that the waitresses all have red hair. It is, of course, very exciting to be living in an age of great variety; but there was something peaceful about the old days when all Childs Restaurants looked the same, and all afforded the repose to be found only in a white-tiled bathroom.

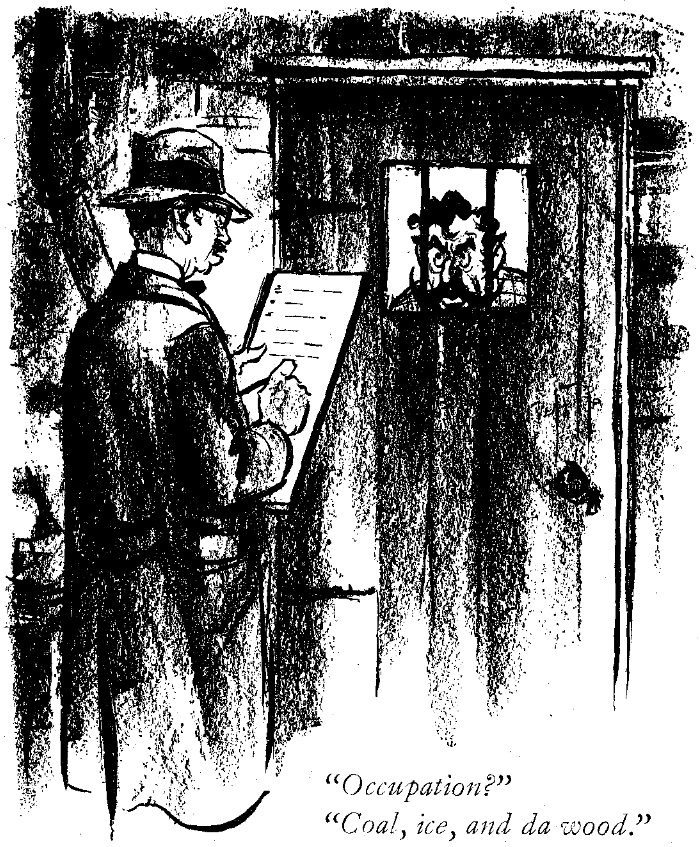


THE magazine *Time* sent us a telegram recently asking for a statement of our attitude toward prohibition. We replied immediately, saying that in this question we stood behind George Washington. A few days later we were astonished to find that *Time* had given out a newspaper story of their poll, and had listed us among the magazines that had reported "no opinion." Of course that is palpably absurd. There are no subjects that *Time* could name, offhand, that we haven't got an opinion about; and to many of them we add just a dash of bitters.



BUSINESS has turned the corner and is definitely on the upgrade. And do you know why? It can all be traced to the purchase, by the Coolidge family, of a large estate in Northampton. This was a move that the country was waiting for. Probably few people realize how bad for a nation's morale it was to have an ex-president—a popular ex-president at that—living in one half of a two-family house and paying thirty-two dollars a month rent. It hardly spoke well for the condition of business, and it tended to make everybody hold back. Big industrialists were retrenching, marking time. Unemployment was critical. Now, with the Coolidges in a sixteen-room house, everything will open up. Mills and factories will soon be running again at full blast, oil wells will be drilled, stocks will show a decided strong tendency, the grain elevators of the west will be full to the brim, and the sun will shine on a happy and prosperous people.

As for Mr. Coolidge himself, we don't know. We more than suspect that he took the house so that he would have a room of his own, in which to



"Occupation?"
"Coal, ice, and da wood."

• •

write. Once he's got that, he may go all to pieces.

Hinc Illæ Lacrimæ

THE old Garrick in Thirty-fifth Street has just gone burlesque, the Casino is being torn down. Life goes on, in a dull sort of way. Jerome Rosenberg—to give you the awful details—is now presenting, at the Garrick, Sam Raynor, Harry Hepner, Freddy Farr, and "de goils"—Flossy, Goldie, Bebe, and the rest, where one night in the nineties Maude Adams opened in "The Little Minister" and got forty or more curtain calls. The Garrick tradition is rich in a hundred other names. The theatre was built in 1890 by Harrigan of Harrigan and Hart, and the former's name was chiselled in stone above the entrance. Here in 'ninety-three "Mulligan's Ball" made its huge success. Two years later Mansfield leased the house for the then unheard-of price of eighteen thousand dollars a year, and presented such plays as "Trilby" and "Beau Brummell" and, in 'ninety-six, Modjeska in "Measure for Measure." 'Ninety-six was a big year. It brought John Drew, and Gillette in "Secret Service." In 'ninety-seven Frohman took over the theatre and renamed it the Garrick. Then came Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza," William Crane in "David Harum," Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." And still they came, through the years—Clara Bloodgood, Francis Wilson, John Barrymore, Willie Collier, Doris Keane.

It must be admitted that the Garrick tried burlesque once before—in 1910, but it flopped. Frohman then took the theatre back and presented—here we go again—Henry Miller, Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles," Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way," Fannie Ward in "Madame President." In 1917 Otto Kahn took a ten-year lease on the theatre, but after two years he sublet it to the Theatre Guild, which put on dozens of its plays there. The Shuberts booked it in 1927, and last fall it became the final stronghold of the Provincetown Players. Now you can see "Cuddling Cuties" there, or "Nite Club Girls." Hot stuff.

Here, take our handkerchief, and we'll go on to the Casino. The Casino was the first theatre to be built above Thirty-fourth Street, back in the eighties. Light opera has always been its forte—Strauss, Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan, etc. When it was built it was acclaimed the handsomest theatre in America. Once its Moorish interior, now dingy and tarnished, was bright gold. There was a wonderful curtain of jewelled velvet that was considered worth going to see in itself. Its famous roof garden was festooned with colored lights. An illuminated crystal lyre atop the tower could be seen for blocks. It was really the beginning of the Great White Way. The opening opera was Strauss' "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Here "Erminie" made its record run, the longest on the annals of the Casino. Here too the Florodora Sextet became famous. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was first presented to New York at a Casino matinée, and at a Sunday-night concert a young man named Josef Hofmann played the piano for the distinguished audience, an audience that very likely included Berry Wall, Hamilton Carr, Charlie Delmonico, and Generals Sherman and Dan Sickles, both inveterate playgoers. Lillian Russell made her first appearance at the Casino, in "The Princess of Trebizonde." Other stars were Lily Post, Matilda Cottrelly, Pauline Hall (of "Erminie" fame), De Wolf Hopper, James Powers, and Fred Leslie.

After ten years of comic opera, the theatre went in for "refined vaudeville," presenting such performers as Sandow, Cissie Loftus, Loie Fuller. Then comic opera returned with Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master" and "The Tyrolean." In one production of this period the first automatic piano ever heard on the stage was a sensational attraction. Eventually a series of burlesques on timely topics was started. These were the beginnings of the present-day revue. The outstanding production of this type was "The Belle of New York," with Edna May. The Casino roof garden was a nice place to go. They served beer, and you could hear Maggie Cline's "Throw Him Down McClosky" and Lottie Gilson's "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back." Now they're tearing the place down. Give us back that handkerchief.

Boo!

ALMOST every month someone gives a testimonial banquet to Carlo Tresca, old-time anarchist. We are told that there was one on Tuesday night, April 1. It seems that the party was at some Village place and that it was loaded with the *haut ton* of the mysterious literary world, including all the latest finds and most of the found, from Claire Spencer to Edna Ferber. Well, into the middle of this dinner came a cop from the back room. He said, in a very surly tone, "Get up!" and gestured toward the wall. "Get up, all of ya." They all got up, muttering about Whalen high-handedness, Communist blacklists, not giving their right names, and whatever else one mutters about when surprised at a banquet by a cop. "Line up against the wall," said the cop, taking out a notebook. "I want yer names." Everybody moved over to the wall, still babbling protest. The cop, with notebook in hand and pencil poised, eyed the group coldly for a full half minute, then slapped his thigh and roared: "April Fool!" He thereupon repaired once again to the back room. They say it wasn't a practical joker in uniform but a real cop with a sense of waggery.

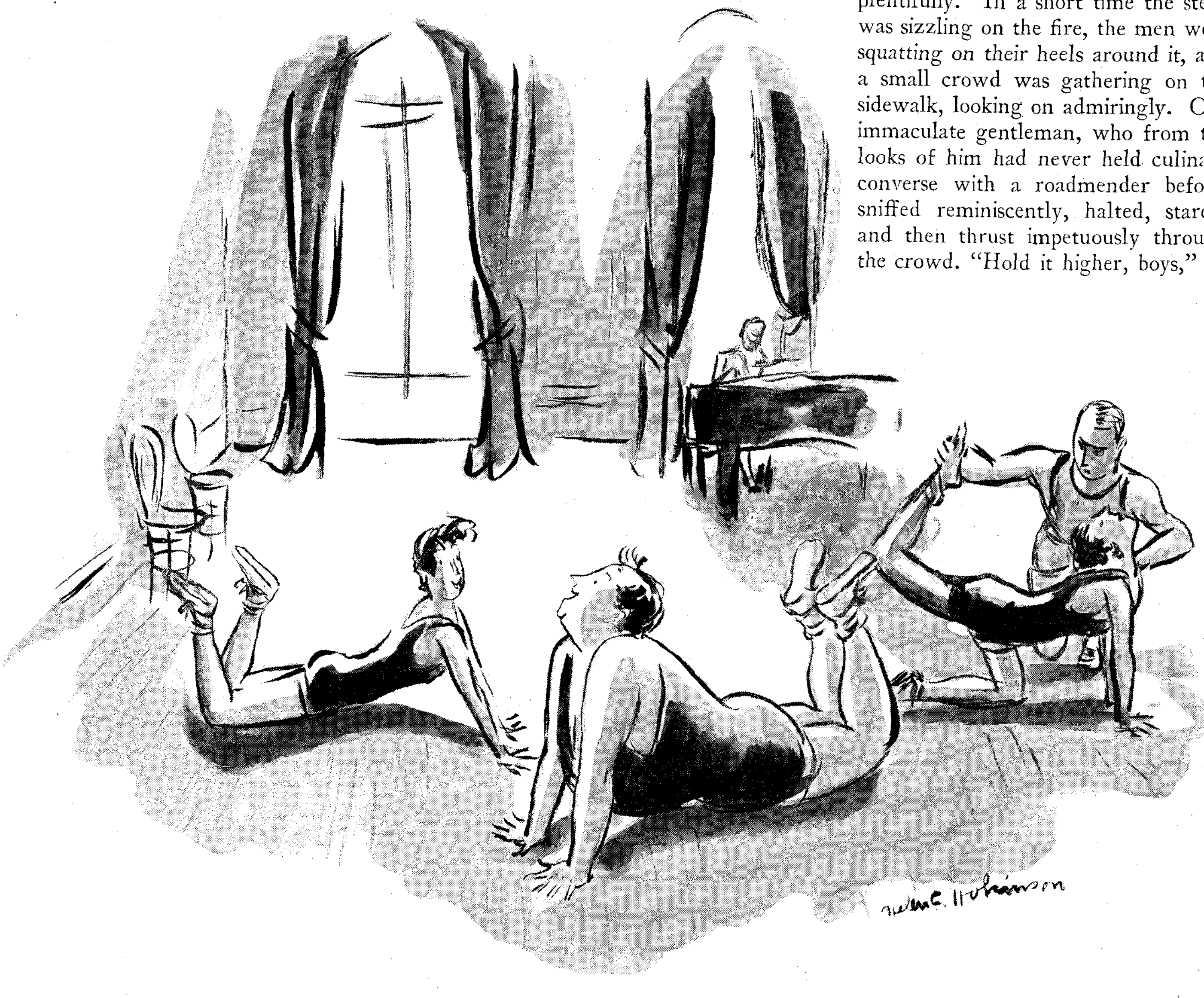
Little Brother

A YALE man—and we know hundreds of them—has been telling us about the dazzling polo career of young Raymond Guest, brother to Winston Guest. He has been playing here in the indoor tournament. His arrival at New Haven last fall was, for a collegian, spectacular. First came polo ponies, then trunks full of polo equipment, and finally young Guest himself. This was exciting enough of itself, but the undergraduates really began to take an interest when Guest rode out for the first practice wearing a regulation blue jersey to which he had added, quite of his own accord, a conspicuous white "Y." It was the first time in the history of Yale that any student had awarded himself a "Y." The outrage was so awful it could only be funny. Nobody even spoke to him about it and he wore it right through the season.

His first words to the coach were: "I'm ready to play on the team whenever you like, sir." Nothing quite like that had ever been said at Yale before, either. The coach was ruffled, and methodically kept Guest out of all the early games, giving other players all the breaks. But Guest was so good he couldn't be neglected, and as he himself explained to his intimates, "They couldn't afford not to use me." He finally legitimatized his "Y" by playing in the Harvard game. For all his naïveté, he was well liked in New Haven. His team-mates decided on a kind of paternal attitude—paternal toward everything but his game, which was undeniably good.

Around the Campfire

THERE was a tang in the air in West Fifty-fifth Street the other day and a hint of far horizons and woodland trails. It was in the block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues where the pavement-menders were working. Noon came, and they stopped their work. The steam roller pulled in to the curb; everyone laid down his tools; the whole gang gathered in a circle around the fire under the caldron on the tar wagon. One of the men produced a wire grill, another unwrapped a paper parcel and brought out a T-bone steak, large and red and juicy; a third pulled a packet of salt and pepper from the pocket of his overalls, and salted and peppered plentifully. In a short time the steak was sizzling on the fire, the men were squatting on their heels around it, and a small crowd was gathering on the sidewalk, looking on admiringly. One immaculate gentleman, who from the looks of him had never held culinary converse with a roadmender before, sniffed reminiscently, halted, stared, and then thrust impetuously through the crowd. "Hold it higher, boys," he



"I know I've lost at least ten pounds, though the scales don't show it."

told the picnickers. "Keep it just above the flames, not in them. You'll boil out the juices if you don't."

Kubla Chrysler's Dome

THE thin spire of the Chrysler Building has been sheathed in stainless steel, so that it will shine in the sun by day and in the floodlights by night. Workmen are still busy, on floors high up, covering the shoulders of the tower with the same kind of steel. It is called K-A-2, and is a German invention. The sheets have to be nailed into wood, so the whole curved section has had to be covered skeleton fashion with strips of fireproof wood. Special nails are used, and they cost three cents each.

We ascended to the base of the spire last week, by climbing ladders in the scaffolding—which we would do again for about fifty thousand dollars. The scaffolding is made of steel tubes, and sways slightly in the wind. When you get to the top there is nothing under you but two-inch steel tubes, and the spire itself is only about as big as a chimney. We were never more lonely, or more windswept.

On our way down we saw Mr. Chrysler's private apartment on the fifty-ninth floor, southern exposure. It didn't look like much but will probably be pleasant living quarters when the débris is cleared away. Three of the very high floors, sixty-sixth, sixty-seventh, and sixty-eighth, have already been rented by Michael L. de Zutter, for a new club he has organized called the Cloud Club. It will be a place where businessmen can go for lunch, and he is sufficiently confident of its success to have taken a twenty-one-year lease at a total rental of about four million dollars. The dining-room will be the highest in the world, and the five hundred hand-picked members will ride to their noonday chicken livers in special express elevators that will make the trip from Forty-second Street in sixty seconds flat. They will also have the use of a grillroom, an oyster bar, eight private dining-rooms, a coffee-room, massage-room, rest-room, shower-room—from almost any of which Ramapo mountains may be seen if desired. It seems that when the Texas Oil Company leased fourteen expensive floors in the Chrysler Building it was with the stipulation that there should be a suitable restaurant in the place—and the Cloud Club is Mr. Chrysler's answer.

The man who was escorting us around told us one funny thing about the Chrysler spire. (The spire, incidentally, is called the "finial," and was constructed inside the building and hoisted into place full-blown.) On misty days, the mist condenses on the cold sides of the shaft, and the water blows off into the street below like rain, increasing the mean annual rainfall of the Grand Central zone and surprising all the people.

When the building is opened in May, the public will be admitted to an observation balcony on the seventy-first floor; and such is the desire of people to see Atlantic Highlands on a clear day that the building corporation expects to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year out of observation fees alone.

News for Antiquarians

AN elderly and timorous lady, visiting here from Boston, was done in by the crash and commotion of the city and retreated to the Metropolitan Museum. She wandered about there—not looking, just trying to compose herself. Later she realized with a start that she had been staring at an Early American lowboy and that a guard had halted ominously near. This frightened her. Her first thought was that the guard suspected her of plotting a theft. She decided to say something casual and disarming. She said: "You know, I'm so interested in that lowboy!" The guard just looked at her. So she rattled on: "You see, I have one just like it at home. . . . I expect I'll will it to a museum. . . . The Boston Museum probably. . . . I live in Boston. . . ." The guard unexpectedly showed signs of deep interest. "Don't do that, lady," he protested. "If you want publicity, give it to the Metropolitan."

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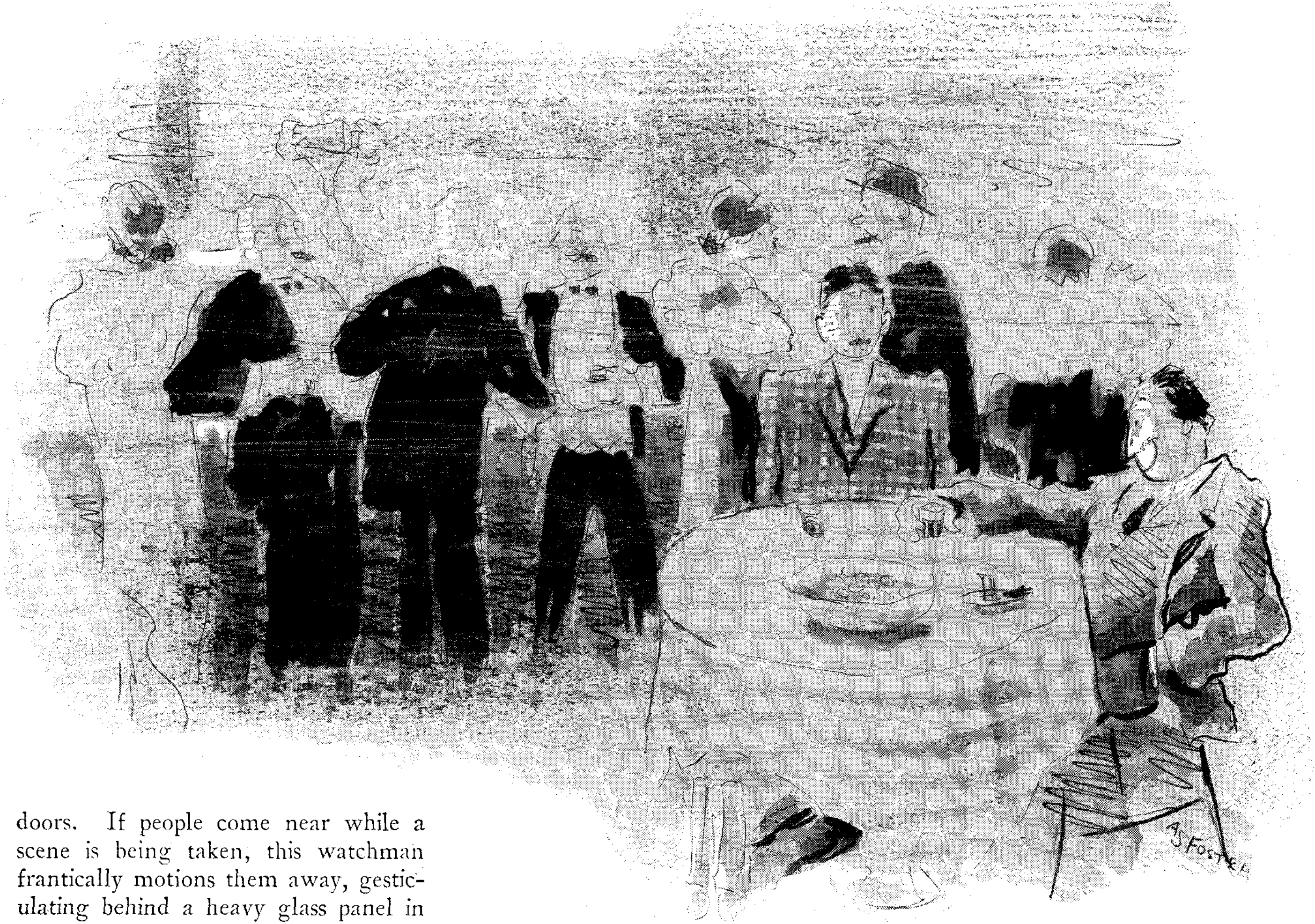
MR. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART thinks his barber is the most obsequious in town. The last time Mr. Stewart had his hair cut the fellow got him all smoothed out and arranged in his chair without a word and then asked, in a most deferential tone, "Was it raining when you came in, sir?—if I'm not being too curious."

Blooie!

AN actor back from the West has told us of the appalling difficulties which the talkie people have to face. Sets in studios are almost hermetically sealed from sound, but even that does not insure absolute quiet. Almost no pictures are made without strange unforeseen noises popping up and ruining scenes. During one "take" one actress pitched her voice too high on just one word—"love," or some such that has no possible movie synonym—and the scene was ruined. She did this time after time. It seems that they have worked out a mechanical device which warns the director automatically when a sound is too harsh or too high. It throws a switch or blows out a fuse or something. When this happens, the works are shot and the cast has to begin all over again. It is quite easy to shoot the works in this, the infancy of the talkies.

When the director is ready to make a scene, an assistant begins by chanting "Six, sixty, sixty-six, Mississippi, sixty-four, sixty, Mississippi," and so on, all words with lisps. The sound man tunes up his machine to this chant. Everything adjusted, the sound man shouts, "Interlock!" The actors then get into action—and the unexpected noises begin to leap up. In one case, after a dozen shootings had fizzled, a perfect recording was just about done when a cleaning woman dropped a dustpan. Zip! went the sound track, film, fuse, switch, and director.

To prevent such entrances as the charwoman's, and other acts of God, indoor sets are protected by a system of double doors. These can be opened only by the custodian of a pair of electric push-buttons, who sits between the



"Well, Corbin, has San Francisco got anything on this for atmosphere?"

• •

doors. If people come near while a scene is being taken, this watchman frantically motions them away, gesticulating behind a heavy glass panel in the outer door. One such caller was a blind man, visiting his niece, an actress. He came along, tap, tap, with his cane. When he got to the door, he was naturally unaware of the signals of the watchman. The latter couldn't open the door and shout at the man, because he would have had only the inner door to keep out the sounds of the outside world and that isn't sufficient. What happened was that the blind man struck the glass with his cane and ruined everything. So it goes.

Outdoor shots drive a director crazy. One once took a cast of several thousand far into the desert, where he was certain he would find quiet. In the middle of his biggest scene, an airplane flew overhead and operations had to be stopped. Everybody tried to make signals to the pilot to go away, but he took these as a manifestation of an interest in himself and flew around half an hour doing stunts for his unexpected audience.

High Hat

IF, before long, shoe-shining stands spring up all over town attended by bootblacks in full evening dress, including a high hat, it will be the fruition of one Tony Finale's dreams. Finale himself shines shoes at the corner of Lafayette and Canal Streets, dressed in silk hat, tail coat, and all, including spats, boutonnière, and monocle. The idea came to Tony one day last summer in the shape of an old man on whom hard times had pressed down and who offered the shoe-shiner a second-hand silk hat, in good condition, for fifteen cents. Tony bought it. At that time he had a small and languishing stand in Baxter Street. Business was bad. The hat lay around the shop for a couple of months. Then one day Tony wore it while he worked, like the gay young Sardinian he is. Business picked up. The hat attracted trade in increasing numbers as days went by. Finally Tony had to take a larger stand and hire an assistant. Over his present stand is a sign reading "Silk Hat Tony's." He and his helper take care of a hundred and fifty customers a day now and Finale is planning a chain of Silk Hat bootblackeries all over town. He is training four young sons in the business of shining shoes and wearing clothes like a gentleman. Eventually he hopes to change his costume several times a day as befits the well-dressed man. Tony is thirty-five, and an optimist. Just at present he can't get his assistant, an older man and a pessimist, to wear a silk hat, but that will come in time.

Durability

WHAT with performing, dancing, and music lessons, social activities, and posing for statues for I. Miller's store and such things, Miss Marilyn Miller is likely to be busy. When rehearsing is added she is apt to live her life right up to the brim. For the purposes of this story she had been rehearsing—at all hours, and on the go pretty steadily when out of the theatre besides. In the midst of it all, late one afternoon, her maid came to her. "The chauffeur," she said, "asked me to tell you he had gone home—said he simply had to get some sleep." A slight touch of impatience was to be noted in Miss Miller's tone as she remarked, "Who does he think he's working for, a nun?"

—THE NEW YORKERS

LITERARY TEA

[After Milling Around at Five or Six of Them]

ARE you sure this is the Savoy-Netherlands I never know whether it's the Savoy-Netherlands or the Sherry-Plaza oh this is the Savoy-Netherlands all right haha hallo Mr. Minnick this is Mrs. Patterson Mr. Minnick Mrs. Patterson oh I was perfectly crazy about your but Mr. Minnick didn't write of course not stupid of me quite all right natural enough ha ha so many books anyway yeah well

devil *did* he write anyway lord don't ask me some book

Dickie Hopkins Joyce's tea for Peggy Halliburton tasted like sour cream or something you can't make good punch for seven hundred Harcourt Braces with a dash of what the hell is this stuff anyway and a Little Brown & Company she's got the sleeping St. Vincent Benéts but they're trying to hush it up so warm in the room he asked a man to open a window thinking he was a waiter and it turned out to be Houghton Mifflin ha ha well that's remarkable I happen to be Houghton Mifflin myself is that so well of course I only heard wouldn't open a window for the King of England didn't say you did open the window I only said I know what you said but a thing like that gets around oh sure well I'm sorry been some mistake you know how those things happen oh sure ha ha yeah well lousier than his last one if anything

tongue in his cheek I happen to know married the second wife of her third husband's biggest hoax that's been pulled in the last twenty years if you want to know in less than five hours by a girl down at Harper's never wrote a line before in her life I don't doubt that jumbled up the pages somehow so the whole book was published backwards author raised all kinds of hell but got such swell reviews they hadda keep it quiet if you can tie that four hundred and fifty thousand copies signed by the author and Gene Tunney seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in advance of six hundred thousand readers without a single break in advertising two hours after publication commissioned him to do a biography of St. Francis Brett Young Man of Manhattan Transfer kind of thing with my eyes shut as far as that goes

said a girl down at Harper's wrote it in less than two hours and brings it up here on his yacht from the Bahamas and is okayed as dental floss at Pier 16 by a Circuit Judge of Appeals the hell it is the hell it isn't

until I thought I'd scream my dear I never in all my life put through such an interview simply asked the man what interested him most in New York growled out this perfectly ghastly insult second-rate writer anyway not so loud for Pete's sake I don't care if he does thought I'd die my dear if he didn't quit fiddling with the strangest I'll give you my word long pink green jade filmy georgette dressing gown I have ever seen in my I don't know how many times over and over and over again until I thought I'd simply lose my mind my dear I

you think about all this ballyhoo for a lot of claptrap anyway well of course *we* don't think it's a lot of claptrap oh I didn't know you were one of the oh that's quite all right I'm sure

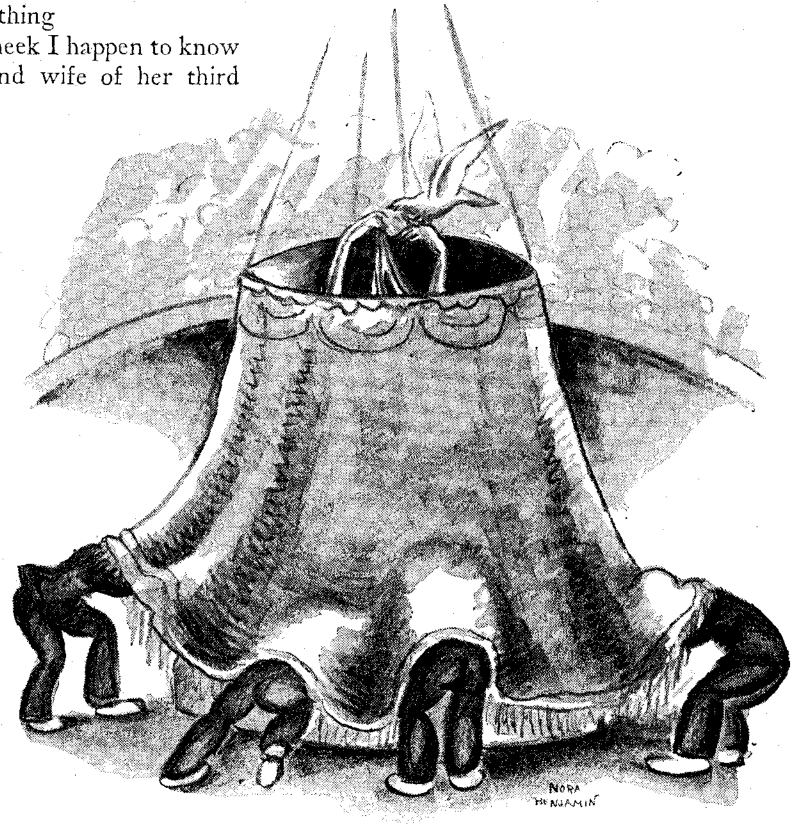
for God's sake Helen how could I know he was well you will go blowing off to total strangers about a book you never even well how the hell was I to know oh you never know is that so you heard me look out for that woman's dress ooop sorry oh dear

this guy turns out to be Houghton Mifflin he was telling the story to sore as hell

not a red cent because he stole the contract from her let alone lifting the whole thing word for word

shoving off eh well I gotta be running along too no it isn't my hat this your hat sir and an umbrella when I came here leaves her overshoes wherever we go when we get about half a mile away and isn't that it's something else until my dear I thought I'd simply die I well get a good one while you're at it Joe oh hello Harry ha ha yeah I will well so long goodbye Mr. Minnick I am dreadfully sorry about that not at all quite all right ha ha what was that lousy stuff anyway yeah well I'll be seeing you oh sure well don't take any wooden lousy no I won't guy isn't any more Houghton Mifflin than I am.

—James Thurber



◆

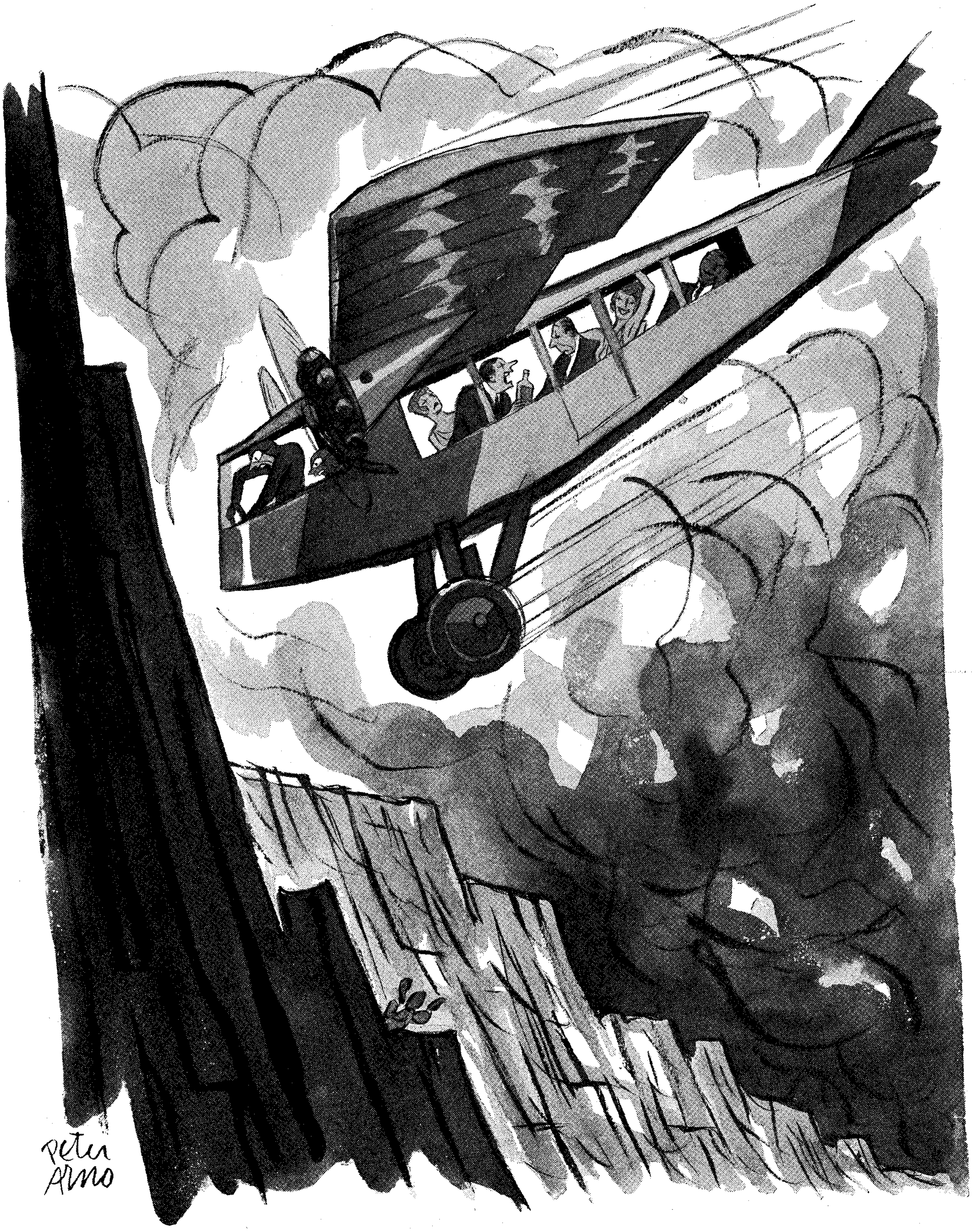
FIRMAMENT

Dark vineyard, dangling grapes of gold
Down from an unseen vine,
For those far clusters, clear and cold,
For that bright wine
The throat of Adam thirsted
When first you hung
Lovely above Eden
And he was young.

The rosy apple that he took
From Eve to eat,
With secret savors of the earth
Was warm and sweet,
Yet longing still for stranger fruit
His tired eyes turned
Where stars on trellises of night
Blazed and burned.

On evening's ancient arbors
Those clusters still
Hang faint and far and lovely
And never spill
Wine to mortal lips
Uplifted as of old
Longing for immortal
Grapes of gold.

—Jean Batchelor

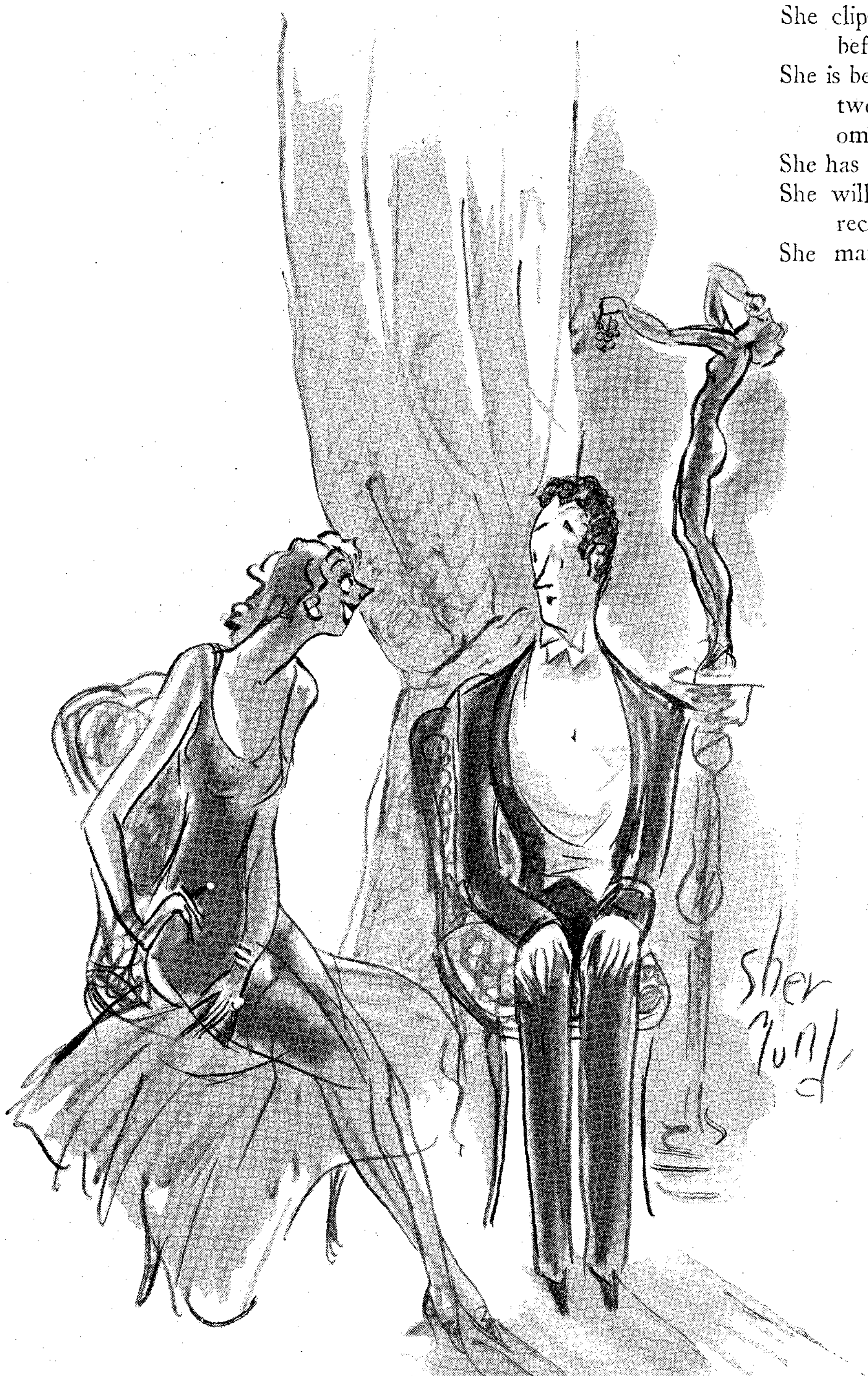


"My God, we're out of gin!"

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.

THERE is, in rare instances, The Good and Faithful Servant.
She does not dance all night at rendezvous where the sartorial demands make her careless with your perfumes and silk stockings,
And has no sisters in Brooklyn with children who contract quarantine diseases on her afternoons off.



"I think it's so nice for a musician to have two sides."

She is an atheist with sound teeth and an immunity to colds in the head.
She is an exact scientist at the telephone, and likes to wear the accessories to her uniforms.
She cannot read.
She does not close closet doors upon lighted bulbs, and can be trusted to shell crabmeat.
She is generally off with the old roast before she is on with the new, and does not traffic in empty milk bottles to her own advantage.
She clips the flower stems daily, and sorts playing cards before putting them away.
She is benevolent to trained nurses, and can be asked to lay two extra places for dinner without going into an ominous decline.
She has no gin except your own hidden in the wash-boiler.
She will not surrender a package to a call boy without receiving a credit slip.
She marks when the grocery consignment is shy one grapefruit, and can remember if you ordered any corned beef on the seventh of February.
She is a man-hater.
She can always find your spectacles and the last letter from your mother.
Her shoes do not squeak, and she does not throw away unread periodicals.
She is a Vestal Virgin about lemons, oranges, ginger ale, and mineral water.
She circulates with fresh ashtrays at suitable intervals during a bridge game.
She does not think the fruits and candy are sent to her, and will not eat up all the Canadian bacon without telling you that the supply is exhausted.
She confesses to casualties in china and crystal upon their occurrence,
And will serve you at least two of the three brook trout caught by your brother-in-law.
She knows how many pairs of your gloves are at the cleaners, and she loves to polish silver.
She does not return books upside down to the shelves.
She knows how to read tea leaves, and gives you the benefit of every doubt when you are on a diet.
Mr. Snodgrass does not suspect that she strongly dislikes him.
She can always lend you forty dollars.
There is, of course, a catch to The Good and Faithful Servant:
From her vague but frequent references to her home in the Old Country,
You live in a troubled uncertainty that she is about to set sail for it
On the day after tomorrow.

It takes all kinds
To make a town like ours.

—Baird Leonard

attention to what the grown people were saying, else you would now know your entire genealogy—little though it interests you.

In certain parts of the country, notably the South and the East, it is inadvisable to lay false claim to a connection with some distinguished family. Inquisitive maiden ladies have been known to spend days at the Public Library tracing the genealogies of their acquaintances. When they have proved your falsehood, they are liable to remind you of it in some such way as the following: "You mentioned the fact that your mother was a Prendergast. Now, it's very odd, but I can find no mention of a Prendergast who married a Sweeney. But perhaps I misunderstood you?" The situation then becomes embarrassing, and the only practical solution of your difficulties is to leave town.

All methods of referring directly to the family tree must be used with circumspection, for every pointed reference is an indication that you are impressed by title and nobility of birth. In order to receive proper deference, you must, paradoxically enough, persuade your audience that you think "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

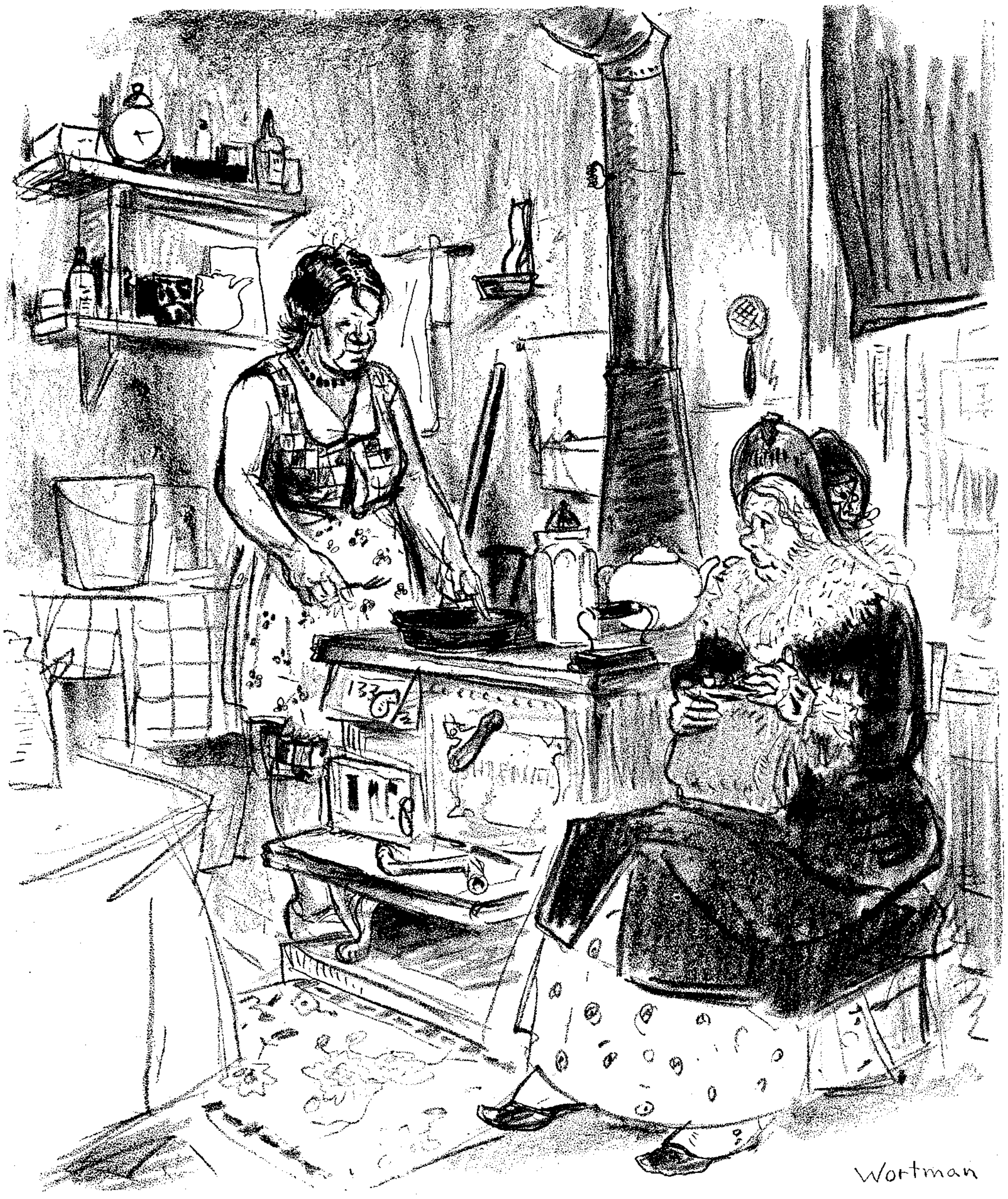
Far better is the indirect method of introducing the family tree into conversation. If you use it expertly, even your enemies and incredulous acquaintances cannot accuse you of boasting.

WE have noted that in speaking directly of your family tree you should belittle the importance of good blood. The opposite is true if you follow the indirect courses. You will find it effective to attribute all noteworthy achievements to blood. Certain people may be hostile to this thesis. They may perhaps quote names in an attempt to prove you mistaken. They may ask, "What about Blank, and Dash, who rose from illiterate and unknown families?" Your best reply is a dubious shake of the head and a knowing smile, accompanied by the remark, "One never knows. Remember Erasmus."

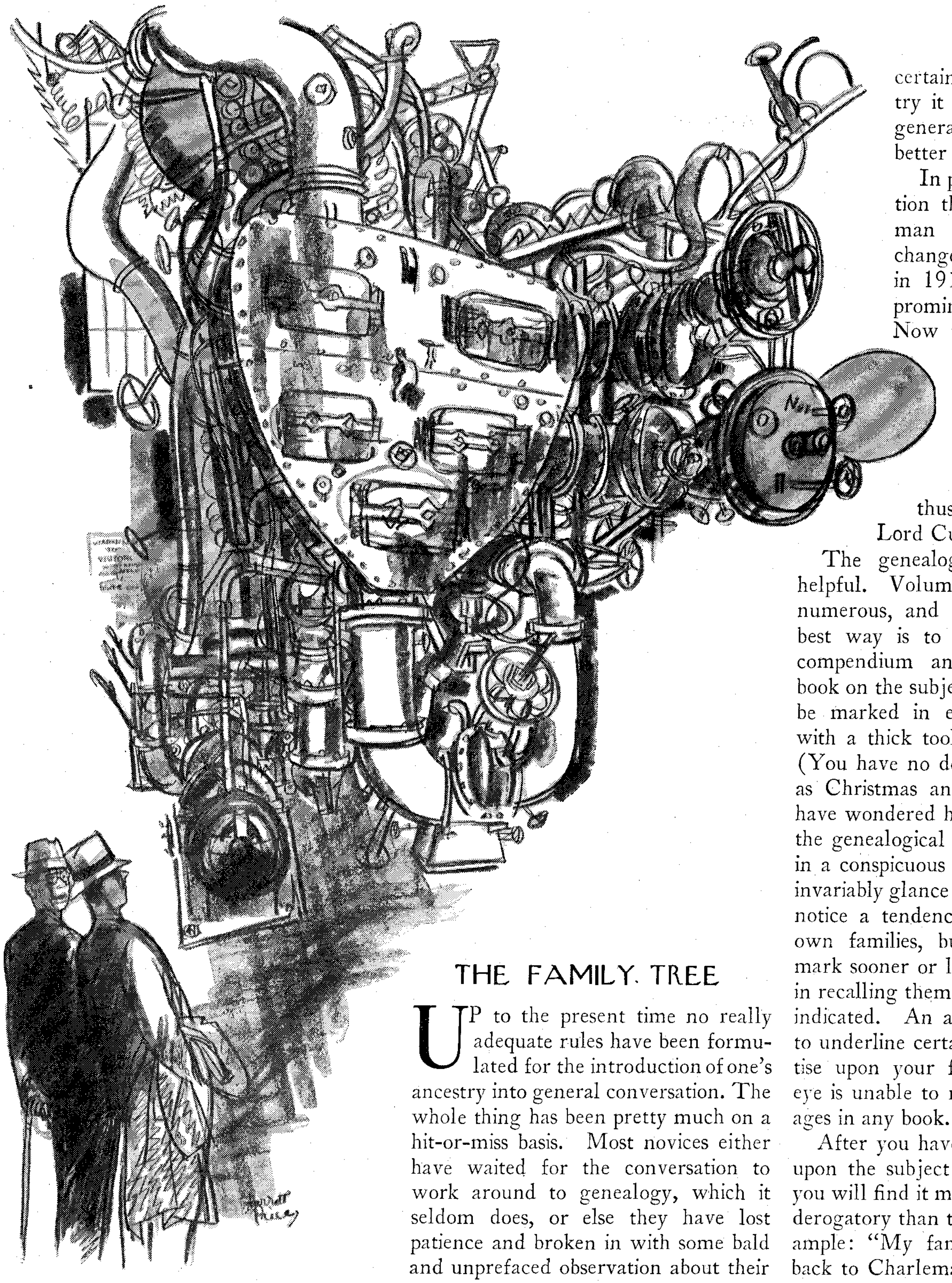
If your opponents call attention to numerous well-born persons who have as yet never distinguished themselves, you can insist that such people are the exception, and only prove your rule. If you find yourself in a quandary, Richard Evelyn Byrd's name—"the Byrds of Virginia, you know"—will usually silence objections. Always bear in mind that no matter how refractory your opponents may have seemed, your insistence upon blood as a necessary ingredient of the literary, artistic, adventurous, or political hero will eventually bear fruit. It will be assumed that through your own veins courses excellent blood.

In an aside, we might mention here the method of one charming lady. She tells a delightful little anecdote of her childhood, when she cut her finger for the first time. Upon seeing that the blood which flowed from the wound was red, she ran screaming to her mother, and cried, "Why isn't it *blue*, Mother?" You can imagine how convincing this little story is when the lady tells it with well-bred amusement.

Another commendable way is to comment on the ancestry of someone else who compares not unfavorably with yourself. In doing this, take care to let no note of resentment or ridicule creep into your voice. Preferably you should appear to praise. Example: "Would you believe that her grandfather kept a fruitstand, with a bootblack's chair in the



"Ever since Eddie bought a tuxedo all he reads is the society news."



"I wonder what Bolitho would say about that."

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THE APPETIZER

The antipasto on the plate
  Contains a strange diversity;
The tart, the sweet, the soothing oil,
  Black olive, fish, and salami.

Who cares for supper yet to come?
  I can't restrain my eager knife.
Give me the curled red-pepper days,
  The antipasto years of Life!

—Persis Greely Anderson

THE FAMILY TREE

Up to the present time no really adequate rules have been formulated for the introduction of one's ancestry into general conversation. The whole thing has been pretty much on a hit-or-miss basis. Most novices either have waited for the conversation to work around to genealogy, which it seldom does, or else they have lost patience and broken in with some bald and unprefaced observation about their family.

In spite of this general ignorance, however, the family tree can be mentioned easily, naturally, and with no appearance of premeditation. There are two methods—the direct and the indirect. Let us consider the first.

The metropolitan newspapers may provide your cue. Now and then you will notice an article about a titled English family, which will serve as an introduction to your remarks, especially if the name is the same as or similar to your own. The bar sinister is extremely popular in England, and though in certain circles in this country it may add glamour, in general the bar sinister is better concealed.

In passing, we might mention the story of the young man named Curson who changed his name to Curzon in 1915, on account of the prominence of Lord Curzon. Now this man would have done better to keep the name of Curson, and give some witty explanation of the substitution of "s" for "z," thus fostering an idea that Lord Curzon was the upstart.

The genealogical table is always helpful. Volumes on genealogy are numerous, and easy to obtain. The best way is to own both a modern compendium and an old, yellowed book on the subject. The place should be marked in each book, preferably with a thick tooled-leather bookmark. (You have no doubt received a dozen as Christmas and birthday gifts, and have wondered how to use them.) If the genealogical table is left carelessly in a conspicuous spot, your guests will invariably glance through it. You will notice a tendency to search for their own families, but the leather bookmark sooner or later serves its purpose in recalling them to the pages you have indicated. An additional safeguard is to underline certain names in the treatise upon your family. The human eye is unable to resist underlined passages in any book.

After you have contrived to launch upon the subject of your family tree, you will find it more effective to appear derogatory than to boast outright. Example: "My family has been traced back to Charlemagne, but of course I don't believe in that sort of thing. Some of the dullest people I've ever known were F.F.V.'s, and I well remember how stupid the Earl of So-and-So was. It isn't blood that counts, but the worth of the individual. Now, I remember a beachcomber in Tahiti—"

Details about your illustrious ancestors might be added to gain credence. If you remember no particular incidents or important names, you can always say offhand that a number of your forefathers lie buried in Westminster Abbey with feet crossed to indicate that they were Crusaders. A useful remark in this connection is that as a child you were too harum-scarum to pay any front? I think she's remarkable to have made so much of herself." It will naturally be presumed that, while you and she are apparently of equal standing now, *your* grandfather was president of a bank and owned the block that included *her* grandfather's fruit-stand.

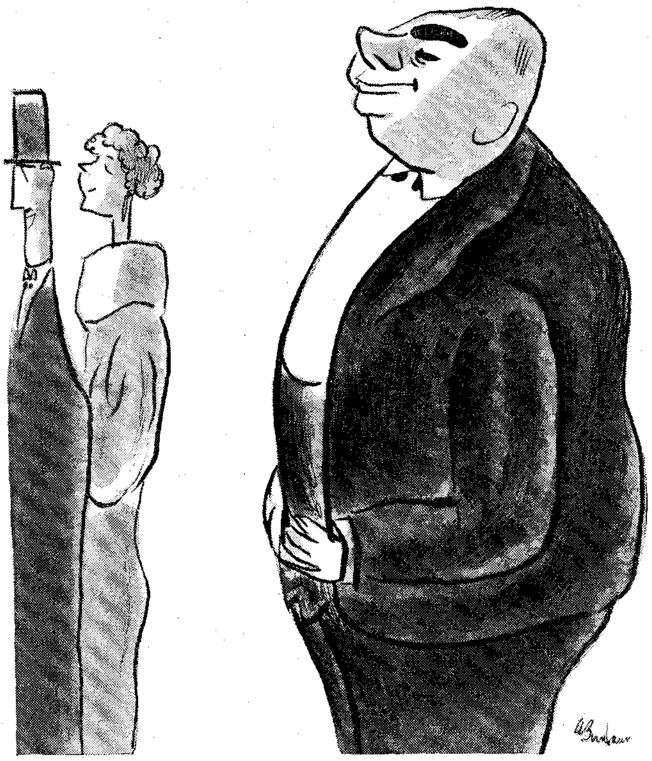
Various anecdotes about your forebears may serve admirably to indicate that your family has always been prominent and cosmopolitan. Examples: "How I wish I'd lived a hundred years ago! I remember hearing about the fine wines my great-grandfather used to get from France. They used to have everything sent over from Europe—clothes, cheeses, jewels. My grandfather even sent to China for his tea." "There's a screamingly funny story in my family—a great-great-uncle cut off without a cent because he insisted on becoming a civil engineer. And now, you know, a civil engineer is just as respectable as any other professional man!"

If someone asks your name, or takes it down in his memorandum book, you have a golden opportunity to explain carefully how the name has been changed during the past nine or ten centuries. Spell the original Norman French, and show the Anglo-Saxon corruption of the name. Very little research is required, for almost any volume on genealogy will give you the data.

MORE conclusively than words, heirlooms and the like may prove your lineage. Coats of arms on notepaper are fairly useful, but a trifle ostentatious. It is better to have a large copy of the coat of arms in color, framed in plain black. This is always placed in a guestroom.

Various quaint relics and portraits may safely be pointed out as of possible interest to your guests. (Warning: do not exhibit any pride in these articles; rather be as condescending as possible toward them.)

Portraits may be of several kinds. Crayons are not so good. Daguerreotypes are too recent to be of real value, unless, perhaps, they portray a grandmother dressed for riding to the hounds, or some other aristocratic pursuit. Silhouettes do not date back far enough, and, too, a fairly recent revival of that art has placed the silhouette under suspicion as an heirloom. Miniatures always lend tone, as undoubtedly do large portraits in oil, however poorly executed.



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

No lean and cadaverous headwaiter greets the public at the Marguery. Marchisio's expression of satisfied content is in tone with the restaurant's reputation for de luxe and fastidious fare.

• •

Old books and letters are moderately serviceable, the older the better. The average audience will recognize at once the old-fashioned double "s" in such words as "mifs," "distrefs," etc. It is well to call attention to the date and your ancestor's signature in faded brown ink. The old family Bible is sometimes helpful, but does not necessarily carry prestige, as would books in foreign languages and treatises upon philosophy.

SOME have found the stamp album a practical method. You can quite easily and unobtrusively slip in a few anecdotes as you point out early issues of postage stamps. Example: "That particular blue Victoria—very rare, by the way—I found in a packet of old letters tied up in lavender ribbon. As I remember, the letter was from Gladstone to my grandmother — he was an admirer of hers."

Always attractive and convincing are such relics as dresses worn by ancestresses at Jefferson's inaugural ball or during presentation at the Court of St. James', and yellowed invitations to balls in honor of Lafayette are always of interest. Engraved documents should be framed in narrow gold frames, slightly tarnished with age.

From your own resources, you will probably be able to add to this short list many other souvenirs of the glory of other days. We need not discourse at length upon their value in establishing beyond doubt the fact that your forebears were important people. In this little treatise we have not essayed to cover the ground completely, for, as you must see, each case varies necessarily with the amount of material and data. These few suggestions may aid you at first, and other methods will undoubtedly come to mind as you proceed. —JOSIE TURNER

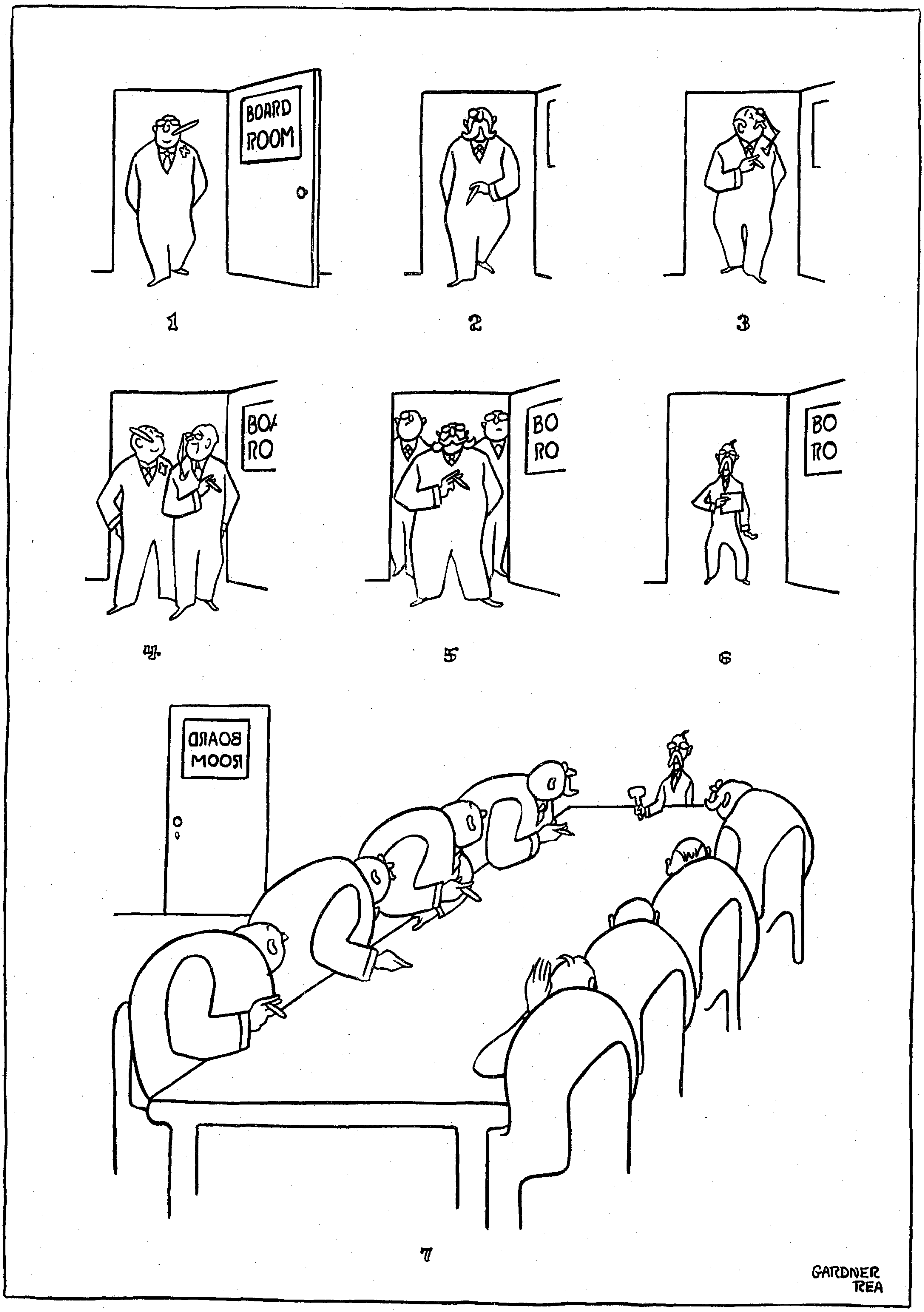
• •

ALBATROSS

Seventeen albatrosses rose from their wave-washed rock with thunderous
wings outspread;
Together they crashed down heavily, shattering the sea's smooth plane.
Seventeen albatrosses veered and wheeled into intricate pattern overhead;
Then on the beach, hushed from our talking, we watched giant wings
beat the waves into rain.

We have no memory of sorrow shared, nor mutual memory of joy we inherit;
Life has denied us everything but the intolerable sense of loss:
But through all the sundering years we shall meet, fleetingly, spirit with spirit,
When either sees dark, on the sea, in the sky, the splendid bronze wings
of an albatross.

—MUNA LEE


BOARD ROOM
1
2
3
BOA RO
4
BO RO
5
BO RO
6
BOARD ROOM
7
GARDNER REA

THE CONFERENCE

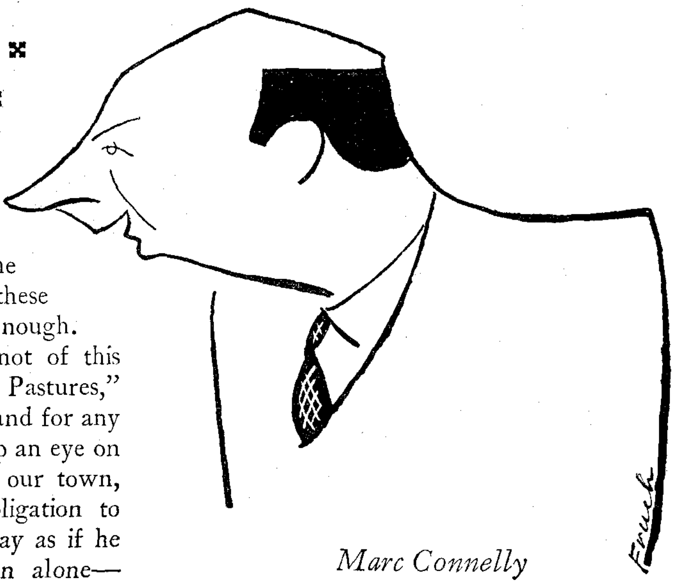
PROFILES

TWO-EYED CONNELLY

Marcus Carlin Cook, celebrated in his day as the father of the Greater Boston Bill, was a fur-dealer with a thriving shop across the way from Old South Church. By fanatical contributions to the Republican campaign chest, by great goodness of heart, and also, of course, by sheer longevity, Mr. Cook achieved in time the title of the Grand Old Man of Boston. One morning in the late eighties, all Back Bay was thrown into a flutter by the news that, clad in her green merino (plus bustle, red velvet toque and spotted veil), the carelessly guarded daughter of the Grand Old Man had run off in the night with a small-time touring tragedian known to the theatre of the inland cities as Patrick Joseph Connelly. One result of that elopement is now the quivering subject of this monograph.

The New Yorker might—and from time to time doubtless will—do worse than command some day a Profile of that singularly intrusive specimen of American fauna known as One-Eyed Connelly, the gate-crasher. But today this department is dedicated to a quite different member of the same multitudinous clan. It is dedicated to a local clown from whom One-Eyed Connelly can be readily distinguished—more readily now than ever. For while a rich variety of apt and maddening soubriquets must occur at once to anyone in search of a nickname for Marc Connelly, it seems scarcely probable that after the never-to-be-forgotten première of his play, "The Green Pastures," he could ever be confused with one whose vision was in any way limited.

But prior to that night—prior to the night of February 27, 1930—Two-Eyed Connelly had already been a familiar figure in this town for a good dozen years. He was known as a clever playwright, and as a brilliant though somewhat domineering parlor-entertainer. (What? You never heard him give "Spartacus" with gestures? Never heard him mimic Ruth Draper doing "A Railway Station on the Western Plains"? Why, I guess you don't get asked out much.) Then he was known too as a first-nighter conspicuous both for his demonstrativeness and for his opera-hat, known as the most preposterously optimistic and toplofty of ne'er-do-wells along Broadway and as the most easily depressed Rhummy addict in the annals of the Players. In these aspects was he familiar enough. But in the light—a light not of this world—cast by "The Green Pastures," he must be inspected afresh and for any journal that pretends to keep an eye on the eventful newcomers to our town, there is quite as much obligation to present Marc Connelly today as if he had just flown—and flown alone—from a valley on the other side of the moon. Which, in a sense, is precisely what he has done.



Marc Connelly

Here then are a few rough notes for the convenience of his future biographer. I assume there will be one. For even if some distant and disdainful historian of the American theatre sees fit to mention no other playwright of our time, it is my guess he will have to find room in his record for the name of the man who, taking something out of Roark Bradford's Negro stories, something out of Holy Writ and something out of his own heart, fashioned from those elements the enkindling miracle play called "The Green Pastures."

Marcus Cook Connelly was born on December 13, 1890, in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, where his folks, after their retreat from show business, had taken over the White Hotel. McKeesport is near enough to Pittsburgh to mean that his first playgoing was done in that unlovely city. Then his first work was done on one or another of its newspapers, so that now his name is engrossed in its civic pride along with the names of the matchless Stephen Foster, of Ethelbert Nevin (may his soul rest in peace!) and of that same George Kaufman with whom Connelly long enjoyed a happy literary partnership. To say nothing of those illustrious alumnae of Weber and Fields who, while not natives of Pittsburgh, did settle there for the twilight of their lives. I mean Fay Templeton, of course, and Lillian Russell.

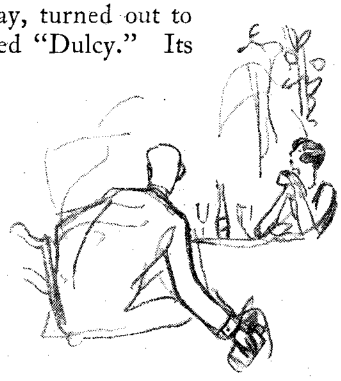
Connelly's first theatre was the Alvin in Pittsburgh. The occasion of his first visit was a matinée of "Cyrano de Bergerac." (That was a good play, too.) Mr. Mansfield had sent his father a box, for in their early days, the elder Connelly was Mansfield's manager for at least one struggling season. The Connellys, with Master Marcus in tow, reached the theatre so late that, as they blundered into the box, the curtain was already falling to tremendous acclaim at the end of the succulent pastry-shop scene. Call after call brought the curtain up and down, up and down. Finally, the great Mr. Mansfield stepped forward to the footlights and used one of his better gestures to quell the Pittsburgh tumult.

"Is this an encore?" he asked quizzically and then said "Today I think I will subject the warmth of your enthusiasm to a rather severe test. There has just come into the theatre an old friend of mine. I had so looked forward to his seeing us in the pastry-shop that, with your permission," he went on sternly, "we will now, for his benefit, give that act again."

Whereupon Act Two of "Cyrano" was repeated so that the pampered Connellys could catch up. To the hotel-child from McKeesport, it must have seemed that day that the theatre was a mighty pleasant world and it may well be that it was then and there he decided not to become a Boniface after all. Then note how one catches life up to its old trick of rhyming. Recall, please, the name of the theatre where "The Green Pastures" was first produced the other evening. Among the letters of felicitation which poured in on the management after the newspapers chronicled that great occasion, there was one full of gentle rejoicing because it was the Mansfield, out of all the theatres in New York, that had been chosen to shelter so beautiful a play. The note was from Mrs. Richard Mansfield.

I myself first picked up Connelly’s trail in the autumn of 1919. After two years’ absence, I had just returned to the post of dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, only to find the somewhat alarming George S. Kaufman installed there as chief of staff. Each night as the curtain fell I would hurry away, trampling over women and children and dropping my tippet en route, to my waiting office, a cubby-hole distinguishable from the Arrival of Buyers Department by the word “Drama” emblazoned on its door. And each night as I typed out my thoughts on the play of the evening, I could not help noticing that, in the corner, a silent, bald-headed and threadbare young man was quietly adding his mite to the already considerable congestion of the office. Once, when he stepped out to a city-room telephone booth (I think it was a little private call to Palm Beach he was thriftily putting over on the trustful *Times*), I ventured to ask the scowling Kaufman who this recurrent visitor might be. It seems it was Marc Connelly. And what did Marc Connelly do? Well, at the moment he was a dramatic critic. This puzzled me, as I thought I knew the whole tribe. On what paper was he a dramatic critic? Mr. Kaufman replied with some severity, “On *Garment News*.” I was not, as it happens, a subscriber to that journal and ventured to ask whether it had no office of its own in which its dramatic critic could sit of an evening.

“He and I are writing a play together,” Kaufman explained, and added pointedly, “We are just waiting around for you to go home because we are writing it on your typewriter.”



I retreated abashed into the night. That play, by the way, turned out to be a merry piece called “Dulcy.” Its production served notice of a fruitful collaboration which lasted several seasons and produced, among other things, such excellent comedies as “To The Ladies,” “Merton of the Movies” and “Beggar on Horseback.” After the last-named success, they went their separate ways and though their partnership had been heard to creak in an occasional storm, its dissolution seems to have been amicable and tentative, with fewer than the usual rumors of sharp practice, sulks and mayhem.

THE aforesaid post on *Garment News* was one of many that Connelly held briefly and reluctantly in the days of his Broadway novitiate. After six years of Pittsburgh newspaper work he had come to New York in 1916 as guardian of an inexpert musical comedy called “The Amber Empress,” of which he had written the lyrics and upon which the Harry B. Smiths and the George V. Hobarts swooped down like a medieval calamity. Now that the Connelly goose honks high, now that his play is the one toward which all paths lead, the town is full once more of old yarns about the days of his penury. Indeed there is a plan to call a mass meeting next week of all those given ostentatiously to recalling when the Connelly of yesteryear borrowed quarters from them. Nay, nickels. The meeting will be held in Madison Square Garden. The first speaker will be John Held, Jr., who will chat of the era when he and Connelly and Mahonri Young, the sculptor, shared with four other needy strugglers a chill and infested two-room dormitory in the Thirties, which they used to refer to as The Cockroach Glades. The bed linen at The Cockroach Glades may have been something less than snowy but it always seemed inadvisable to discuss this point with the landlady, as she might be goaded into mentioning that none of them had paid his rent for weeks anyway.

I suppose these anecdotes of his wintry times are the commoner in Connelly’s case because spring always came so early up his way and at the first sign of it, he would blossom like a crocus. A “Dulcy” would scarcely be in its second week when Connelly would invest in puce-colored riding breeches and stride up the Avenue in a manner of one who has just bidden the butler order the Corsair out of drydock.

Such dog would be one facet of an incorrigible optimism which (when combined with an almost heroic laziness) has maddened many a co-worker of Connelly’s to tears. The producer who thought he could count on the pinch of necessity to squeeze work out of the baffling Connelly did not know his man. When such an impresario would follow up his advance-royalty check to see how the work was progressing, he would find that it was not progressing at all, that Connelly had not so much as put key to ribbon. Perhaps the loafer had hired a coffee-colored limousine and biffed off to Newport to assuage the craving of his Akins heart for the sight of a few good footmen. More probably the naïve producer would find that after endorsing the check—welcome, mind you, as the relief of Lucknow—and rushing it to his bank, Connelly had flung himself back among the cushions to plan a villa in Southern France. Nothing pretentious, you know. Something so modest that one could get along with just a few servants and so feel free to keep the little place open all the year round. Else how could one hope to lay in one’s wines? But a truce to revery. There goes the telephone with some editor asking tartly what has become of the manuscript Connelly swore by all he held holy to deliver on the preceding Tuesday.

Such procrastination was all the more infuriating because of our knowledge that he was so fecund, that when the fit was on him he could work with an effortless ease which was the envy and despair of all us plodders. Why, they say that some of the scenes in “The Green Pastures”—word for word as you see them now in their infallible and fastidious perfection—were tossed off to a stenographer while Connelly was buoyantly dressing for the opera.

But to aid a complete understanding of “The Green Pastures” as a phenomenon of Broadway, I must give more than these adumbrations of the Connelly legend. I must go further and be more specific. Until a few months ago it was part of that legend that while he was a fellow of tremendous talent—a man of genius, if you will—he was so difficult to deal with that the greatest imaginable benefit of an association with him could not be worth the sheer nuisance involved. It was said of him, for instance, that he was grossly indolent in doing his share of any undertaking, monstrously tactless at all rehearsals and, in any matters of appointment, faithless as a bare-footed pickaninny. Indeed it was said of him that if a play of his ever reached the culmination of a first night, it was only because the manager, the stagehands, the costumers and actors had all kept promising one another not

"Well, where d'ya want it, sonny boy?"

to cut his throat until *after* the première.

NOW for the purpose of this elliptical sketch it does not matter at all how much basis there was for this impression. It is necessary only to remember that this *was* the impression. For it does throw a kindlier light on the impeached acumen of those impresari who, one after another, declined the honor of producing the play now so generally regarded as the highest peak in the range of the American theatre.

The newspapers have given "The Green Pastures" heartier praise than ever they gave to a native play. It is more widely the talk of the town than I have known any play to be within the twenty years of my own Babylonian captivity. With the best will in the world, therefore, one cannot help speculating on what the thoughts must be of those producers who let slip the chance—the power and the glory—to sponsor it. The Theatre Guild, Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, Jed Harris, Crosby Gaige—these among others had that chance. The same Theatre Guild that put on "Man's Estate" but rejected "Street Scene" as lacking in content, could not make up its collective mind to produce "The Green Pastures." The same Winthrop Ames who had an option on "Journey's End" and let it drop from his fingers, said pretty things about "The Green Pastures" but sent it back to the author.

It had already become part of the familiar history of the theatre that both "Journey's End" and "Street Scene" were first despised and rejected of managers. Now that "The Green Pastures" has been added to the list, there is some danger that a notion that all our managers are defectives will become part of the American credo. (Then, frankly, I am also alarmed at the prospective effect on all the hall-bedroom dramatists of my acquaintance. Their already sufficiently touching confidence in their own work will attain to a dismaying certitude if each too hastily assumes from the sheer abundance of his rejection slips that he must therefore have written the great American play. It really does not follow.) And in behalf of the managers I think it fair to suggest that some of them may have been less abashed by the obvious difficulties and hazards involved in producing so multitudinous a play as "The Green Pastures" than unnerved by the prospect of dealing at the same time with the volatile and enraging Connelly.

It is also fair—indeed it is obligatory—to suggest further that, to the extent of your acceptance of the aforesaid legend, you are driven to the conclusion that Marc Connelly must have been reborn to bring "The Green Pastures" through to its glorious first performance. For when, eventually, a broker came up out of Wall Street to back the enterprise, it was Connelly himself who planned its production, chose its actors and directed its rehearsals. The result at the Mansfield was never achieved by accident. It was a triumph of generalship and never in this world was it brought about without a considerable supply of courage, tact, patience and good humor.

If these items were really recent in his equipment, one is tempted to wonder where he got them. Is it fanciful to speculate whether the very material of the play he was fashioning did not work the miracle of transforming him into a person fit to stage it? Or did the inner knowledge that, for once in a way, he had written as good a play as he could write put peace in his fretted heart at last and so steady him for the demands of his great occasion?

BUT I would not have you think that the purifying process left no unchastened Connellyism behind. Bless the man, you should have heard and seen him while he went up and down the land with this play in his system. Helpless merrymakers on yachts in the Mediterranean had it firmly read aloud to them. If you were ever a fellow week-end guest with him on Long Island, you doubtless heard excerpts from it when cornered in your morning bath. He knew nothing of that mixture of discretion and decent misgiving which usually mantles such preparations in secrecy. As rehearsals got under way, more and more of his neighbors were invited to attend them. It is related of one ticket speculator that he said with a pessimistic shake of the head, "I am afraid it won't be a hit. Marc had four empty seats in the balcony at last night's rehearsal." You can imagine, therefore, the inner chuckles of one visitor who, as he was leaving the theatre after one such crowded rehearsal, was buttonholed by Connelly himself and warned against breathing a word about the proceedings once he was outside. It seems it was not a good idea to let the fine edge of first-night curiosity be dulled by any gossip of what was coming.

From the reports of this vanguard, you doubtless got an impression that a play of great beauty and moment was on its way, but you may have feared it might fail through the circumstance that by the opening night there would be no one left in town who had not already seen it. Of course you could not have foreseen that this would have made no difference whatever. For the first thing a playgoer does after attending "The Green Pastures" is to struggle for tickets so that he can come back and see it again. And again.

At which point I find myself wondering what impression of Marc Connelly would be imparted to a stranger reading these random notes about him. Does he emerge as something of a clown, something of a peacock and something of a seer? Irresponsible but honorable, gaudy but unworldly, preposterous but sensitive, generous, sympathetic, witty, lazy, that is Marc Connelly—somehow a timeless person. Above all, I have failed miserably at my task if I have not made you see that the salient thing in him is innocence. Blessed, they say, are the pure in heart. For only to them—to one of them in every age, perhaps—it is given to write a "Green Pastures."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE search for a Republican candidate for Governor goes on. The ideal nominee must be an amphibian, dry from the Bronx up.

•

The president of Wanamaker's says that Grover Whalen's old place is open for him. As always, the store is happy to take back goods that did not give perfect satisfaction.

•

Five hundred books are to be presented to the White House and we nominate Senator Smoot for censor-in-chief to this library. Nothing by D. H. Lawrence should be admitted. Or by Gaston B. Means.

•

The fratricidal strife in the Pennsylvania G.O.P. is practically breaking this department's trusting heart. Statesmen have sunk so low as to tell the truth about each other.

•

A dispatch from Flagstaff, Arizona, tells us that the new planet is behaving exactly as expected. Managers of other infants will understand how embarrassing that can be.

•

The proposed New England toll highway will meet many difficulties and delays. Thus far nobody has thought up a good $200,000,000 reason for going from New York to Boston.

•

It is pointed out that Democratic Senators cast more than a thousand votes for tariff raises. Neither party gets much glory from the enterprise. It must have been a couple of other fellows.

•

Those who object to Elder Hays' new code of morals forget that the function of the movies is to entertain. What could be more sidesplitting than the Hollywood conception of a perfect world?

•

Mr. Coolidge's new sixteen-room house figures out about right. It is too large for a literary man and too small for a life-insurance magnate.

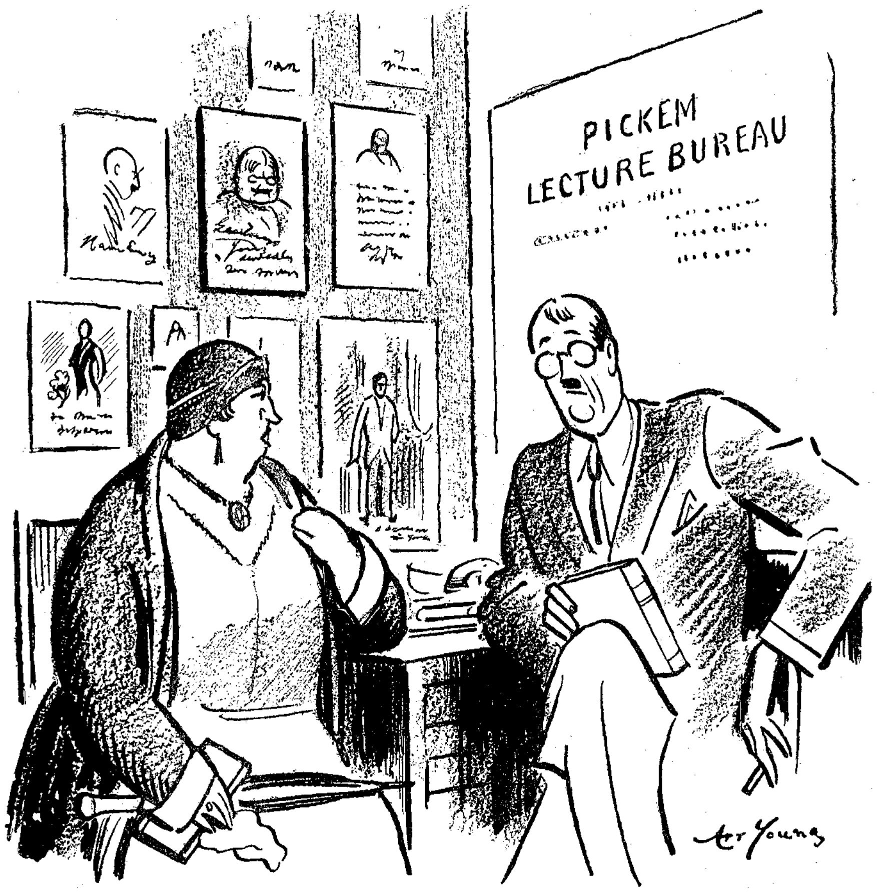
•

Business is brisk again in Wall Street and prices are rising. The splendid old public can always be relied upon to buy stocks just as soon as they cease to be bargains.

•

Things now look brighter in London but the forecast from Washington is Senators cloudy and colder.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"Couldn't you send us a nice, good-looking radical—who isn't too upsetting?"

THE THEATRE

ROCK BOTTOM

THERE is really no reason why this page should be devoted to the Drama this week. The Drama has certainly done nothing for this page. The whole thing might much better be given over to outboard motors or whippet-racing, with the theatre and its recent acquisitions grouped down in the corner under the heading: "Marine Intelligence" (which would be giving them the breaks at that).

A couple of these new plays (or perhaps by now we should say *those* new plays) might have been worth your attention had they been whipped together by more skillful hands. "Troyka," especially, always stirred uneasily under some urge to awake and stretch itself into a fine play. With its setting in a Siberian prison camp in those electric days of 1917 when the Revolution sent Freedom to confuse men, there was a great chance for someone. Perhaps Imre Fazekas took advantage of it in his original Hungarian. We shall never know. For Miss Lula Vollmer, who a while ago took her years of success as an old woman in "Sun-Up" for a license to play Shylock (an old *man*, but what's the difference?), has now gone in for adapting from the Hungarian, with the result that "Troyka" emerges as just the sort of play you would expect from an authoress who once fancied herself as Shylock.

It seems that a *troyka* is one of those three-horse sleighs that Russians were always falling out of in the dear, dead days of the Romanoffs, and, as little Natascha (played with fine simplicity by Zita Johann) had at least three men pulling her about, "Troyka" seemed to be a good name for the play. I still think it might have been a good play, too. But, as Ivan, or Semion, or Bogulieff might have said: "Life is like that, my little dove."

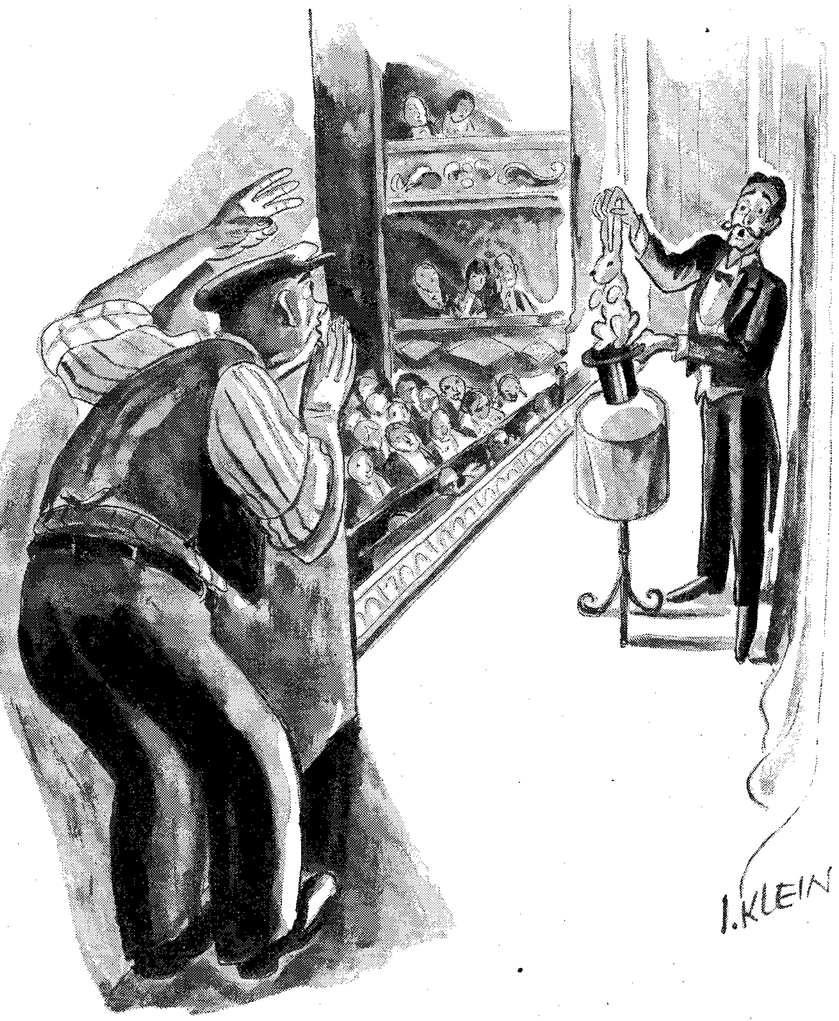
THERE was also what is hopefully known as "a good idea" behind "House Afire." The young wife who feels that some of the family income might better be spent on a sheaf of Wagons-Lits tickets than on monthly installments for the beds at home, and who is so calm on the night when the "little nest" burns down that the insurance company suspects her of setting the fire, is a character who might fit into a comedy of considerable entertainment value.

But "House Afire" isn't that comedy. It is just a rickety piecing together of odds and ends, reaching its climax of rickets in the second act when, in order to fill out the evening, a group of revellers dressed for a fancy-dress ball put on a little impromptu olio, consisting of a piano solo, a hip-dance by a young lady who happened, by an odd coincidence, to be dressed as a hip-dancer, and a soprano solo by Miss Betty Blythe entitled "There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie." Mr. Jack Hazzard also obliged with a short song number.

Incidental Comment: Granted that a program of songs interpolated in the middle of what is supposed to be a straight comedy removes it somewhat from the class of legitimate drama, need the audience be allowed further to disintegrate the proceedings by demanding encores—and getting them? Are the unities never to be preserved? Soon we may expect plays to be interrupted by the audience insisting that their favorite comedy gag be repeated or that the prisoner in "The Last Mile" strangle the keeper just once more in order that they may see how it was done.

The cast in "House Afire," including Jack Hazzard, May Collins, and Betty Blythe (the latter held as hostage for the prisoners now confined in Hollywood), did everything that they could. A very thrilling bit of telephone-work at the height of the fire was also contributed by Master John Hazzard, Jr.

THEN there was "Broadway Shadows" to complete the trilogy of that historic week. "Broadway Shad-

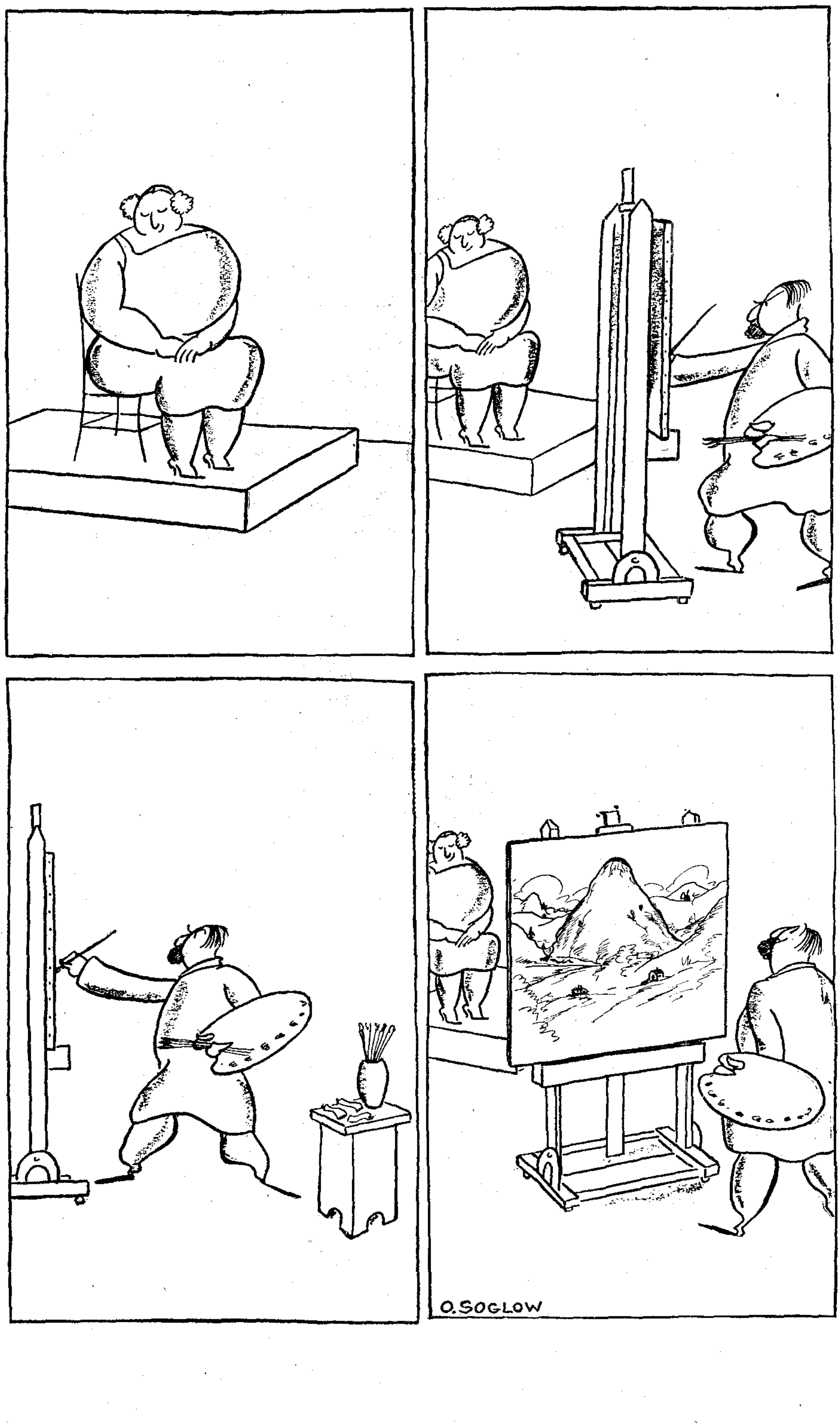


"Pssst! The nurse just phoned. You got triplets."

ows" was the one which didn't even have a good idea.

IT is too bad that Maurice Chevalier's engagement at the Fulton is limited to two weeks (unless it has been extended, in which case it isn't too bad) for there *is* entertainment. With Duke Ellington's band to lift you out of your seat during the first half and M. Chevalier to charm you during the second, the evening seems as regrettably short as the engagement. M. Chevalier is the only artist that we know of who possesses that Will Rogers quality of sheer friendliness which makes an audience oblivious to whatever faults there may be in his working material. M. Chevalier has some pretty punk songs in his repertoire, mostly those which the master musicians of Hollywood have hung on him in his pictures. He also has some delightful ones of his own. But, good or bad, all he has to do is smile and nothing else matters. I suppose that he has other qualities which endear him to the ladies in the audience, but for a genuine seventy-five per cent male like myself his chief asset is his ability to sell himself as a good guy. I wouldn't care if I never heard any of his songs again, but I should hate to think that after these two weeks he was always going to be in the movies.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



THE BOAT RACE

THERE are honors in England far more important than those attached to being king or prime minister, and if we outsiders had the right feeling for what's what we'd know this without being told. I refer to being a member of one of the two crews which every spring row the Boat Race on the River Thames.

The Boat Race is a rowing contest between Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It takes place on the Thames in suburban London. Two crews of eight row two slim boats upstream from Putney Bridge to Mortlake, four and a quarter miles. The one which finishes first wins. Prior to this year Cambridge has won forty times and Oxford has won forty times, and one year the race was a dead heat. The members of these crews are called, with honor, Blues. Ex-members of ex-crews are called Old Blues. Once a Blue, then, always a Blue, a condition about as near godliness as any current Briton can attain.

The funny thing, though, about this Boat Race is that while those who row it are practically gods in the true English sense, almost all the spectators bring along their babies, bananas, liver-sausage sandwiches, and stout, and should you ask one of them what Oxford and Cambridge are, anyhow, they'd reply that it's a Boat Race.

And Boat Race Night! What a picture of commonness and vulgarity! Roisterers in the street, even, till as late as 2 A.M. Intoxicated, some of them. Terrible. Naturally even the English masses must blow off steam once in a while, but why should they choose the night after this contest between the ancient seats of learning to do it?

This is beside the point. What I really want to talk about is an episode of this year's—the eighty-second—race. I mean the story of the Blue who rowed the race while in a state of complete unconsciousness. I think it was Cyril Beggs.

I HAD my first glimpse of Cyril at Cambridge—or maybe it was Oxford, it being so hard for an American to tell these places apart—some years back. Cyril was rowing on the river. The riverbanks were strewn with crocuses, youths, and maidens—very pic-

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turesque—but Cyril was rowing, alone, on the river.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"A rowing man," somebody replied.

"What is a rowing man?"

"One who rows."

"Does he do nothing but row?"

"He has no time for anything else."

"I guess he must go to classes, doesn't he?"

"Um-m. If he gets time from his rowing."

"Does he like to row?"

"Nobody knows."

"But how does he get credits—I mean how does he finish with his class?"

"Oh, he sleeps in college."

"Sleeps here?"

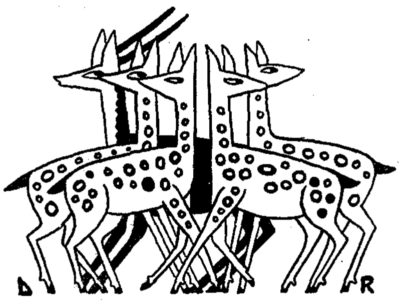
"If he sleeps in college his one hundred and eighty nights each year he's quite all right."

I do not pretend to understand the intricacies of the old culture of foreign universities, so I asked no more about the sleeping part of the college course. I merely remarked that a rowing man's life seemed a little narrow, in a way; but I was reminded that after all he had his rowing.

So when I next saw Cyril Beggs, rowing on the river, I felt as though I understood him. That pale-blue Saxon stare need not bespeak—isn't it?—the vacant mind, as some former Oxford or Cambridge man has said. Was it not, rather, a kind of fixed glance upon some bright vision of the future, say the Boat Race? Was not Cyril in spirit always rowing the Great Boat Race? These crocuses, these maidens, this mothy learning, what could it mean to a rowing man, with the Boat Race still ahead of him? A rowing man is not like other men. He rows.

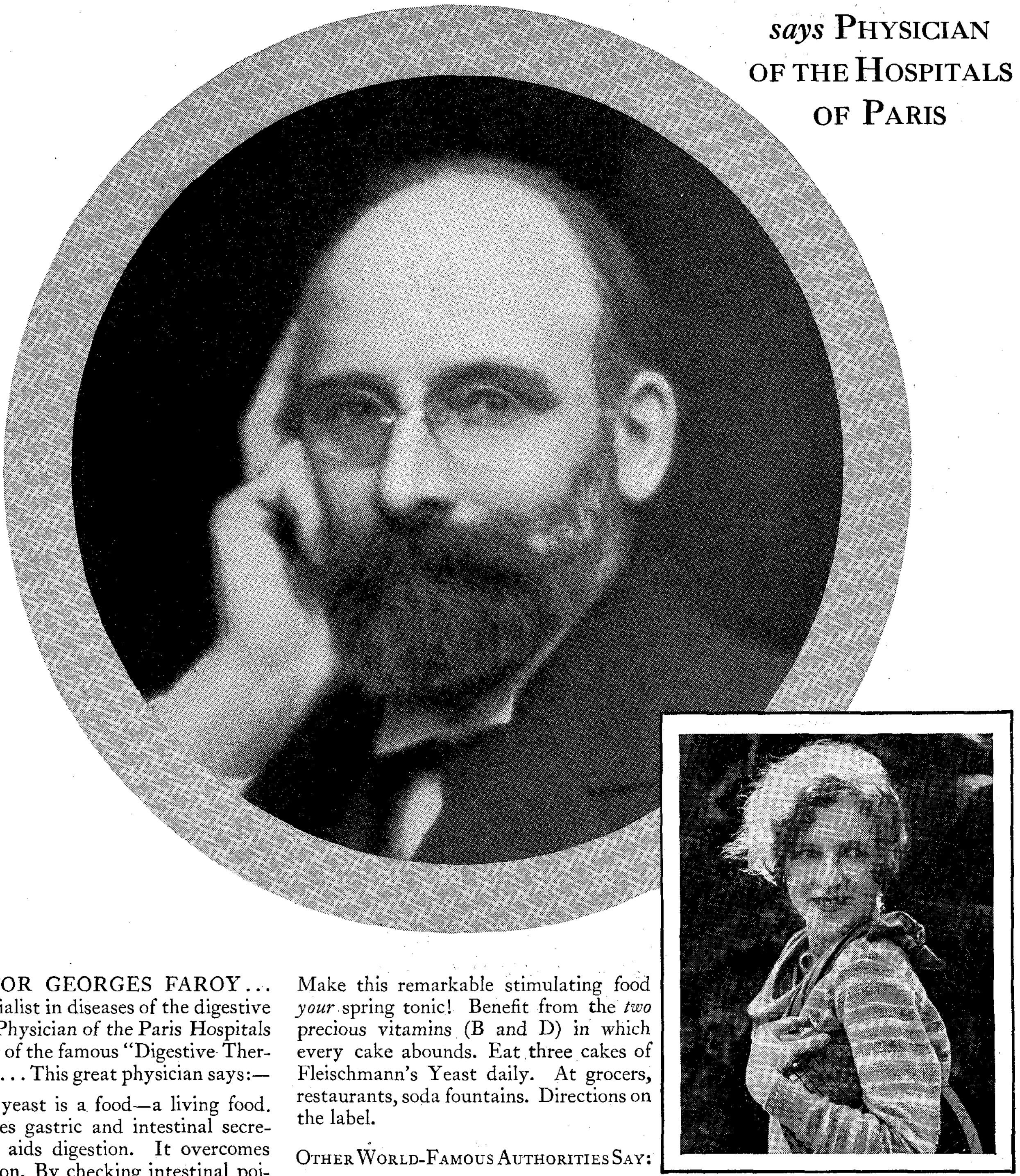
I CAN imagine Cyril's ecstasy when in his fourth year of rowing he got the word that he rowed well enough to be a member of the big crew. At last a Blue! Not that he lost his head—years of intensive rowing had made this impossible.

A page from Cyril's diary during the ten weeks' special training which pre-



People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says PHYSICIAN
OF THE HOSPITALS
OF PARIS



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics" . . . This great physician says:—

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"My doctor advised yeast when I was run-down"

"I was very weak," writes MISS ALICE ELSON of Chicago. "My digestion was miserable. My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast, which improved my appetite, digestion and energy."

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ceded the real Boat Race might be interesting at this point. Here it is:

Monday, March 17. Rose at 7. Went for two-mile trot. Cold shower. Breakfasted on cold meat, stale bread, watercress, and tea. Motored with the crew 60 miles to London for rowing practice on Thames. Lunch—cold meat, stale bread, greens, prunes, and a flatch tinnip.* Motored back to college. Went for brisk trot with crew. Had tea—dry toast and tea. One hour's rest. Dinner—cold meat, cabbage, stale bread, boiled figs, one pint of strong ale. I like ale.† Bed at 10 sharp.

Well, every day for the ten weeks seems to have been identical with Monday, March 17, above. It certainly was hard to go all the way to London for the rowing, but the crew had to row in London, and they simply had to go back and sleep in college, for they owed something to culture too.

At last came the day when, as a real Blue, Cyril rowed in the real Boat Race on the real Thames before the eyes of the roistering real people who, if asked what Oxford and Cambridge are, would say it's a Boat Race, so perhaps Cyril was quite right in spending practically all his time while in those places rowing.

The eighty-second Boat Race was very much like the eighty-one which preceded it; that is, it was over before you knew it. Within a half-hour after its finish, however, an extraordinary rumor went about. One of the winning Oxford—or was it Cambridge?—crew had done an amazing thing. He had rowed the entire race while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

The question was, which one was it?

The next question was, just when had the condition set in? Had he been unconscious when he got into the boat? Also, had consciousness returned when he finished and got out of the boat; and how had they known he was unconscious? Did he himself know it?

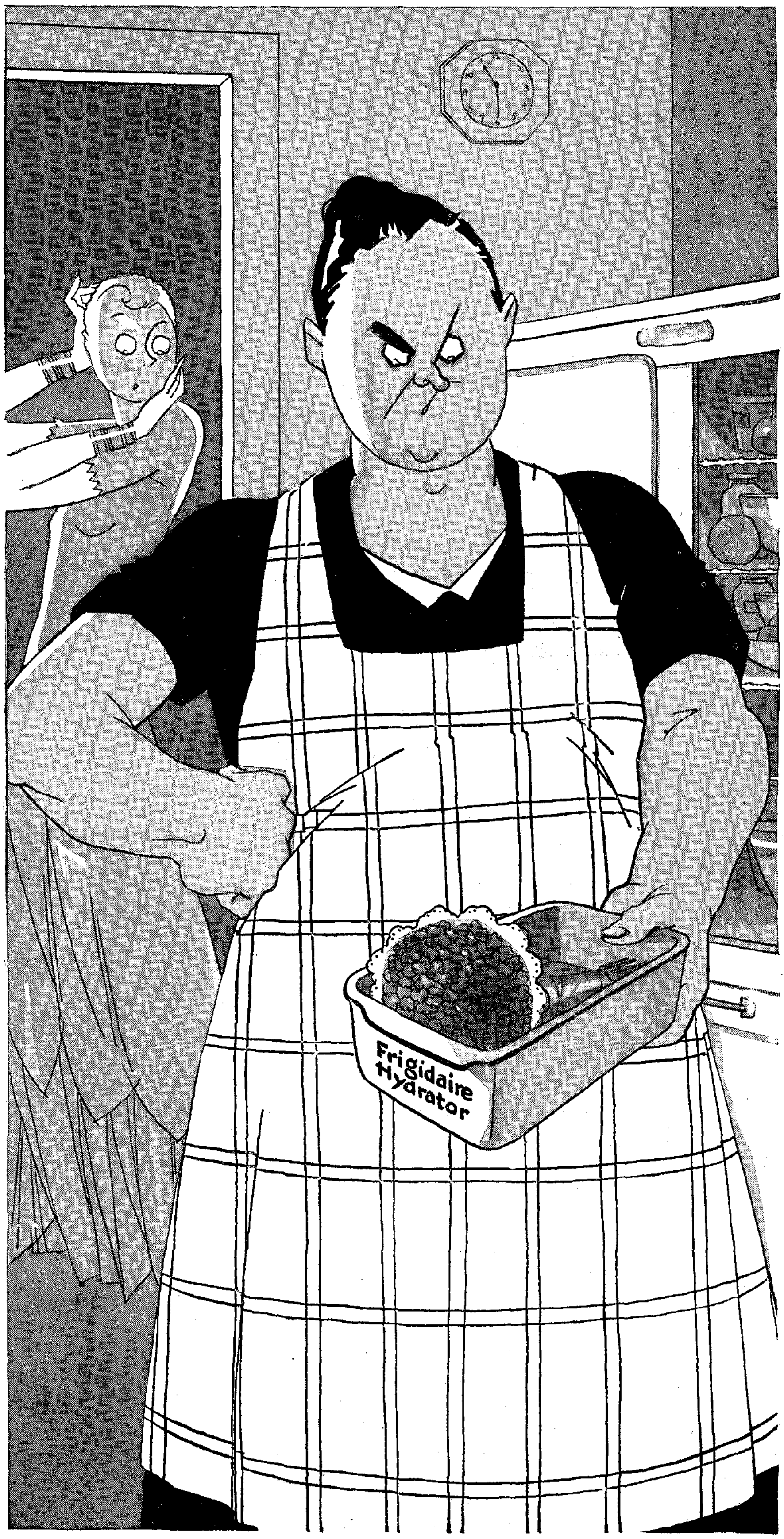
Was it Cyril Beggs? It might very well have been Cyril who had done this heroic thing—but after all what difference does it make which one it was when what I want to make clear is merely the fact that there are honors in England far more important than those attached to being king or prime minister, and why.

—FRANCES CRANE

---

*Not knowing what a flatch tinnip is I cannot be responsible for its inclusion in diets for athletes of any kind.

†It is unfair to Cyril to introduce the page in his diary where this one and only personal outburst appears. Cyril did like ale, but it is unlike him or any other Blue to make such a noise about it.



VIOLETS AND VEGETABLES

OR THE SUB-DEB'S PLIGHT

●

You can't really blame Babs for trying to be economical . . . in these days of the "new poor." Last night all she did was to put Derek's violets in the Hydrator... to keep them dewy fresh to wear at tea with Ronny today. What if she did remove endive, a few celery hearts, some radishes and the head of lettuce that Norah was "hydrating" for Madame's diet luncheon... the youngest daughter of the house has SOME rights!

● ● ●

Babs, old dear... and Norah, too, our sympathy is extended to you both. Of course, the Hydrator's moist cold compartment will revive almost anything that grows, including both vegetables and violets. Ask Winston Paul, he knows, because he sells more new quiet Frigidaires equipped with the Hydrator, than anyone else in the world. His address is 39 West 45th Street, Manhattan.

FRIGIDAIRE

MORE THAN 1,300,000 IN USE

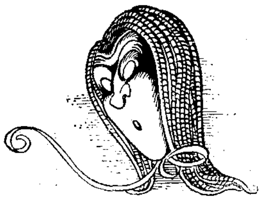
WINSTON PAUL,
39 West 45 Street, New York.

I am interested in learning more about the new Frigidaire equipped with the Hydrator.

Name____________________

Address____________________

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



SIS! BOOM! AH!

SUNDRY broadsides, questionnaires, impassioned form-letters and the like have served notice on me that the Class of 1905 at the dear old Central High School in Philadelphia is planning to hold its twenty-fifth reunion this spring. These communications forced me to face the fact that a full quarter of a century has sneaked by since the June day when I won a medal for a commencement essay which more literate judges would have recognized as having been flagrantly cribbed from a little thing of Frank Norris's; sold the medal to the nearest goldsmith and invested the proceeds in a railroad ticket that would take me out of town. For years I never went back. In passing through Philadelphia the other day I had some White Rock and cracked ice sent up to my room at the Bellevue-Stratford and asked the waiter for a corkscrew. He turned pale and told me he was not allowed to supply one. "Or even carry one," he added hastily, with a gesture of one accustomed at this point in such colloquies to defend himself against assault and battery. I don't think I will go to the reunion.

AFTER all, I never enjoyed the Central High. It was a high-powered, driving academy, run on somewhat the same principle as that school to which the desperate Sanger children were sent in "The Constant Nymph." You may remember their touching complaint that they could get breathing spell for a little rest and reflection only by going to the lavatory. There were something like a thousand students enrolled in my class the first year. My first apprehension that this Tartar horde would find a bond at last in their common antipathy for me proved a little exaggerated. But I don't think I will go to the reunion.

For whom would I see there? Juicy Rogers, perhaps, but not the gangling and cadaverous Juicy who used to lie on the small of his back during lectures and mutter over and over to himself, "Sacred shade of a smashed tomato, sacred shade of a smashed tomato." He has since gone in for landscape gardening and some singularly imaginative topiarian must have planned the shrubbery which, when last I saw him, was concealing the face of the Juicy I used to know. Then I should like to see Archie Whittingham, who fairly rocked the then new school-building to its foundations when, for his assembly hall oration, he elected to deliver Victor Hugo's tragic account of Waterloo without discovering in time that the cry *"Sauve qui peut"* was not, by the better French students, pronounced, "Swavvy ka poot." In the kindly perspective of twenty-five years, I would like to swap memories of that delightful occasion with Archie Whittingham. But Archie is dead.

Then, I would not see Izzy Leopold either, for he isn't going to the reunion. He says he will be too busy right here in New York. If a great wave of sentiment should engulf me when the time comes, I suppose we two could get together for a little anniversary supper in New York. Izzy Leopold has done better than any of us, and is playing in a show here right now. He was always a comical fellow. His father, who was in the millinery business, with a warehouse on Arch Street, had a nice home up Kensington way, and the Leopolds spent the summers at what we Philadelphians used to call Atlantic. Izzy used to give free performances on the beach beside the Steel Pier, drawing good audiences even then, especially when he dragooned a cast of kids in bathing suits to help him in his imitation of Aggie and Her Lions.

When school reopened in the fall of 1902, Izzy didn't come back, and his friends were frank in their admiration at the news that he had run away from home and was touring New England with a Ten-Twent'-Thirt'. This troupe was known (not widely, to be sure) as the Thurber-Nasher Repertory Company, and was capable at a moment's notice of shifting from a sinister melodrama of Czarist Russia to such homely fare as the comedy called "American Grit." The patronage was not ardent. Indeed, at one matinée they sold only one hundred ten-cent seats. Why, that would not quite pay our classmate's weekly honorarium. But while we were struggling with Caesar's Gallic Wars he, under the name of Edy Blayre, had already made his début at Norwich, Connecticut, in "Jim Bludsoe." Izzy—I mean Edy Blayre—played Parson John, for which rôle he wore implausible long, white whiskers. The company went stranded in Bangor, Maine, in November.

But Izzy didn't come back to school, and after a few months in the paternal hat business, he ran away again, picking up a partner in a Times Square cabaret and going into vaudeville with him in an act called "The Rah Rah Boys." He played in vaudeville for eleven seasons, usually writing his own stuff, except once when, with bitter reluctance, he paid one hundred dollars for a sketch turned out by a re-write man on the *Evening World*—a fellow named Irvin Cobb. As the season wore on he brightened up Cobb's sketch by leaving most of it out.

OUR first reunion was not staged until a few years ago, when he sent me a communication which rather mystified me at first. It ran as follows:

> "Ma-he, ma-hi, ma-ho
> Ma-rumstick, a bum nickel
> Nit-cat, ninny-cat
> Soap-fat, meringue
> Hobble-gobble, ricker-racker
> Hobble-gobble, fire-cracker
> Hobble-gobble, razoo
> Johnny, blow your bazoo
> Sis! Boom! Ah!"

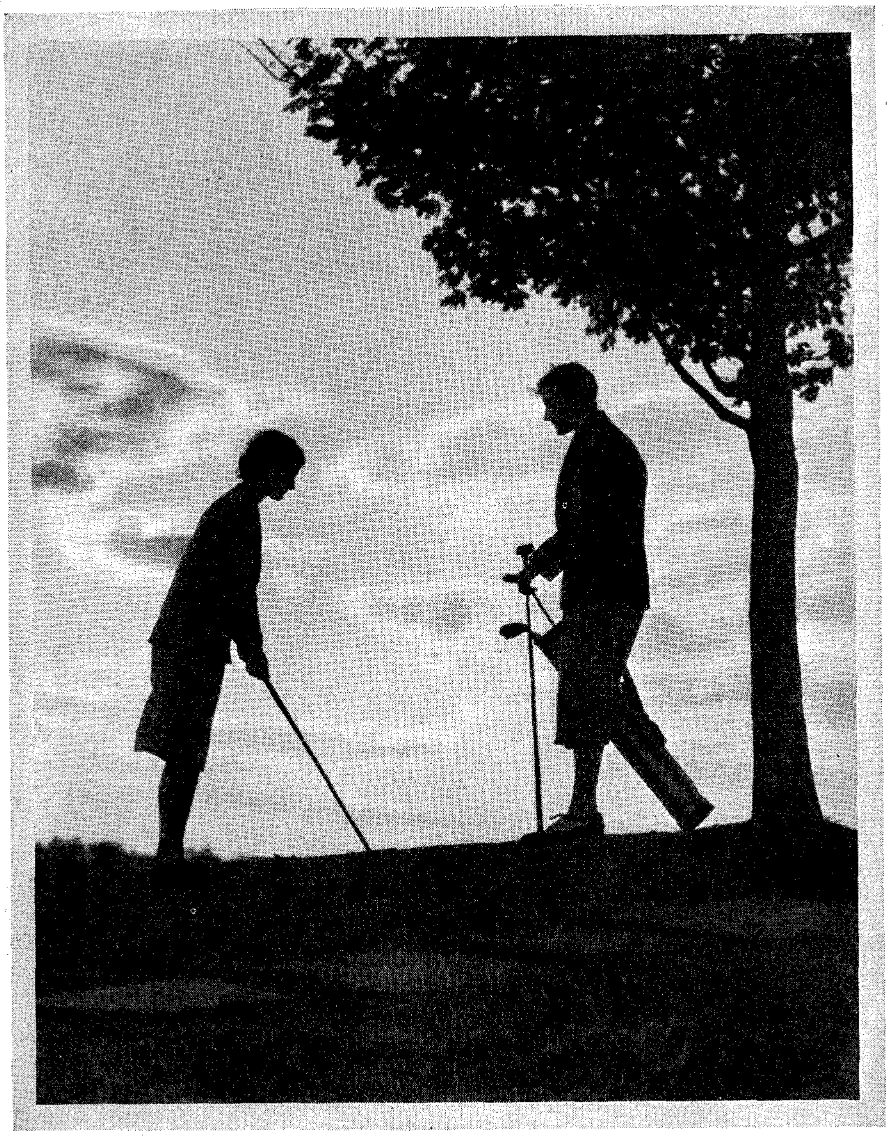
It was only gradually that I recognized these horrid syllables as composing a school yell, and remembered suddenly the gray autumn day when we all gathered outside the C.H.S. and hoarsely roared those syllables in unison as a greeting to President Roosevelt, who expressed his pleasure by baring his teeth and saying "Bully!" He also bade us never flinch and always hit the line hard.

Izzy is playing now over at Mr. Ziegfeld's theatre. Perhaps I ought to add that after the disbanding of the Thurber-Nasher Repertory Company in 1902 he became discouraged about the name of Edy Blayre. He prefers to be known now as Ed Wynn.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

the play's the thing

IN THE
NEW YORK
MANNER



Now sounds the voice of Spring...calling all good men and true to pleasant places where greens, as soft and undulating as an emerald sea...and wind-tousled fairways...make life worth while. To help you look the part you play...we are ready with four-piece golf suits, by Tailor Guild...with sweaters, golf hose, sport shoes...and all the other accessories to manly pleasure...all in the New York Manner.

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SPORT SUITS
$50 AND UPWARDS**

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thirteen stores in the metropolitan area

On Broadway in the Dressing Rooms

UP THE LADDER of success they come, irresistibly to the very top . . . the girls destined for stardom in the theater . . .

Some who sing, some who dance—some with a flair for comedy, others with a genius for the drama . . . *All* with a personality vivid enough, a charm insistent enough, to win unerringly across the footlights . . .

Lovely to look at they are—slender, graceful, smooth of skin. Enthusiastically unanimous about the importance of complexion beauty! "To neglect one's complexion is to sacrifice one's charm," they will tell you . . . .

And will advise you to use Lux Toilet Soap as they do! In this fragrant white soap, they will tell you, they have found just the gentle care that is so necessary.

They use it regularly at home and in their dressing rooms, too. For as a result of their enthusiasm it is found in theaters all over the country—in 71 of the 74 in New York!

In Hollywood, you know, 98% of the screen stars are so devoted to Lux Toilet Soap that it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

If you are not already keeping your skin clear and smooth with this fine soap, you will want to begin at once! Here's luxury such as you have found only in the most expensive French soaps, for just 10¢. Order several cakes—today.

(*Left*) ANN ANDREWS, seen this season in *Recapture:* "I have found Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for my skin."

(*Below*) BOBBÉ ARNST, contributing generously to the success of *Simple Simon*: "It's quite the nicest soap I ever used."

LEE PATRICK, the persuasive red-haired vamp of *June Moon*, says: "For a delicate skin this soap is marvelous."

DOROTHY PETERSON, charming star of *Subway Express*, says: "I love Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin in fine condition."

So many Broadway stage stars use Lux Toilet Soap to guard the beauty of their complexions that this fragrant white soap is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theaters all over the country—in 71 of the 74 in New York! And in Hollywood, where 98% of the important screen actresses use Lux Toilet Soap—and face the test of glaring close-up lights without a qualm!—it has been made the official soap in *all* the film studios.

Lily Damita, Parisian by birth, won enthusiastic recognition of her unusual talents as a dancer while still at a tender age. Touring Europe with her own musical company, she was signed up in Vienna for the movies, and later (praise be!) brought to Hollywood. This season she has made her Broadway stage début in *Sons o' Guns*—to the unmitigated satisfaction of all concerned . . . Here is a personality of rare warmth and vividness—a charm of lively delicacy, insidious gentleness! A thick tumble of brown curls . . . a figure of rounded perfection . . . a skin of luscious smoothness . . . "How do I care for it?" Nothing could be simpler, she assures you! "With the nice white soap so many of your screen and stage stars use—Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin very smooth and soft."

Dobbs
KNITTED SUITS

Are Perfect Companions For Spring In Town And Country

There's a genial charm about the knitted suit . . . . a wide versatility that makes it a universal favorite. And at Dobbs you'll find the smarter of the new knitted fashions, for Dobbs is famous for sports clothes! There are lacey weaves . . . . tweed knits . . . . bouclés . . . . jerseys . . . . embroidered versions . . . . in infinitely varied colors and combinations.

The fine jersey model sketched with its sleeveless tuck-in sweater and new belted cardigan is but one important model from our collections. Navy, French blue, nile, gray, white
Sizes 14 to 40

39.50

DRESS SALON—SECOND FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

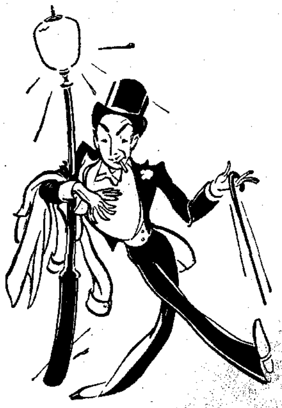
THE ART GALLERIES

Bigger and Better Than Ever—Derain the Great —With Mixed Emotions

WE have never before encountered a season that lasted so long, or one in which, as now, the better things came at the end. Where April usually found the curtain of disillusionment and fatigue being rung down on the emporiums, now the bands are playing full blast and the booths are gay with their bunting and their hopes of Wall Street wounds all healed. Knoedler has a full show of one of the three great Frenchmen—Derain. Brummer has one of another big man, Rouault. The New Art Circle and the Delphic Studios have bright and happy sideshows. The Museum of Modern Art opens an exhibition of young Americans this week. Daniel has a group show with some new exhibits that have not been on view before. The Metropolitan stands erect for once with the glory of the Havemeyer collection. Stieglitz' An American Place is displaying one of the few fine Americans—Dove. Durand-Ruel have a show of one of the second-line French —André.

OF the three great Frenchmen—Picasso, Matisse, and Derain—Derain has the strongest appeal to most of us over forty. His connection with the sentimental past is so obvious, and his Delacroix and Chardin heritage is so firm, that the beholder can have the thrill of standing among the moderns and still being on safe ground. Derain is a painter easy to accept in America. Irrevocably, by the idiom of our language, committed to some measure of representation in our painting, we feel no inferiority in front of this master. When the terms and the statement are as simple as those employed by Derain, we have few inhibitions about beauty.

One of the things we have liked best about Derain was a certain definiteness about all his work. His pictures for the most part seem to be concepts set down on canvas only after they had come to a fine fruition in his own mind. His pictures convey a feeling of isolation, but in this isolation there is no



Introducing An Irrepressibly Insouciant Inebriate

Before he became John Barrymore—America's foremost actor—he was Jack Barrymore—America's best light comedian.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," by F. Anstey, late editor of "Punch," brings back the Jack Barrymore of yester-year—light comedian without peer or rival.

In this picture Mr. Barrymore portrays the rôle of an insouciant inebriate, which in two-dollar language means a gentleman whose bouts with Bacchus leave him exhilarated but not intoxicated.

His adventures while riding the crest of the wave should make even Mr. Volstead forgive him his trespasses.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S" is that much-to-be-desired novelty—something surprisingly different. It's a great "pick-me-up" for the blues.

The New York critics raved about it—so will you!

JOHN BARRYMORE

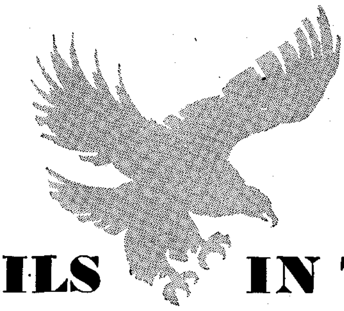
in a Modern High Hat Comedy

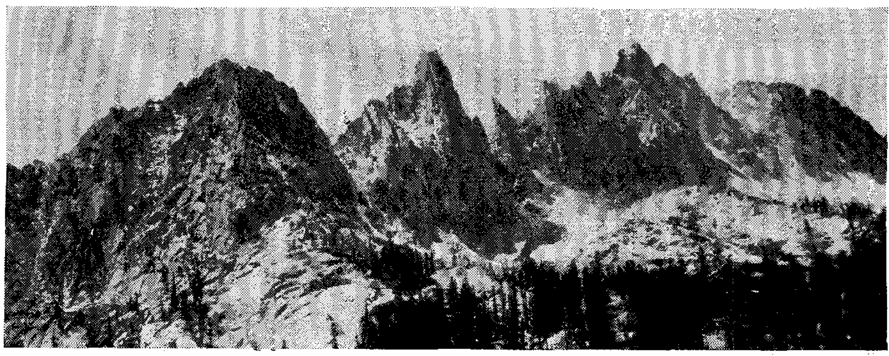
"The Man From Blankley's"

CENTRAL THEATRE
B'way & 47th St.
All Seats Reserved

Daily
2:45–8:45
Sundays
3–6–8:45

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE
REG'S TRADE MARK





SKY TRAILS IN THE SUN

Mile high trails that beckon to the back of beyond . . . luminous sapphire lakes in jade settings of fir and spruce . . . jagged mountains that whisper their secrets only to the drifting clouds . . . rivers that sing and brooks that gossip . . . sure footed pack ponies that nuzzle for sugar lumps and hunting dogs that bark a friendly welcome. ● Such is our joyous West. The West that bids you tarry amidst her riotous splendor and drink deeply from the cup of eternal youth. ● Hardships? Never! ● The Idaho Rocky Mountain Club, nestling in the famous Salmon River valley between the Sawtooth and White Cloud ranges, offers the same modern conveniences as your own home, plus the woodcraft of experienced sportsmen, who know every nook and cranny along the winding sky trails of the sun . . . likewise where shimmering Rainbow and Dolly Varden trout leap best to the cast . . . and where you can watch deer and mountain goats feeding at sunset. ● Shooting, hunting, fishing, riding, swimming in mountain pool or warm sulphur plunge and dining on fruits, vegetables, and viands cooked by a disciple of Brillat—Savarin.

IDAHO ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB

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Your inquiry brings illustrated booklet with complete details.

hint of pride, rather a compelling strength.

The show at Knoedler is a fuller representation than any we have seen here. While not containing some of our particular favorites, it does have a great many important Derains. There are the "Nature Morte à la Fenêtre," from the Valentine Gallery, and "La Table Garnie," from the Chester Dale collection, as well as "Le Repos des Danseuses," belonging to Bignou. As for us, we can find a great delight in the small canvases of fruit—miraculous, simple studies of harmony. We were thrilled, too, by the "Paysage en Provence," as dynamic an area as we have seen recently. No one interested in great art will miss the Derain show.

THE show of Hilaire Hiler at the New Art Circle leaves us with mixed emotions. Several years ago we saw an exhibit of this precocious young man and at that time the stuff was mainly smart-Alec. Since then he certainly has deepened his intent and in a way changed his technique. He has gone back to the primitive and now turns out naïve canvases, suave in color and sophisticated in concept. Yes, that is what we mean. And herein lies the great divergence between the pure naïve and the affected. There is a poignant sincerity in the former that can seldom be simulated.

Two fine things about the young man are his youth and his apparent love of painting. He is fortunate, too, in living in France, a land that begets good painting and has an appetite that will take many kinds of fare. His present talents should make decorative work easy for him, in case his fancy lies that way.

THE show of Constantin Guys at the Balzac Gallery is a delight, as any show of that chronicler always is. We have seen fuller exhibits, but this is the only one we have had this season. Guys has contributed so much to the later generations of caricaturists that it is worth your time to study the source itself.

THE Delphic Studios' exhibition of Carlos Mérida has created a good deal of interest in this painter from Yucatan. We found it fairly exciting, for his work is a combination of Central American emotion mixed with a Mexican viewpoint and a French technique. The amalgam very often makes a pleasing, exciting canvas. As the titles of the pictures have not been

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THE American Weekly is the most powerful weapon in the whole advertising arsenal.

It offers the world's greatest circulation at the lowest cost per reader.

For $16,000 an advertiser can buy a full page in full color in The American Weekly and project his message to nearly 6,000,000 homes located in the richest buying areas of this country.

With a sharp lead pencil you can quickly figure that nearly 6,000,000 advertising messages at $16,000 per page mean a cost of less than 1-3 cent per family—by all odds the greatest value on the publishing counter today.

The advertising dollar goes farther in The American Weekly than in any other publication on earth.

Turn through the pages of The American Weekly and see how many outstanding advertising successes have learned the economies of advertising concentration.

The companies who have invested heavily in The American Weekly white space know where this magazine goes and how hard it hits.

They know they can use The American Weekly and reach one out of every four homes in the United States.

They know this is national coverage because this great magazine concentrates and dominates in 536 of America's 812 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over.

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>
> They know that in 132 more cities it reaches 40% to 50%.
>
> They know that in an additional 102 cities it reaches 30% to 40%.
>
> They know that in still another 117 cities it reaches 20% to 30%.

They know that nearly 2,000,000 additional families in thousands of other communities buy The American Weekly regularly, making the unprecedented total of nearly 6,000,000 families who read this—the greatest of all magazines.

Successful advertising is nothing more nor less than buying sales at the greatest possible profit.

And the surest way to insure that profit is to reach the most buyers at the lowest cost per buyer.

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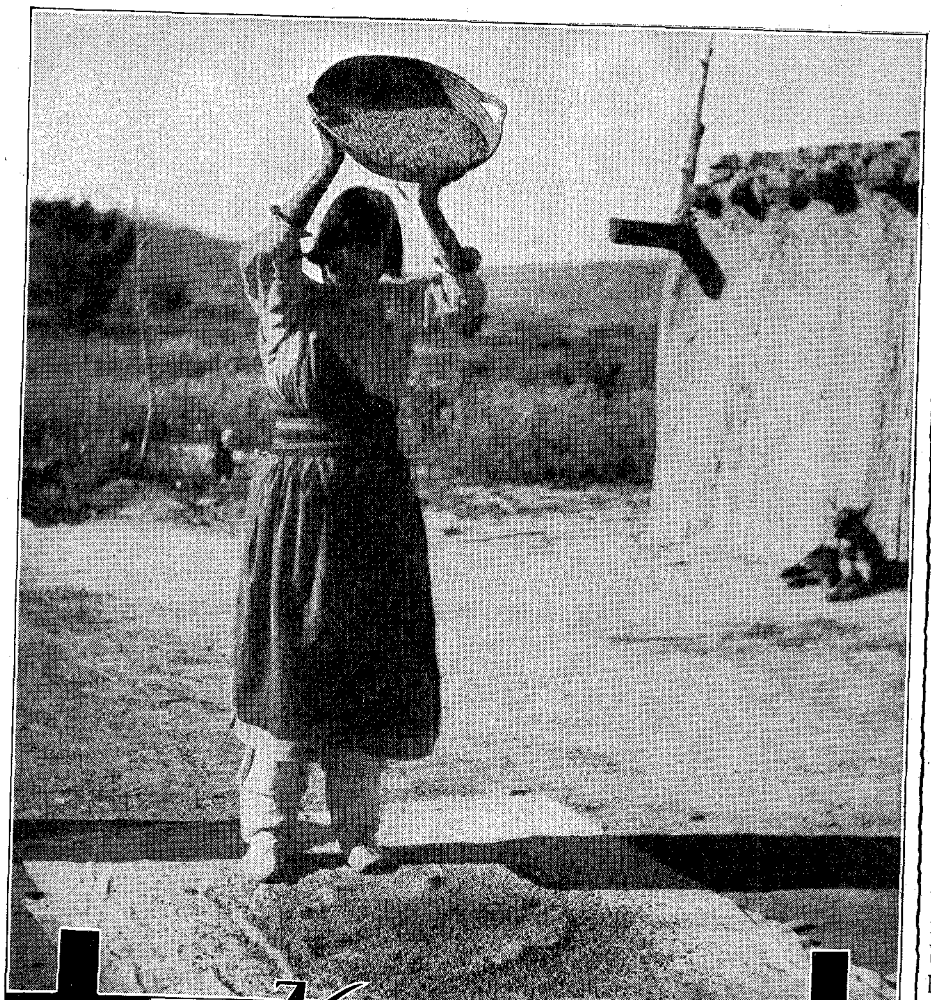

New

Indian-detours

The most distinctive motor cruise service in the world . . .

The deluxe way—by Cadillac Harveycar—of visiting hidden primitive Spanish Missions, colorful Indian pueblos, prehistoric cliff dwellings set in the matchless scenery and climate of the Southern Rockies.

Service is the equivalent of motoring with the finest of private facilities. Specially equipped Cadillac Cruisers are used. Driver-mechanicians are Harvey trained, and a private courier accompanies each party, limited to four guests to a single car.

The Frijoles-Puyé Indian-detour—Two days $40

Old Santa Fé, with nights at unique La Fonda. *Primitive Mexican settlements* in Pojoaque Valley, Santa Clara and San Ildefonso Indian pueblos. Frijoles Cañon and cliff-dwelling ruins of Puyé.

The Taos Indian-detour—Three days $65

The Frijoles-Puyé Indian-detour in full, with luncheon at Puyé on second day – thence to Taos Indian pueblo, overnight at famous Taos town, and the Rio Grande gorge on the return.

A Day in Old Santa Fé—$12.50

24-hours, train to train, Tesuque Indian pueblo and 60 miles by Harveycoach.

There are a score of other Indian-detours, formerly known as Harveycar Motor Cruises, to every out-of-the-way corner of New Mexico and Arizona.

The individual rate includes every expense en route—motor transportation by Harveycar, courier service, meals, hotel accommodations with bath.

Eastbound or westbound, these new Indian-detours will commence and end at Lamy, New Mexico, on your Santa Fe way to California.

Santa Fe

Harveycars

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HARVEYCAR INDIAN-DETOURS
1269-A Santa Fé, New Mexico
Please send free copy of Indian-detours booklet and map.

*Name*____________________ *Address*____________________

translated, we had no way of identifying our enthusiasms, but the abstraction and the one with red bulls were fine paintings according to the new light. These men from below the Rio Grande bring us a vivid sort of art, and it always has in it an earthy quality much more related to life than many of the easel pictures under our flaunting flag.

In the next room is a show of Maurice Becker, one of the gloomier contemporary Americans. It was not hung at the time of our visit.

WALTER GAY is left over from a generation that loved Whistler and Cameron. His studies, on view at Wildenstein, impress one as just so many sketches for interior decorators. They have a peculiar factual quality and the lavender-and-old-lace charm of their period, if any of those present can remember back that distance.

HERE AND THERE: The Art Directors Club announces a series of lectures on "Art in Advertising," at the Home Making Center on the tenth floor of the Grand Central Palace, beginning April 14. . . . Landscapes by Harry Leith-Ross are on view at the Macbeth Gallery. . . . There is an exhibit of Davies etchings and lithos at Kennedy & Company. . . . A show of paintings by John Sloan is at Kraushaar.

Closing this Saturday: Emil Lahnor at the Hackett Galleries. . . . The Art Center's show of works by the Islanders, young men connected with Calkins & Holden. —M. P.

•

UNIMPORTANT OBSERVATION

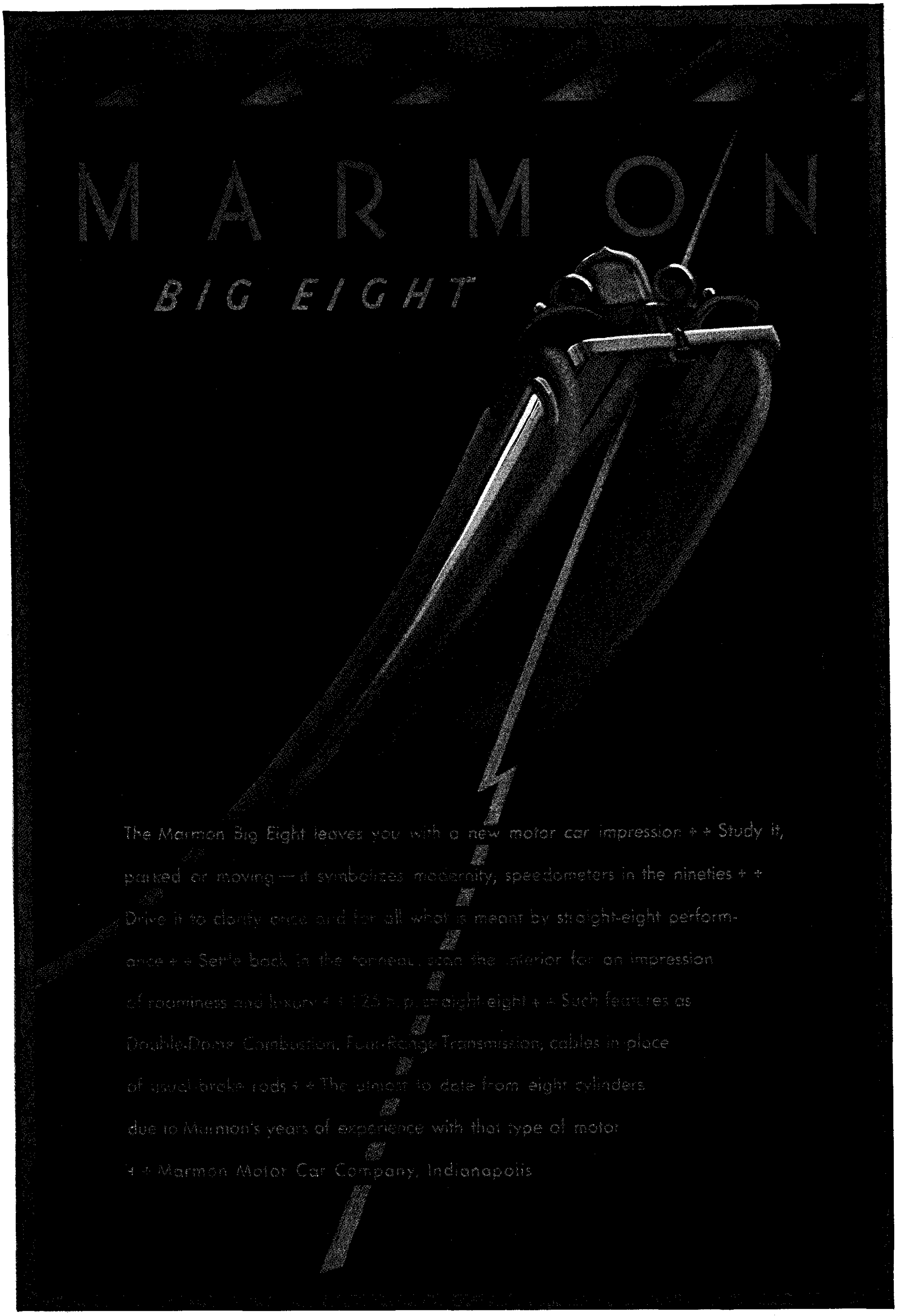
Skies change color,
Gray to blue,
Grass comes out,
And insects too;

Bees appear,
Pause and sway,
Then start on
Their flowered way;

Sprouts put forth
On every tree,
New and green,
And gay to see:

In my old gray
Suit I stay
In the office
Every day.

—JOSIAH TITZELL



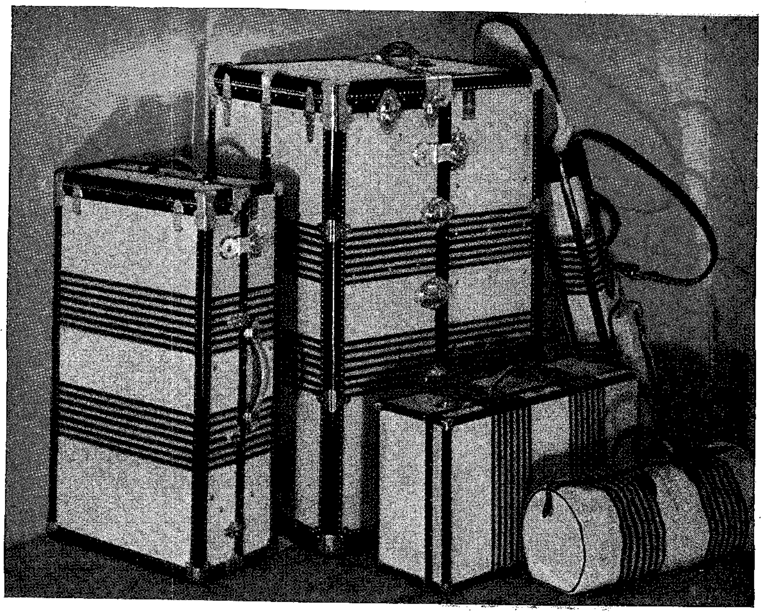
The Marmon Big Eight leaves you with a new motor car impression + + Study it, parked or moving — it symbolizes modernity, speedometers in the nineties + + Drive it to clarify once and for all what is meant by straight-eight performance + + Settle back in the tonneau, scan the interior for an impression of roominess and luxury + + 125 h.p. straight-eight + + Such features as Double-Dome Combustion, Four-Range Transmission, cables in place of usual brake rods + + The utmost to date from eight cylinders due to Marmon's years of experience with that type of motor + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

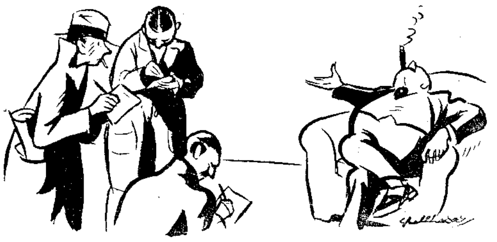
WHEN you have found out what a blessing a good trunk can be, remember you can match that Oshkosh "Chief" of yours with a Taxi Wardrobe and that the "Chief" tribe now includes suitcases too. There are more than fifty styles and sizes, from golf bags all the way up . . . and down again . . . to a duffle bag for your outdoor things

And all are the finest of their kind

OSHKOSH *Chief* TRUNKS

A new booklet describing the Oshkosh "Chief" will be sent on request. Address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 447 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.





THE WAYWARD PRESS

NEWS-BREEDING

THE *Times* has, for several years now, maintained its own private hatchery for news-heroes. Selecting the bird when it is very young, the editors have nailed its feet to the ground and stuffed it with selected bits of prepared publicity until it is ready with a large and succulent *foie gras* featuring a New York *Times* copyright stamp right on the middle of it. Practically all the polar explorers, planet-detectors, and long-distance fliers in the past five years have been raised in this manner and under this trademark.

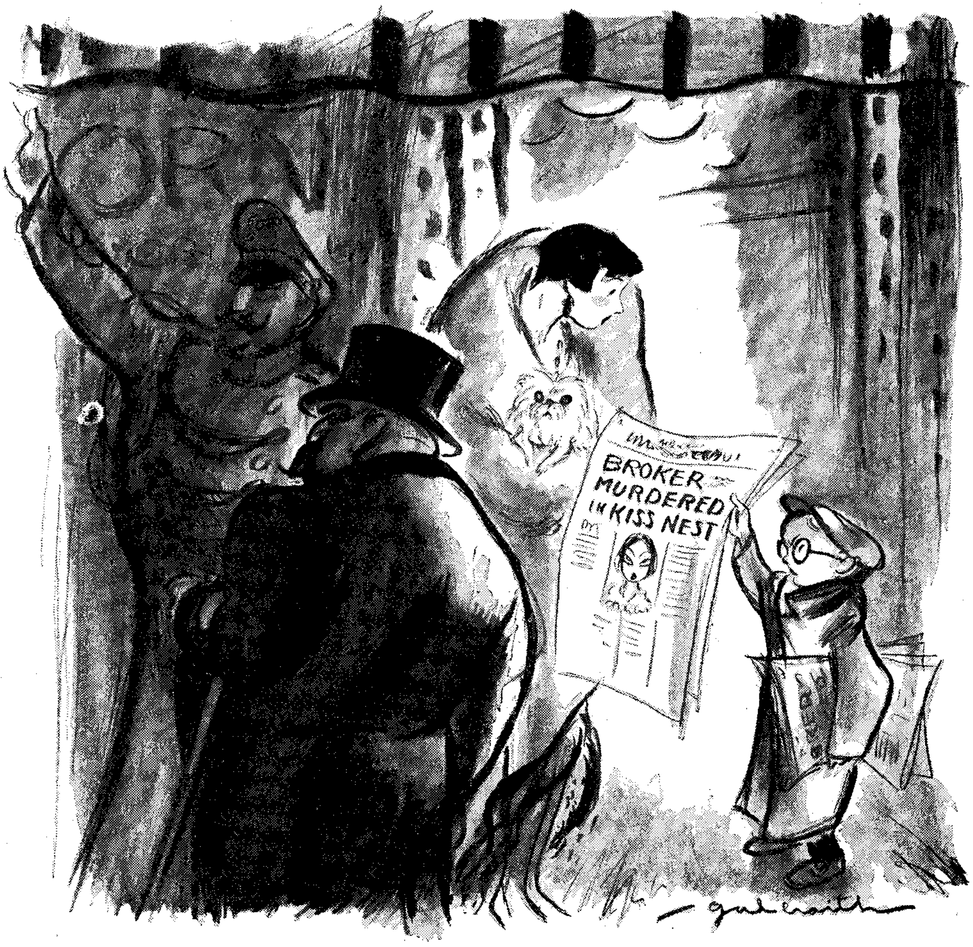
This has evidently given the other papers an idea. In a shortage of news, they find that they must make their own news, and the best way to do this is to pick some one personage and feed him until he becomes news. Then he is the property of that particular paper. Of course, any Republican president of the United States is under a run-of-the-show contract with the *Herald Tribune*; so that anything that he says or does, or any little wisecracks made by his wife, are automatically good for a couple of sticks. (He must always be referred to as "Mr." in the headlines, of course.) Owing to the hard times, the *World* is temporarily without a special news-personality.

IT has remained for the *Telegram*, however, to pick a sure winner for its pet. Leaving the field of science and discovery to the *Times*, it has chosen none other than Amos 'n' Andy for cultivation. And when the *Telegram* cultivates *Gänselebern* it cultivates them. No half-hearted measures here. Ever since these two popular heroes came to town to look over their mail, six columns of the first page of Section 2 have been given over every night to a breathless story by Mr. Douglas Gilbert recounting the entire life story of Messrs. Gosden and Correll. As Rube Goldberg is reported to have remarked on hearing that their life story was about to be given to the world: "It can't be very long. Their life didn't begin until six months ago." However, it is long enough for Mr. Gilbert to type his two forefingers to the bone every day, and lyric enough for him to begin one story with: "It was a lovely evening—August 19 of last year, to be precise. Tempering breezes swept in across Lake Michigan. Chicago, that great burly farm boy of American towns, had shed its coat, stepped into its Ford and beat it for Riverside. Two young men—," etc. Thus begins the story of Amos 'n' Andy.

As is always part of the campaign when a paper elects its stars, the editorial department of the *Telegram* coöperates with an editorial now and then on the political and social significance of Amos 'n' Andy, and a box on the front page tells prospects what they will find inside if they will give over the small sum of three cents or, better yet, subscribe "to avoid missing any of these articles."

IT must be said for the *Telegram*, however, that it used better news-sense in picking its favorites than did the *Post*. The *Post* could not quite have understood the principle of the thing. Running a life of Hetty Green, "A Woman Who Loved Money," with daguerreotypes of Abby Robinson and Silvia Howland (Hetty's mother and aunt) on the front page, is going to get the *Post* practically nowhere compared with the *Telegram's* Amos 'n' Andy. In fact, compared with *anything*, it is hard to see where Hetty Green is going to be what might be known as a "circulation-getter." However, the *Post* probably knows what it is about.

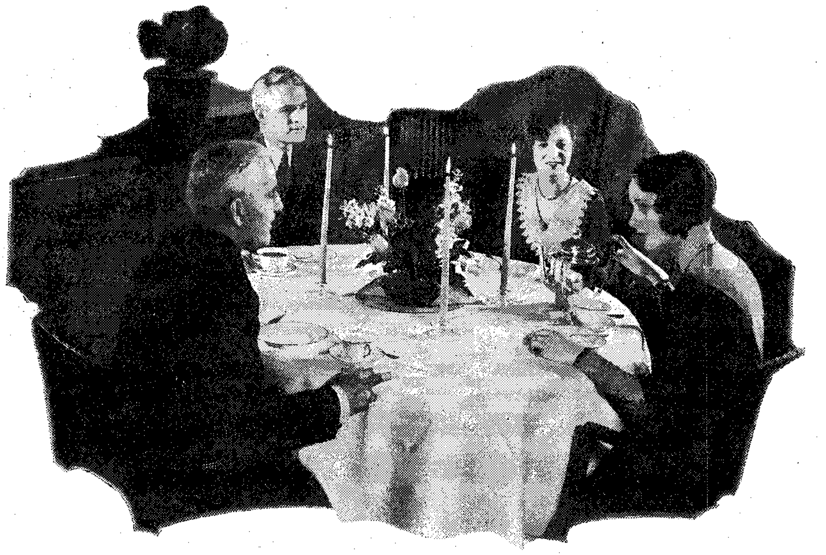
But, in view of the rather neutral quality of its own feature, it hardly behooves the *Post* to pick flaws in the latest *Times* hero, Captain Yancey. Granted that Captain Yancey didn't quite make Bermuda, it was a little ill-natured of the *Post* to run an editorial on April 2 headed "YANCEY 'FLOPS.'" Even if the aviator did sell his log to the *Times*, while the *Post* was merely running Hetty Green's story, we see no reason for the *Post* to be so bitter


BROKER MURDERED IN KISS NEST

"Rather interesting biological motive, Madame."

HOSTESSES KNOW THAT GOOD COFFEE IS THE SECRET OF THE PERFECT DINNER

. . . now Everyone can Enjoy it and Sleep!



GOOD FRIENDS about the table, an appetizing menu, skilfully prepared, the gleam of glass and silver and the glow of candlelight . . . then *coffee!* How it adds to the joy of the repast! Tingling aroma in the air. Warm, bracing cheer in the cup. A fitting climax to all that has gone before.

And yet, in a multitude of American homes, coffee is *not* served in the evening because of its possible effect on nerves and sleep. Millions of coffee-lovers have denied themselves their favorite beverage at dinner.

Now *everyone* can enjoy coffee—morning, noon or night—and sleep soundly, with unruffled nerves. For Kellogg, pioneer of healthful foods, is today making a coffee that lets you sleep—a marvelous coffee that is 97% free of caffeine!

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee—now made in a delicious improved blend of the finest-flavored coffees, from which *only* the drug caffeine and a useless wax are removed. All the fragrant aroma, all the invigorating piquancy that you love, are retained in Kaffee Hag Coffee.

No longer need you drink cheerless substitutes. Here is real coffee—delicious—satisfying. Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee tonight, at dinner. Make it just like any other coffee. Drink as many cups as you want. Test for yourself its wonderful goodness. Then see how restfully it lets you sleep.

Your own dealer has Kaffee Hag Coffee, packed in new vacuum-sealed tins. Order a pound today.

Or let us send you a sample. For ten cents, to cover postage and handling, we will mail you a ten-cup trial can of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Drink it at night—and sleep!

COFFEE
KAFFEE HAG

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. L-4, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

*Name*____________________________

*Address*____________________________

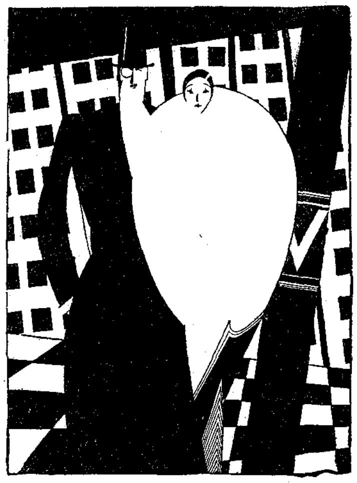
Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

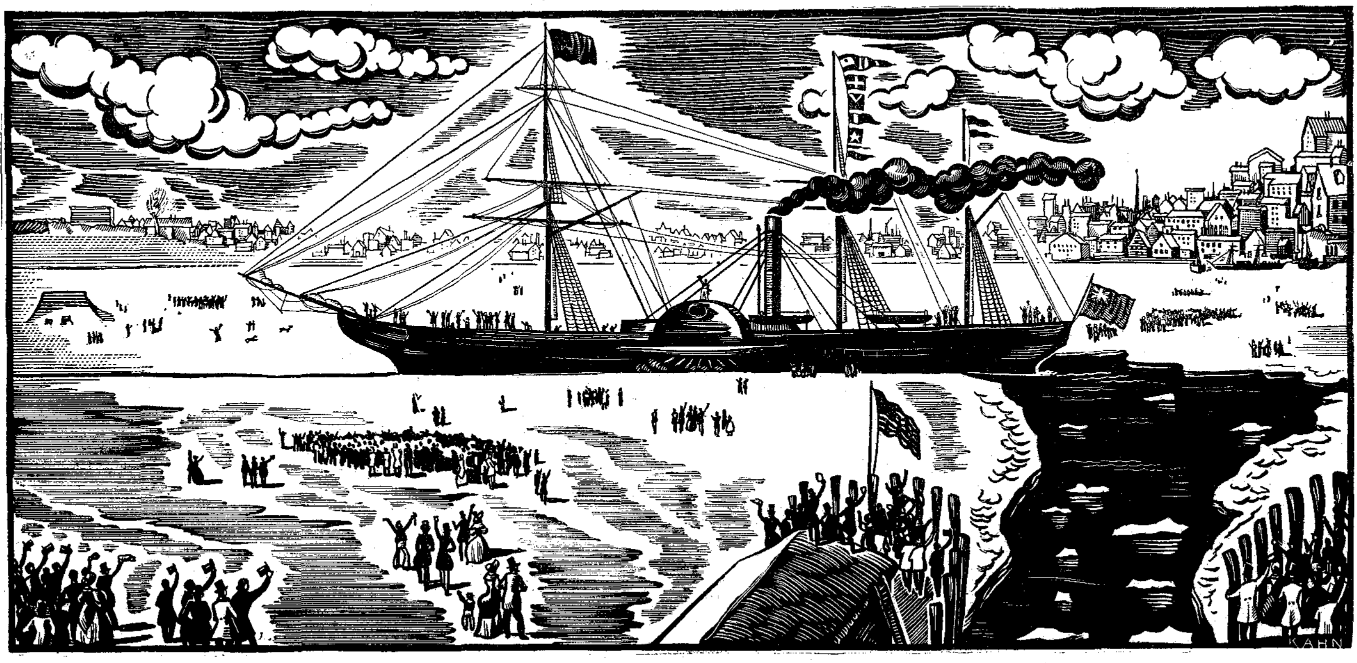
as to demand an investigation by some semi-official court to look into and report "upon failures like Yancey's," or to say "We think that public opinion ought to adopt a new attitude this year toward all spectacular fliers. It ought to demand that they deliver the goods. If they fail, it ought to treat them as failures instead of welcoming them at City Hall." Please, *please*, boys! That's temper! Let the *Times* have Captain Yancey and the *Post* have Hetty Green, and let's see if we can't all be nice about it.

While on the subject of the Yancey flight, mention should be made of a newspaper cartoonist writing the best account from the Bermuda end. Rollin Kirby of the *World*, who happened to be in Bermuda when the Pilot Radio drifted in, covered the affair for his paper with a freshness and clarity that make one wonder if more cartoonists ought not to be given assignments. Incidentally, one is likely to forget what a good cartoonist Mr. Kirby is until one opens to the editorial page of the *World* and finds his space occupied by somebody else. A missing front tooth could not be more spectacularly wrong.

ON the same day (April 3) the *World* left another hole in its makeup, the shock of which proves how valuable reader-habit is to a paper. Instead of turning to the first page of the second section and finding Will Johnstone's cartoon with Frank Sullivan's world summary underneath it, we were horrified to discover the entire page given over to a revolting "Business and Financial Forecast" with a head running across the top announcing "BUSINESS HAS TURNED THE CORNER FOR THE BEST, MANY EXPERTS DECLARE." Out of sheer pique, we refused to read a word of it. The next time the *World* feels that it has to give off business optimism, let it do it on one of the inside



THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND-1844



What SAMUEL CUNARD did for Boston Boston never Forgot

IT was the 30th day of January in the year 1844. The people awoke to a strange and awesome sight. There lay before them the entire Boston Harbour "from the Ferryway to the Narrows," a solid sea of ice. And wedged tight in the ice, helpless and unable to turn a paddle, was "Boston's most beloved ship"—the Britannia—with her sailing date only 3 days away; Europe awaiting her mails; and 65 persons booked for the passage.

The Britannia—the Palatial Passenger Packet of Mr. Samuel Cunard—the same Samuel Cunard who with his great fleet of ships—so says the Memorial History of Boston—had doubled Boston's foreign business and brought to Boston new workers and great prosperity.

A great wave of sympathy and friendliness sweeps the people—Mr. Martin Brimmer, Boston's Mayor calls the Selectmen and the Merchants to a hurried council at "the Exchange"—money must be raised to cut the Britannia out of the ice. There must be no expense to Mr. Cunard—and on the committee were appointed "such sterling citizens as Ozias Goodwin, Caleb Curtis, Ammi Lombard and Samuel Quincy." $3,000 was raised in a twinkling. And at dawn on February 1st, 1,500 men were hard at work with horses and ploughs, picks and axes and apparatus of every sort. Thousands turned out on the ice on skates to watch and to cheer, and there were horse-sledges and boats on runners and tents for refreshments. THE THIRD DAY SAW THE MIRACLE PERFORMED. A grateful citizenry had cut a great canal in the ice, 10 miles long and 200 feet wide and the BRITANNIA WAS FREE.

All this was a "Labour of Love" for Boston thought of that unforgettable day in July 1840, when the Britannia, the First Cunarder, had appeared in its Harbour—when Ezra Gannett in his sermon in the Federal Street Meeting House had said of her coming: "I confess that no event which has occurred since the commencement of the present century seems to me to have involved more important consequences to this city."

The Boston 'Change

And now after 90 YEARS

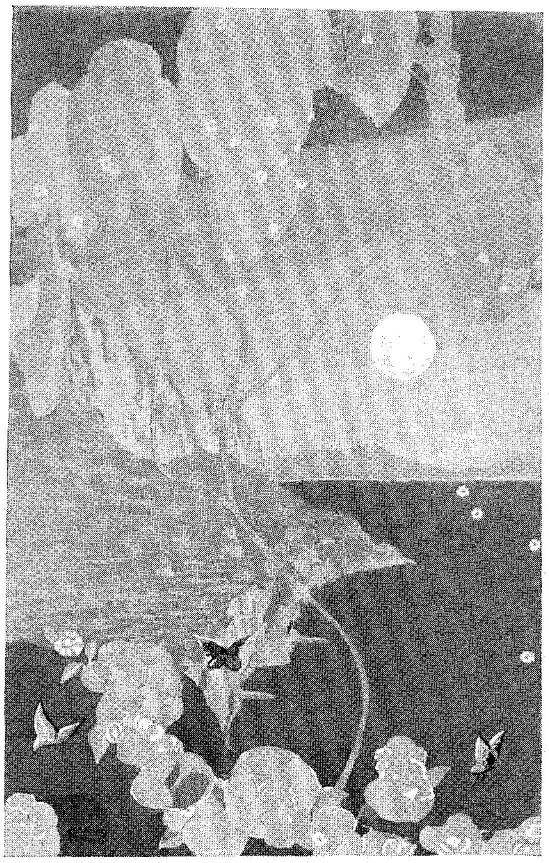
Cunard ships continue to serve the people of America—carrying last year nearly 300,000 passengers. Those ideals and high standards of service upon which the House of Cunard was founded in 1840, remain unchanged.

© C. S. S. Co.

CUNARD

A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930



Sterling
THE ENGINE OF REFINEMENT

FOR Matthews 46′ and 38′ cruisers the Petrel has pronounced advantages.

Low in height, it installs easily.

L-head with simple valve mechanism, it requires least attention, and when required it can be quickly given.

Quiet delivering full power.

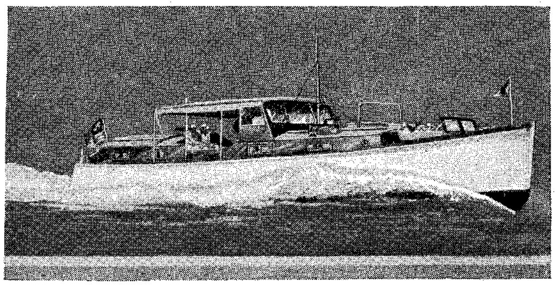
Greater piston displacement, 779 cubic inches, turns the larger propeller.

Counter-weighted 7 bearing crankshaft assures the only true dynamic balance.

And smooth running.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

In Spring
ANTICIPATE A SPORTING SUMMER
with the Sterling Petrel



The Matthews 46′ sport cruiser with twin Petrels at 25 miles an hour affords a delightful ride. A 24,000 pound hull, heavily but scientifically timbered, adds a feeling of security.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

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Name..

Address..

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

pages, and leave Messrs. Johnstone and Sullivan where we can find them.

One or two changes in makeup have occurred in other papers which may throw several readers into a pet. Followers of Grantland Rice on the *Herald Tribune* will now have to turn to the *Sun* for their "Sport-Light" (although turning to anything in the *Sun* is a little difficult, owing to always running into "The Sun's Rays" no matter what department you are looking for), and readers of the *Telegraph* who liked Howard Cushman's stories on the front page will now have to go to the *World* for their morning entertainment. It does seem as if nothing stayed put.

BUT to return to newspaper pets for just a minute. Here the *Times* has been raising Richard Byrd all these months from Commander to Rear Admiral, with his expedition accumulating tons and tons of film showing ice floes and dogsleds (all of which we shall see in good time, don't worry!) and, just as he starts home with his precious freight, the *American* sneaks its own particular entry, Sir Hubert Wilkins, in through the back door, and we are given just enough polar pictures to take the edge off anything that the Byrd expedition can flash on us when it gets back. The Byrd expedition will bring back *more* pictures than Sir Hubert did, but Sir Hubert brought them back first, and, unless ice floes and dogsleds have changed a lot since we were boys, when you have seen a picture of one you have seen a picture of them all. The *American* must be credited with a distinct *coup*.

The *American*, besides beating the *Times* at its own game, has recently gone in for the old-fashioned exhortatory journalism with its "Bring Them Home" column on the front page addressed personally to the members of the American delegation at the Naval Difference in London. It is seldom that editors nowadays unbend sufficiently to talk right out to a man himself and say: "Mr. Whalen, where is Rothstein?" or "Mr. Hoover, button up your coat!" It is usually: "Mr. Whalen would do well to—" or "Mr. Hoover, if he takes our advice, will—." The *American's* method may be flashy and spectacular, but it is fun to read.

IF anything were needed to show the futility of reporting in such detail the games played by the various league baseball teams in spring training (in which not even the teams themselves are interested) the *Post* did it on March 24 when it ran a terrific screamer across the top of its front page announcing: "GIANTS DEFEAT SAN ANTONIO TEAM." Underneath, in type half the size, was "SENATE PASSES TARIFF 53-31." Of course, baseball news is always given the right of way in the headlines, but was the Giants beating the San Antonio team even baseball news?

THE papers are a little shy now about predicting the retirement of Commissioner Whalen. The evening papers of March 21 came out with the definite announcement. The *Sun* even went so far as to run a front-page eulogy which could not have been more extravagant if the Commissioner had just died. It read like something that employees have engraved on a scroll to present to retiring sales-managers. And, in spite of the fact that the morning papers came out with denials from both the Mayor and Mr. Whalen, we have a hunch that the *Sun* had inside dope when it set May 2 as the limit of the Commissioner's tenure of office. No one without inside dope could have written a piece like that.

—GUY FAWKES

•

NOW WITH THE BLOOM

Now with the bloom
And the ache of the earth
The dead are stirred
To unseemly birth.

The dead tug hard
At root and stone
And gnaw at ashes
And worry bone.

And he who walks
In the April wind
Walks with the dead
Not far behind.

And he who breaks
The alder branch
Feels blood drip
That he cannot stanch.

The sun that troubles
The living heart
Pulls the thoughts
Of the dead apart.

And no soul goes happy
Through rains of Spring
But hears the proud dead
Whimpering.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

FINNY BUSINESS!

TROUT SEASON OPENINGS:

New York . . . April 5th
New Jersey, Connecticut
and Pennsylvania . . April 15th

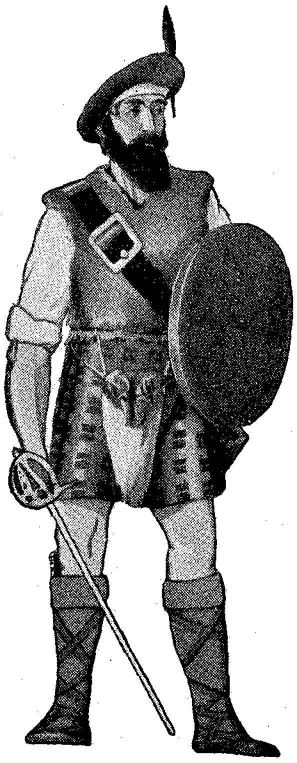
•

Consider the wishes of the capricious little fishes. Trout, especially, are a choosey race. The mere costliness of your tackle means nothing to a trout. But if it's right he'll rise and rise.

Spinner Flies	17c
Imported English dry flies	14c
Variety of reels	$3.96 to $19.89
Fly rods	$5.94 to $46.75
Double-taper lines	$4.69 to $9.34

FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York



Enter Europe at Glasgow

Enter Europe at Glasgow and make the round of Scotland first. Scotland is richer in beauty and in historical association than any other country in Europe and particularly full of interest to English speaking people. Sir Walter Scott's heroes and Burns' characters people every hill and glen of Scotland and make a journey through it the most delightful and most memorable of your trip. Enter Europe through Glasgow.

Circular Tours on the London Midland & Scottish Railway start from Glasgow and embrace all that is beautiful, all that is romantic in Scotland. Send for the pamphlets.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RLY.
OF GREAT BRITAIN

Illustrated pamphlets from T. R. Dester (Dept. A30), London Midland & Scottish Railway of Great Britain, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Or from any L M S Ticket Agent.

HOCKEY

Boston's Misfortune — The Playoff System — Hail and Farewell

LIKE a good many other followers of hockey, we were caught out in our predictions—not very original predictions, we felt as we made them; so obvious, so infallible they seemed to us—that Boston would win the Stanley Cup. What worries us now is not explaining why we were wrong. It is just as easy to explain why your predictions haven't come out as it is to predict. What worries us is how the National Hockey League is going to convince the people up in Boston that their team is not the best hockey team in the world.

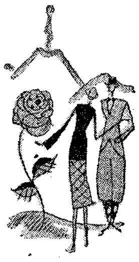
THOSE people are going to be hard to convince. Boston is the keenest hockey town in the United States. Its citizens have been waiting for a championship team for quite a while. Getting what looked decidedly like one, they followed its fortunes with interest. They saw it win more games and score more goals in one season than any other team in history. They saw it finish with more points than any other team in the league. If points mean anything, that might have meant that Boston was the world's champion. However, points do not mean that. The Bruins had finished at the head of their group. They played the Montreal Maroons, who had finished at the head of the other group. That might have meant that Boston had won the championship for the second time, but there was still a gag in it. The Bruins had to play the winner of the double series between the teams that finished in second and third places. The winner of that series was the Canadiens. Now the Canadiens sometimes play as if they felt that coming to the arena was a mistake and the best thing to do was get it over and get home, but in the playoffs, for some reason, they seemed to take things seriously. Boston had lost only five games all season and had won thirty-eight, but they lost two more to the Canadiens in quick succession, and that made the Canadiens champions of the world.

ALL this may not be any concern of yours or mine, but those people up

Things about *T. H. that are quite different from N.Y.!

Morning Plunge... Spilling from a rushing surfboard at Waikiki is a most refreshing change from diving for the subway!

Daily Duel... Your ticker tape is replaced by a strong line—you at one end and a South Sea game fish at the other!

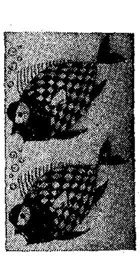


P. M. Pastimes... Looking down the yawning gape of a crater—or into the delicate throat of a tropical flower — or through limpid waters at exquisite gardens of coral would be esteemed rather unusual in anyone's daily routine.

Evening Show... A hula pageant on a palm-fringed shore, with a tropical moon for spotlight, has something that not even Broadway can capture!

FOR THESE AND OTHER VACATION DISCOVERIES

Sail direct from Los Angeles —over the preferred southern route to Honolulu. The *balanced service* of the "City of Honolulu" and the "City of Los Angeles," LASSCO's companion luxury cruisers—and other ships of the LASSCO fleet—meets every preference as to sailing dates and accommodations. Your own ticket agent will make all arrangements, or apply at any office of—



45-12

LASSCO

LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO.

730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
521 Fifth Ave., New York 140 S. Dearborn, Chicago
685 Market, San Francisco 213 E. Broadway, San Diego

* *In postoffice English: Territory of Hawaii.*

in Boston are pretty sure to make it one of theirs. They have not learned to take their hockey or leave it alone. We have observed them in their own territory and know how they behave. We know the queer dead silence that falls over the Boston Garden when a visiting team scores a goal. We have viewed with alarm the letters that came in whenever we mentioned Eddie Shore. The officials and club owners of the National Hockey League are going to get letters too. They are going to be told that the playoff system has cheated a world's championship team out of the world's championship and that it is therefore a terrible system.

THE Bruins are right. The present playoff system is unfair and mercenary. Just the same, those letters are going to be ignored and we are in favor of ignoring them. The present playoff system is mercenary and unfair, but it's a great system and we like it.

As to the system being mercenary: why should anyone dispute that? It is obvious that by having a world's series of three out of five games between the teams finishing first in each group, the club owners might reap the profit of five sell-outs, whereas by having three playoff series and then a grand final world's triple championship and rodeo for the Stanley Cup, they might profit from—well, figure it out. Why shouldn't professional hockey be commercial? Although the purposes of the playoff system have been obvious for years, and though the system has been exposed many times in the sporting sheets—as if this were necessary—the games of the playoff series are still sell-outs. It is unfair to play all year to eliminate two teams from each group and then let the championship depend on a few hazardous games. It is, however, exciting, and because it is exciting and dramatic, the system is a success. The only thing wrong with it, as far as we can see, is that the Stanley Cup series itself is too short. The club owners have shortened it to two out of three games in recent years, apparently as a gesture indicating their indifference to the commercial side of it. That was a mistake. They should go back to the old system and play three out of five.

The players don't mind the way the series is run. The receipts are split up in a complicated way different from the arrangement applying to the games in the ordinary season. Every team in the playoffs comes in for a comfortable cut. If a team starts from third

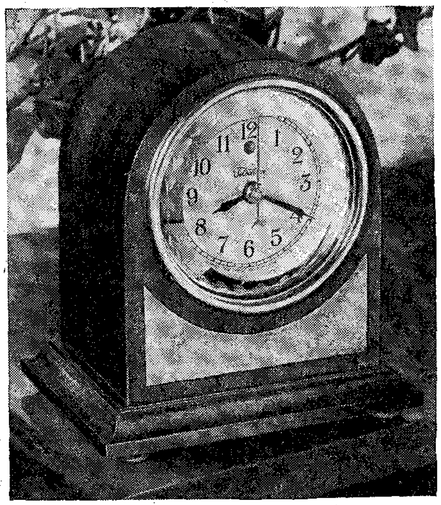
PLUG IN FOR CORRECT TIME!

Electricity keeps the Telechron Clock in your home as accurate as the Telechron Master Clock in the power house

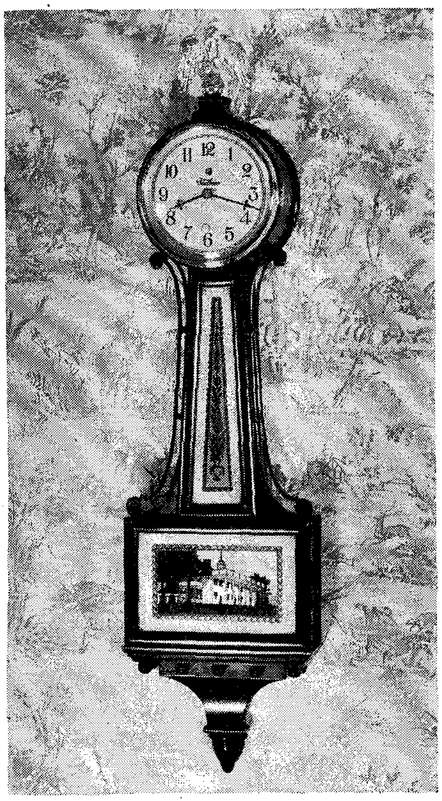
MUST YOU guess each morning which one of your clocks is right, if any? Do you ever forget the daily or weekly winding? It's disconcerting to miss a train by two minutes — unnerving to burn a batch of biscuits. Life moves so much more serenely, when it moves on schedule. . . . And Telechron was created just to keep life like that. ● Telechron does. You can connect it with the nearest electric outlet, set it and forget it. It will serve you faithfully for weeks and months and years. Its complete accuracy is assured by even impulses of alternating current, regulated at the power house by a Telechron Master Clock. You can *trust* Telechron! ● The very same precision is built into all the Telechron models. There are banjo clocks for the wall, graceful tambours for the mantel, compact little clocks for desk or radio, bedside clocks with alarm and illuminated dial, clocks in color for the kitchen — Telechron clocks — for every purpose and every price, from $9.95 to $55.★ Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

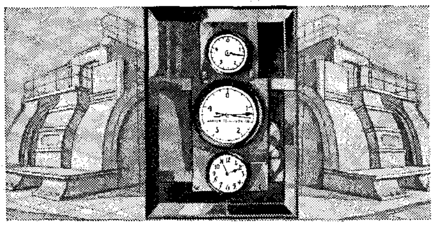
★ The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors, priced from $40 to $1200.

BELOW: *Vernon, particularly popular for bedside or dressing-table. Mahogany case. Three-inch gold-finish dial, illuminated by tiny Mazda lamp. Height 6⅛". Price* **$21.**



BELOW: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early-American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price* **$50.**





This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home.

Telechron

electric time-keepers

"COMMUTE"
between cities
on the AIRWAY

New York
Boston by
AIR
3 TRIPS DAILY-FARE $17.43

Modern travelers "commute" between cities, on the AIRway—reducing travel-time to a minimum—adding hours to their business day.

On the New York-Boston Colonial line, new convenience of schedules is now added to new low cost. Colonial planes now make 3 trips daily each way. The new morning plane permits an early departure—a full day for business in either city—returning in time for dinner.

14-passenger, 3-engined, cabin liners—1 hour, 45 minutes flying time—bus transportation to and from Airports provided.

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal; and between Buffalo and Toronto.

Write or phone for information and illustrated descriptive literature.

COLONIAL AIRWAYS
Division of American Airways Inc.
270 Madison Ave. New York

place and comes through to win, the players, having been in more games, get more than the members of a championship team which wins the Cup after being first in its group. Thus last year the championship was worth only an average of about seven hundred dollars apiece to the Bruins, whereas the Canadiens will come in for eleven or twelve hundred dollars each, aside from any bonuses their owners feel like giving them. The National Hockey League also cuts into the playoff receipts for a percentage that pays its office expenses and the salaries of its officials for a year.

ARGUMENTS as to which team is really the best will go on until next spring. A whole theory of sport took a beating with Boston—the theory that a team can't learn a new kind of game for a special occasion. It is an idea that always seemed sensible to this department, reasoning that if a coach hasn't been able to teach his men all he can about hockey in the regular season, he will have no chance to make them assimilate something new for an emergency, when they are tired and preoccupied. Now it must go on the record that the Canadiens learned a new game for Chicago and the Rangers and Boston. Famous for their speed, they used to concentrate on their reputation. They had no defence. Speed was their defence. It rarely worked. Then, as though overnight, they learned a new game, a brilliant, defensive one, with the wings checking back to the middle of the ice, working as "forward" defence men, with Morenz and the real defence to stop anyone getting by. This worked so effectively that after the last game in Montreal there was a lot of shouting in the street long after the game; and a crowd, waiting there in the cold, that would not go home till the men had come out in their street clothes and taken a bow. —N. B., JR.

•

TORONTO, March 11. When the local Paramount was closed for renovation 100 pounds of chewing gum were scraped from underneath its seats.—*Variety.*

Well, as long as they had scales ready.

•

PARTNER WANTED—Lady wants partner in bath house; good proposition.—*Adv. in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

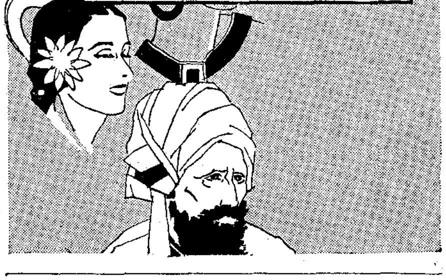
Sounds tiptop.

TRAVEL

If the urge is upon you
To make contact with distant lands,
To transfer your thoughts, emotions, experiences
To new environments . . . then
Travel you will.
But you should
Guard against the irritants
Which mar the esthetics of travel.
Irritants such as:
Visas, steamship tickets, private motor cars,
Hotel accommodations, and many other
Matters which must be attended to.
You should be free to do
The things you travel for.
And therefore . . .
The American Express Travel Dept. has arisen
To make all the arrangements for you
Efficiently
And leave you free
To enjoy your trip.
A call at 65 Broadway,
At 551 Fifth Ave.
Or 150 West 41st Street,
Or across in Newark
At 876 Broad Street,
Whichever is nearest you,
Will do much towards making
Your trip measure up to
All your expectations.

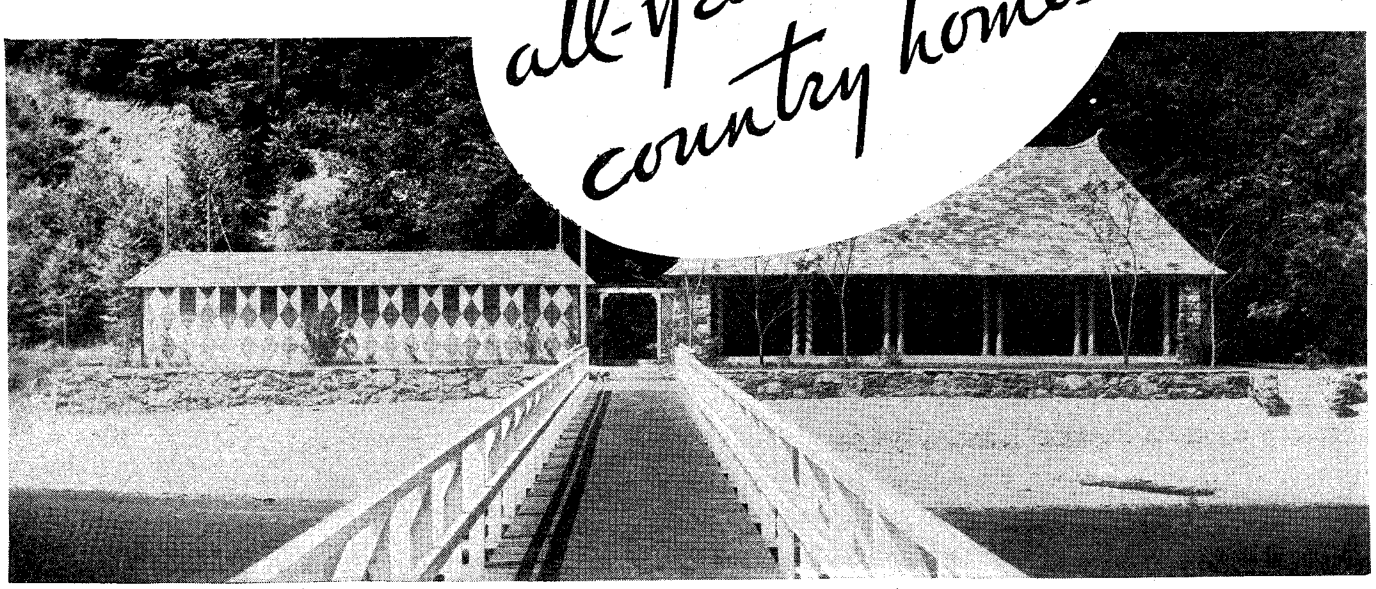
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Department

American Express Travelers Cheques Always Protect Your Funds

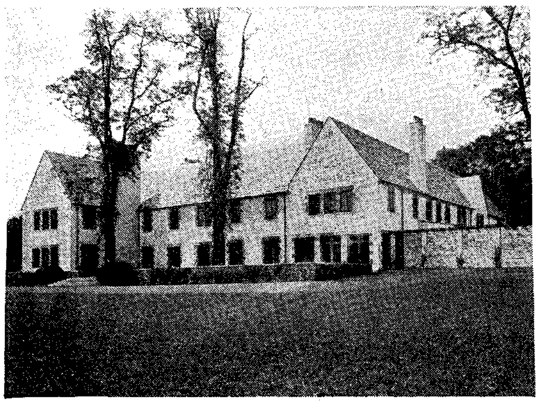


300 acres of wooded land roll down to the Sound

for all-year-round country homes



The Beach Club for property owners at Harbor Acres



Residence of Vincent Astor adjoining Harbor Acres

Harbor Acres
between Port Washington
and Sands Point
Long Island

The most desirable location on the north shore of Long Island

THREE hundred acres of rolling, wooded land, overlooking Hempstead Harbor, form the background for an all-year-round country home community of unmatched advantages.

Winding drives and bridle paths, a private Beach Club and a Tennis Club—all contribute to the pleasures of living in Harbor Acres.

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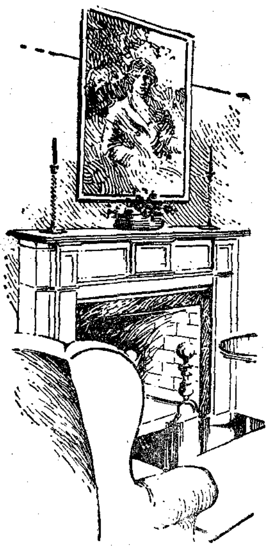

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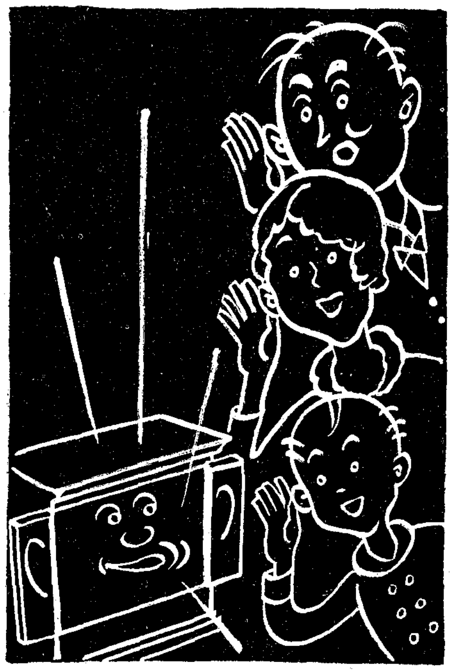
THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Once More — Sweep All for Dixiana —The Two-Year-Olds

HERE we are at Bowie again. The same rocky ride in the groaning, ancient trolley cars. The Maryland fried chicken and the crab cakes. (How do they keep them hot on cold days?) The same tinny gramophone tunes on the loudspeaker. The singing mendicants. The tips—*Green Card, Red Card, Pink Card, Jack's Tips, Stable Boy.* I miss the Old Kentucky Fox, and his cry: "I got 'em yesterday and I got 'em again today!" A wizened relic of slavery days, he must have been ninety years old. The rush to the paddock. The upper deck of the saddling shed, where one may walk around and have a bird's-eye view of trainers giving their jockeys final riding orders which the jockeys promptly forget. The scramble to the betting ring. The show-parlay players. The race-track lunchers, with paper cups of coffee in one hand and hot dogs in the other, making the stand look like a Chinese theatre.

Bowie is a melting pot of racing: horses from Florida, from New Orleans, from Havana, from Agua Caliente, from the barns at Belmont Park and Benning, from Pimlico and Jamaica, fit horses and fat horses. . . . "I know he's the class of the race, but is he ready to run?" "Yes, he won at Jefferson, but is he good enough to beat this kind?" The long parade to the post. Captain Phil Walker already extolling the Virginia-bred yearlings. Uncle Billy Garth, smiling and tol'able, tol'able, thank you. A few of the Warrenton hunting set taking a day off. Cy Cummings singing "Me and My Shad-Roe." The Florida tan wearing off. Oh well, it is good to get back.

DIXIANA furnished the first winner of the eastern season, Sweep All, a big, good-looking two-year-old who beat Joe Davis' Gigantic by a nose. Dixiana is the *nom de course* of Charles T. Fisher, one of the brothers of Fisher Bodies, who embarked in horse racing on a pretentious scale several seasons



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broadcasting—and (with the aid of instrument, voice and sound) *demonstrating*—the almost incredible truths that have made him famous in 29 countries reached by his daily cartoons and best-seller book. The most absorbing and refreshingly different radio program of the day. Don't miss it—tear out this column now and pin it on your receiver.

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ago. For one to speak of Dixiana as "the Dixiana Stable" would be as unpardonable to a Kentuckian of the old school as to grind up the mint in a julep, for the farm is one of the hallowed spots in the Blue Grass. Mr. Fisher has adopted the old Dixiana silks: a solferino jacket—a color that was popular, I believe, in the hoop-skirt days of the Second Empire—and a buff sash. As the race was run, the unlucky member of the party was Harry Whitney's Airliner, who made so slow a beginning that he never was in the picture, although he had outschooled Sweep All at the barrier several days before.

LATER in the afternoon Bocaratone, a horse that has been running in claiming races at New Orleans, pulled off a 33–1 chance in the Inaugural Handicap. He was rather lucky, for Rapid Transit went in the air at the rise of the barrier and was left with a hopeless amount of ground to make up. Pennant Lass, his running mate, showed in front all the way until Bocaratone pegged her back in the last sixteenth of a mile.

FROM what I have seen, the new crop of two-year-olds is a remarkably good-looking lot. How they will run is something else again. Young Dick Carman tells me that George Wingfield's Agua Caliente Futurity winner, Siskin—who, by the way, is the first son of Épinard to carry silks in this country, and who to my mind is a race

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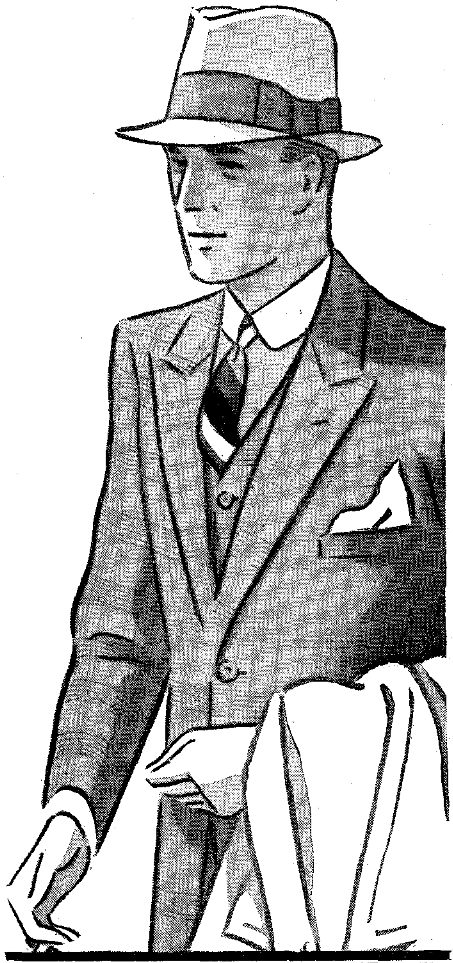

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Made of Breyers *real* Vanilla Ice Cream with a Frozen Egg-nog yolk—and is coated with pure chocolate. The Egg-nog has that old-time egg-nog flavoring. Price $2.50 each.

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gleam on the
NEW HATS

GERMAINE PAGE . . adroitly drapes panamalaque and then twists snowy white kid about it, for an off-the-face hat. Replicas, $27.50

JEAN PATOU . . puts pique in strategic places to emphasize the line of a wide brimmed hat in the new "porte bonheur" straw. Replicas, $27.50

FRENCH ROOM

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York

horse in the making—will not be seen on the New York tracks, but will race in Chicago. His only eastern engagements are the Aberdeen Stakes at Havre de Grace a fortnight hence, and the Pimlico Futurity in November. There are an unusually large number of juveniles by Man o' War in training. Sam Riddle has eight—one I would like to name for the Thoroughbred Nomenclature Stakes, a filly out of Problem, whom he calls Problem-at-Ease. Mrs. Charlie Amory has christened her forty-five-thousand-dollar Man o' War yearling simply War.

THE Honourable George has added a white rat named Ouija to his staff of selectors. . . . He tells me that the Bowie Association has moved the box of Vice President Curtis to the front row in the clubhouse. . . . That Sonny Whitney has taken an interest in thoroughbreds and will race a small stable this year. . . . That Earl Sande, who was singing over the radio from Washington as Mr. Earl all winter, is back at his old job, galloping horses for Joe Widener. . . . And that Vander Pool, the best two-year-old shown so far, will be sold for five figures. . . . Heigh ho, let's go over to Washington and see the cherry trees in bloom.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

TO OUR SHAREHOLDERS: Many rumors have been spread recently about our Company. Although it is not our custom to notice rumors, the Directors feel that a statement of the Company's Patent situation is due the public and our shareholders at this time. The Gillette Safety Razor has been engaged in active business about twenty-eight years. . . . If anyone feels that our company has infringed his patent rights, we suggest he come into court. We are not only prepared for any legal controversy, but we invite it.

Our General Counsel are Messrs. Storey, Thorndike, Palmer & Dodge, Boston.

Our Special Counsel are Messrs. Chadbourne, Stanchfield & Levy, New York.

Our Patent Counsel are Messrs. Fish, Richardson & Neave, Boston and New York.

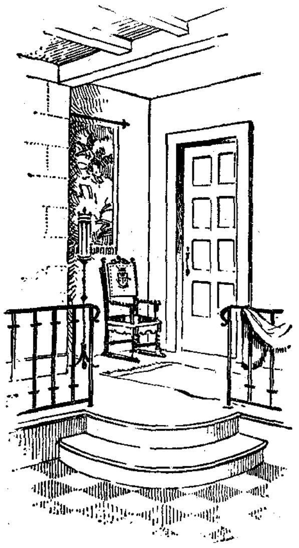
Our Regular Counsel are Messrs. Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine, New York.

Any of them will accept service.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
Frank J. Fahey
Chairman Pro Tem.

—Letter from Gillette Safety Razor Company.

We'll be right over.



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BOXING

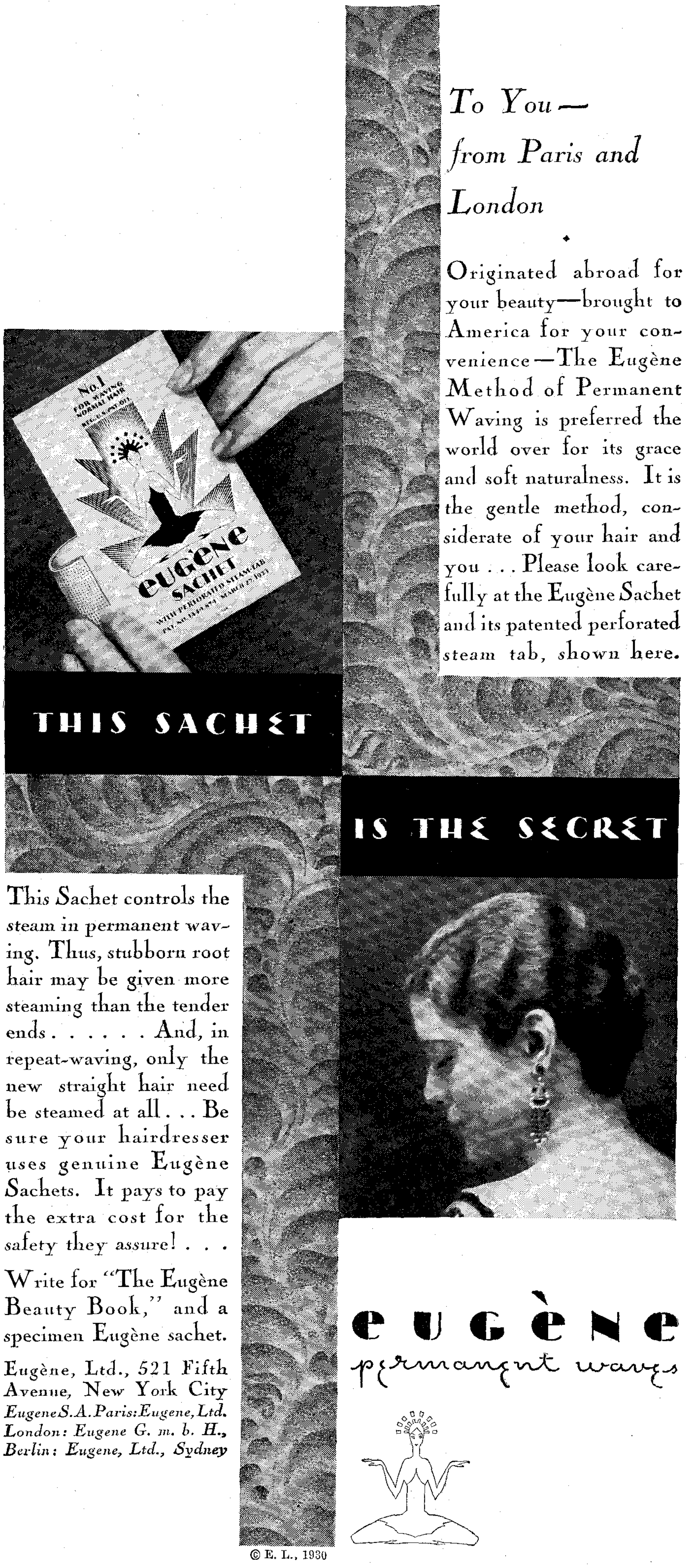
Introducing Spring—Sol Gold vs. Lord Lonsdale—Weights and Titles

OUR habitual pessimism has been dissipated by the spring winds and tokens of budding life that mingle with the aroma of quarter cigars around the ringside these April nights. We have come to be increasingly of the opinion that the people who complain that the fight business has fallen into bad times are all wrong. From the smallest to the biggest division we detect signs of new blood and increasing liveliness. Midget Al Wolgast, with his long flopping hair, his flashy tricks, and his left jab like the plunger of a sewing machine, has come along as the first flyweight worth watching in seven years. Kid Chocolate is getting through his last course of local setups before his championship chance in June against Battling Battalino. The welterweight class has three wonderful fighters in Jackie Thompson, McLarnin, and Fields, with McLarnin getting a shot at Fields outdoors. That match is not as hot as some of the others, because Thompson had a definite edge on McLarnin in their fight the other day and was punished by a bad decision; still, Fields has outpointed Thompson twice and McLarnin on his other performances certainly rates a crack at the title. Al Singer is taking electric treatments for his bad hand and believes he will be in shape for a championship fight with Mandell in July. The match has been made and, if Singer is not ready, Kid Berg will probably be substituted.

LITTLE Berg can make the lightweight limit when he has to, for his natural fighting weight is 140. When Tom McArdle, the Garden matchmaker, was telephoning around, trying to get something to put on when the Singer-Fernandez bout fell through, Sol Gold, Berg's manager, answered the ring. After listening intently for a few minutes, he put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Berg.

"He wants you to fight Glick—you know, the guy that used to kick you around in the gym. Is it all right?"

Berg said it was. Like most slug-



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THIS SACHET IS THE SECRET

This Sachet controls the steam in permanent waving. Thus, stubborn root hair may be given more steaming than the tender ends . . . . . . And, in repeat-waving, only the new straight hair need be steamed at all . . . Be sure your hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets. It pays to pay the extra cost for the safety they assure! . . .

Write for "The Eugène Beauty Book," and a specimen Eugène sachet.

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eugène
permanent waves

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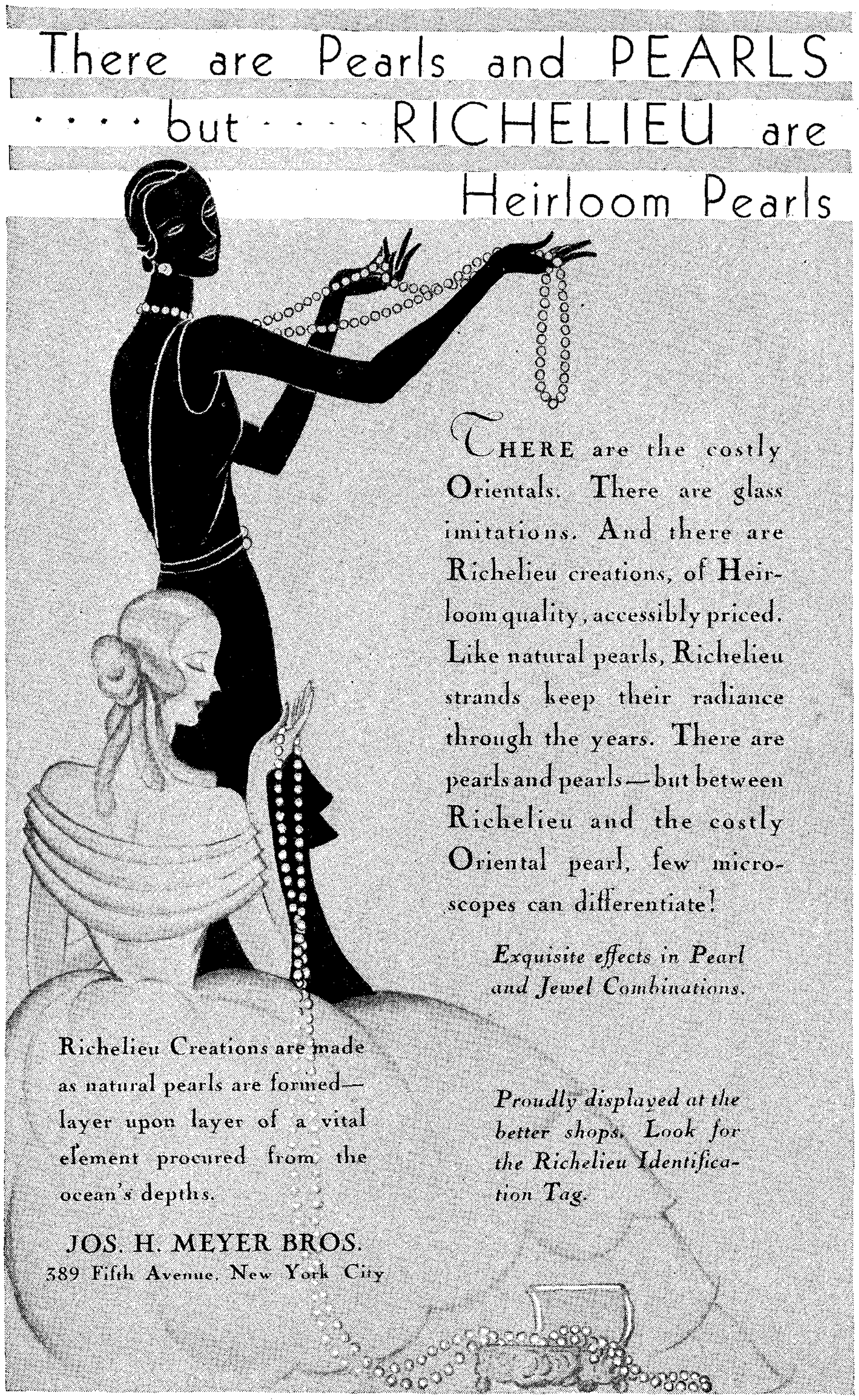
ging, mixing fighters, he is no good in the gymnasium. He figured he could beat Glick in a real fight—and what a fight!—and he proved it. Liking Berg, we hope he doesn't have to substitute for Singer against Mandell. Unless the lightweight champ has slipped a lot more than seems likely, he would cut Berg to pieces, especially with the English kid weakened by sweating off five pounds. Mandell is a bum showman but he's a lovely boxer.

BERG has had a lot of fun with his trick "junior welterweight" title. It doesn't mean anything here but he made it mean something in England. He had some trouble, of course. At first Lord Lonsdale didn't know what a junior welterweight was and didn't like the sound of it. Lonsdale has more or less constituted himself the Judge Landis of English boxing, but he is such a great sport that the English pugs and the public respect him and won't pay much attention to a boxer whom he doesn't recognize. Lonsdale puts up belts for the English champions in every class, and if a title-claimer hasn't one of those belts he is no champ in England and everybody knows it. Now Lonsdale had never put up a belt for the junior welterweight class, and when Berg's bout with Mushy Callahan was billed for the junior welterweight championship of the world, Lonsdale was pretty sore. He went down to Albert Hall that night determined to expose what he felt was a hoax on the public. When the announcer came to the phrase "for the junior welterweight championship of the world," Lonsdale jumped up at the ringside—a tall, dignified old chap in dress clothes, with a handsome face, and a carnation in his buttonhole. The crowd was sitting dead still waiting for the announcer to give out the weights.

"I object to that announcement," Lonsdale called. "I say this is no championship. I want that to be understood. It is no championship at all."

From Berg's corner, Sol Gold glared at Lonsdale, who had sat down again. Sol Gold had heard of Lonsdale but did not identify him as the gentleman who had made this rude interruption. Sol Gold decided that this interrupter was carrying out a part in some sort of racket. Callahan's bunch had hired that suit for him and put him there to start trouble, do something that would rattle Gold's boy, Berg. "Don't pay no attention to that old mug," Gold told the Kid, rubbing his chest. "We'll throw him out. Now go out there and


There are Pearls and PEARLS
.... but .... RICHELIEU are
Heirloom Pearls

THERE are the costly Orientals. There are glass imitations. And there are Richelieu creations, of Heirloom quality, accessibly priced. Like natural pearls, Richelieu strands keep their radiance through the years. There are pearls and pearls—but between Richelieu and the costly Oriental pearl, few microscopes can differentiate!

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fight the way that I been telling you."

We have mentioned that Lonsdale is a great sport. When he saw what a fight the boys put on he was delighted. He sent an usher over to tell Berg to come and shake hands with him. It was a command which seemed likely to have embarrassing consequences. "What?" said Gold when he got the message. "He'll shake, will he? The mug that tried to put the kibosh on my boy? Tell him he can't get away with that stuff." Lonsdale's identity was made clear, and Gold, though still dubious, was placated. "All right, if that's who it is the Kid will shake. But don't let the old guy try to start nothing."

WHEN sidetracked onto the subject of Berg, we were considering how things stand in the various weight classes. The middleweight title, of course, still pays occasional dividends to Mickey Walker and Kearns. There is no likelihood of Walker's performing around here in the near future, as the New York Boxing Commission does not approve of Kearns' method of making fights at catch weights so that the title will not be at stake. Jimmie Slattery, who had a questionable two months' claim to the light-heavyweight honors, is thinking of retiring. Maxie Rosenbloom, the Broadway playboy, who buys a new car whenever he is paid for a big fight, will be champ if he gets past Larry Johnson in their match next month indoors. Johnson has a terrific punch and is a cool, cagey fighter. Until an accidental foul cut short his last fight with Rosenbloom, he landed by far the cleanest and hardest punches, though Rosenbloom had the ghost of an edge on him as a boxer.—N. B., JR.

•

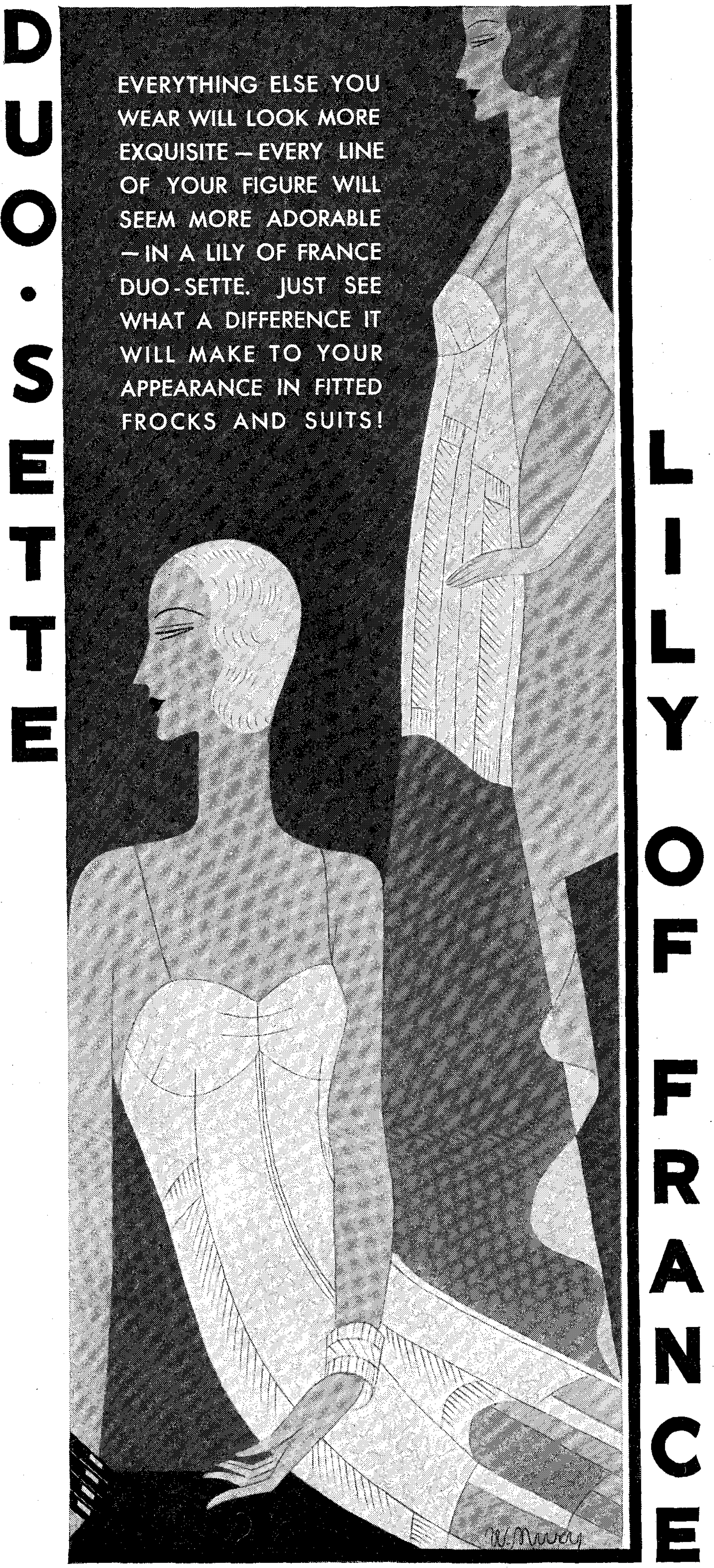
The poverty social was a real social event Friday night. Some of the costumes created much merriment. Miss Hazel Gillian walked off with first prize for the most original costume, which consisted of a pair of leather hip boots formerly worn by her grandfather.—*Willard (O.) Times.*

It certainly *sounds* like a walkaway.

•

Pansy seed germinates and the plants grow more freely in the cool, early days of spring, and for summer-blooming should be sown by the latter part of April, or early in May, in the vicinity of Philadelphia.—*Dreer's seed catalogue.*

Unfortunately we're pretty well tied down.


DUO·SETTE
EVERYTHING ELSE YOU WEAR WILL LOOK MORE EXQUISITE—EVERY LINE OF YOUR FIGURE WILL SEEM MORE ADORABLE—IN A LILY OF FRANCE DUO-SETTE. JUST SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT WILL MAKE TO YOUR APPEARANCE IN FITTED FROCKS AND SUITS!
LILY OF FRANCE
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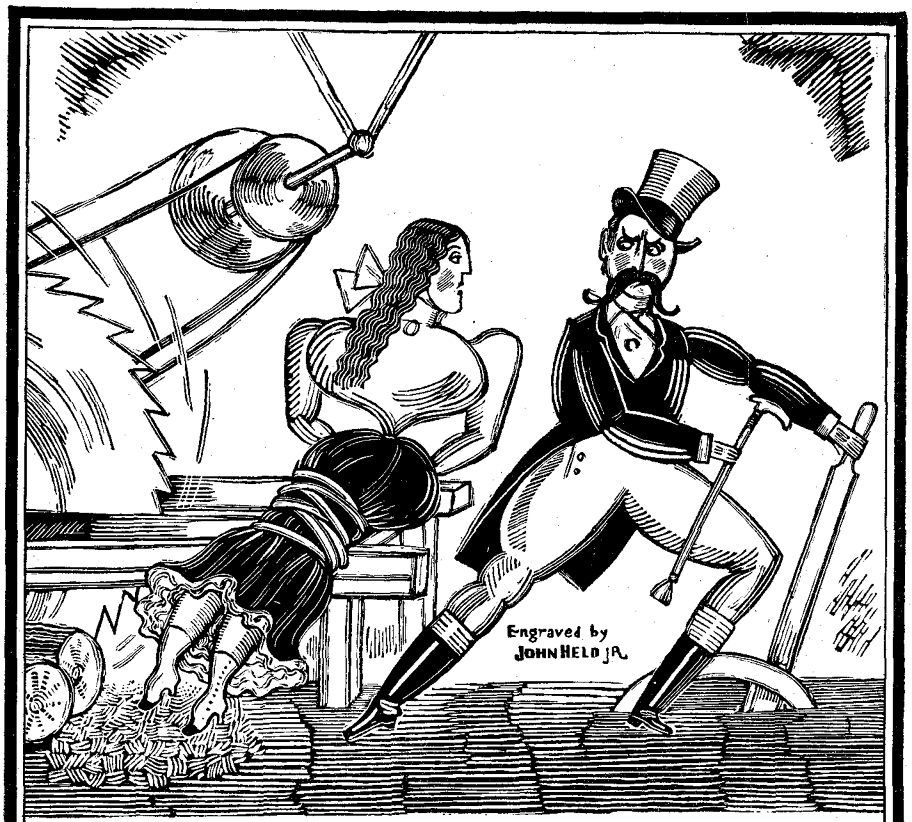
Engraved by JOHN HELD JR.

"SO, MY PROUD BEAUTY, YOU WOULD REPULSE ME, EH?" barked DALTON

"I would indeed," said the fairest flower of the countryside. "And how!"

"What is there about me, gal, to bring this disfavor down upon my head?" he demanded.

"Your voice, sir," she answered him haughtily. "The man who wins my heart must smoke OLD GOLDS in kindness to his throat—and to his listeners."

OLD GOLD

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Listen in ... OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and complete orchestra ... every Tuesday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

THE VOLUNTEER

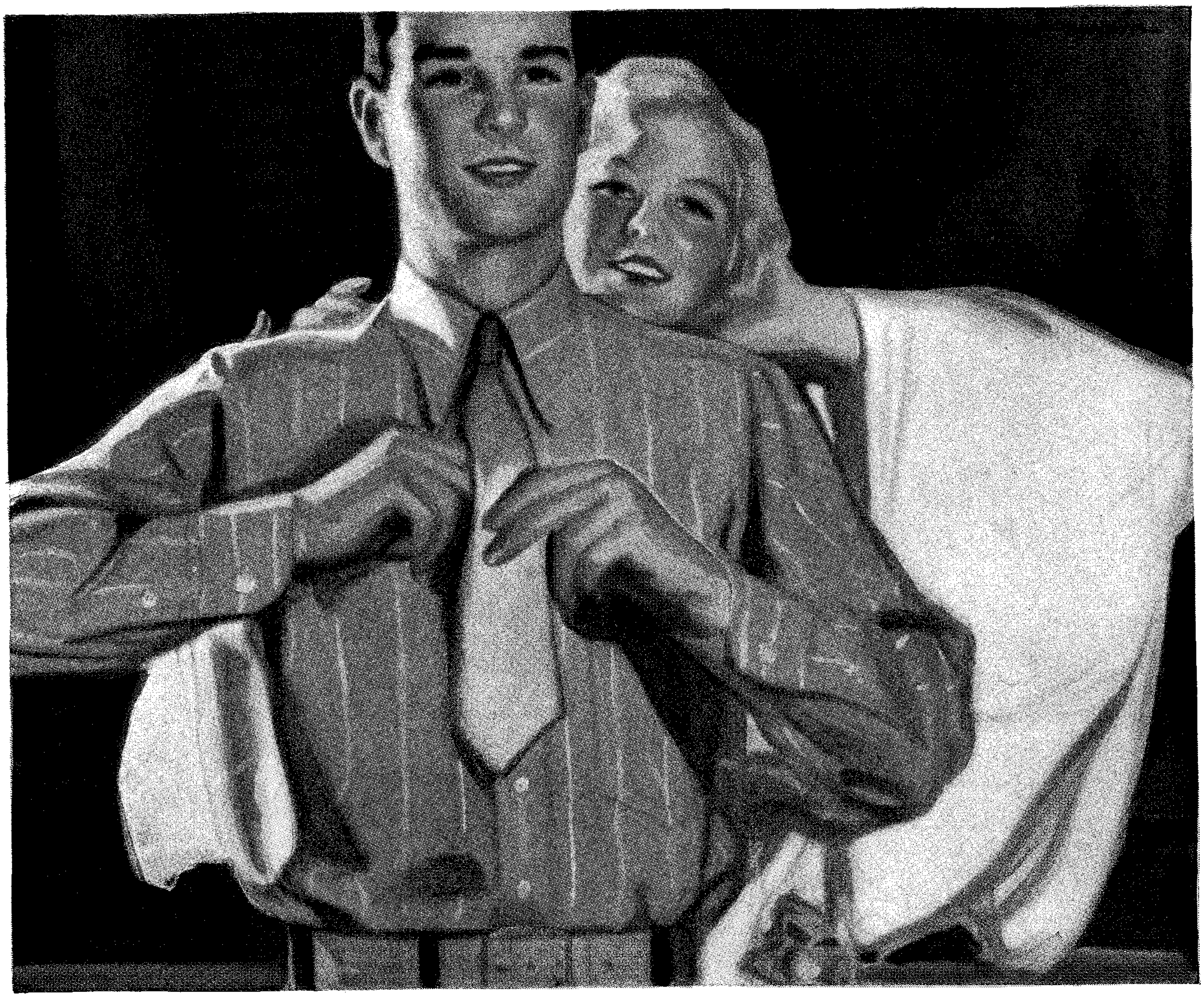
DO you *really*? It doesn't seem so much to me—of course a day each week is quite a lot of time out of your life when you come to think of it—but I make it up in other ways. You see it isn't any particular day, so if I am asked to anything—a girls' bridge party, or if Mother wants me to go to the Metropolitan, or something like that—I can always say it's my day at the office. . . . An eight-hour day? No-o, not quite—you see it takes me nearly an hour to get into town. Of course, I always take a taxi from Thirty-fourth Street to the office, but even so I don't usually get there much before eleven. . . .

Oh, all sorts of things around the office. Addressing envelopes—last week I addressed and stamped nearly three hundred, and then this week, somehow, I forgot which list I had used the week before and did the same ones over again. The head person in the office said that was unfortunate because the letters in them were asking people to pay their subscriptions and people don't like to be reminded of their dues twice in one week—especially for Charity. Though it isn't really Charity we work for—it's a Cause. I think Causes are better to work for than Charity, don't you? At least, that's what they say in our office. Of course, I paid them back for the stamps. We have the cutest little machine for putting on stamps. It's a little white china wheel that turns around in a basin of water so you don't have to lick. Of course, in Father's office there's a machine for addressing envelopes too, which works faster, but in our office we can't afford all these modern improvements. You see the people in our office don't really *earn* their money like Father does; that is, being a Charity—Cause, I mean—the money is *given*, so of course we have to be careful. Even about string. I was awfully glad there was nobody in the office the day I dropped the ball of string out the window. Fortunately I had hold of the end, so I wound back quite a lot—but not all, because such a crowd gathered on the other side of the street I got quite embarrassed; besides, the string got muddy. . . .

YES, I take an hour off for lunch just like the other girls—it makes a more friendly feeling if I do the same things they do. I feel like a real working girl, having my noon hour. I don't eat with them because they generally

ARROW SHIRTS

now introduce a new model for spring . . . a beautiful broadcloth in blended colors . . . the first of its kind ARABOND . . . guaranteed for permanent fit!



IT'S CALLED ARABOND because the fit of it is *guaranteed* permanent; because you buy your size and your *exact fit,* or get your money back. Arabond is preshrunk by Arrow's new "Sanforized" process. The Arabond fabric is *new:* the colors are charming—and guaranteed fast—and are nicely blended. But best of all, throughout Arabond's long life, its Arrow Collar will not strangle you—its sleeves will not creep and bind—its tails will not shrink up and fly free. Arabond is ready for you in three interesting colors, with Arrow Collars attached, or starched-to-match, at your outfitter's. If he hasn't your size, he'll get it.

$2.85 . . . 3 for $8

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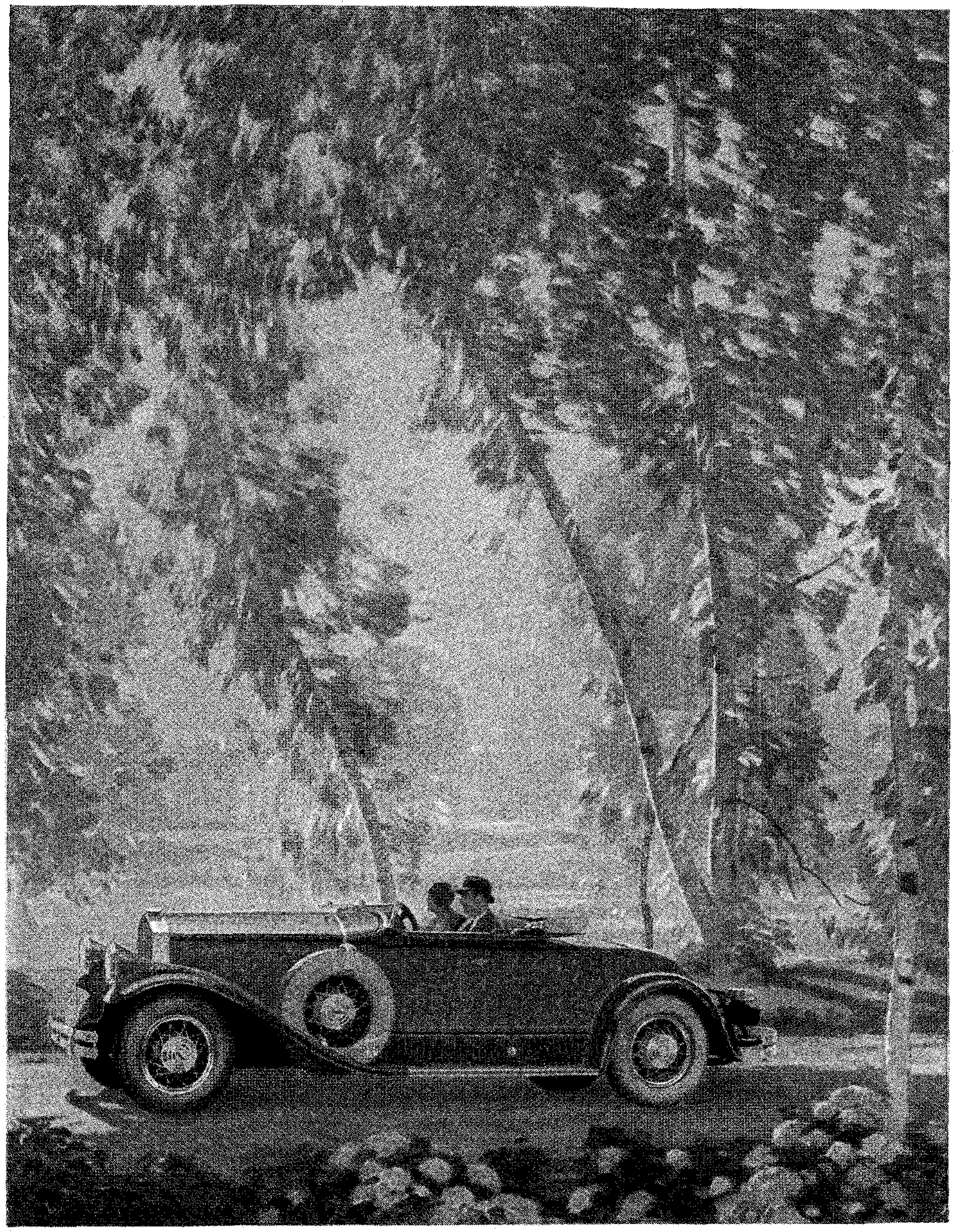
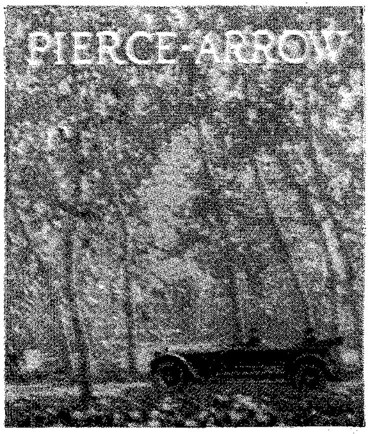


Many Spring seasons and many Pierce-Arrows have passed between the two portraits by Chichester on this page . . but the season brings back the same fresh beauty to the scene each year, and the car continues to be America's finest motor car.



Pride of Craftsmanship

Builds America's Finest Motor Car

A LITTLE less than two years ago, a group of earnest men took over the management of Pierce-Arrow. The task was approached with the confidence of long experience—but also with a great reverence for a fine name, a distinguished achievement.

What makes Pierce-Arrow fine is something more than engineering genius, more than excellent materials, more even than its own high ideals. It is the effort of men whose pride is in the work of their hands.

Today, in the great Pierce-Arrow plant, are builders of automobiles who work to standards that their fathers followed—standards of fineness and precision that are regrettably rare in this machine age.

And if that sounds like foolish idealism, Pierce-Arrow is proud of the distinction—and of the approval of men who work to a tradition that forever bars the unworthy.

It isn't a problem in such circumstances to build America's finest motor car. It would be difficult to do otherwise—and, in the presence of its builders, to call it Pierce-Arrow.

THREE NEW GROUPS
132 to 144-inch Wheelbases
$2695 to $6250 at Buffalo
(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

PIERCE-ARROW

go to a drugstore and I detest soda water and sitting at a counter. I think when one is working the noon hour should be held sacred for the refreshment of both body and spirit. Generally I go to Maillard's. . . . Oh, I don't *always* have a date. . . . Yes, call me up at the office next week—suppose we say Friday. . . .

Oh, yes, the people in the office are very interesting—different, you know. People that work for Charity—Causes, I mean—nearly always are. But, I like them, and the men that come in the office, *really* important people, you know. I often see their names in the newspapers—especially when there's a riot or anything. Some of them are quite radical. Why, two of our committee went to Russia last summer and they had the entrée to everything, because they were *so* radical; they knew all the right people. I told Father I'd like to go to Russia this summer and that I thought our office would give me letters of introduction to the heads of the Soviet government, but Father said if I went to Russia I'd run the risk of losing my own head. I'm not really a Radical, you see, but I count myself in the Liberal group. I think it is stupid to be a stand-pat Republican, like Father, in this Progressive Age.

Father calls me a Socialist, but I don't go that far. I hardly could, you see, Father being president of a railroad, and going everywhere on passes, and everything, though I suppose if Socialism came in and the People owned the railroads everybody would ride on passes. But it wouldn't be the same thing, I'm sure.

I do think I do my bit, working in the office. Of course, Father says if I gave them the money I spend on carfare, taxis, and lunch, it would be better for the Charity—Cause, I mean—than having me, but then I wouldn't have the feeling that I am giving *myself*, my time, and energy in a really worth-while way. Did you say next Friday? . . . All right, Maillard's at twelve-fifteen. —E. B. S.

•

Second Race, 1 1/16 Miles (3:00 P.M.)
4-year-olds and upward. Claiming.
1. Pebble's Last..........109 4 60 4-1
Prepped for a spot
2. Rockhawk 114 8 59 4-1
Sleeper; laying for a spot
3. Mayor Walker......114 2 56 3-1
Apparently has reformed
—*Daily Racing Form.*

Well, it's never too late, as he'd say himself.

this is the suit—

. . of soft French tweeds in lovely colors . . with loose youthful jacket and little tuck-in dressmaker blouse —that our clients wear so casually and smartly all day in town. 110.00.

Jay-Thorpe

24 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

As far as I can make out, it would be impossible for any shop to assemble upon the premises a better collection of fabrics, particularly prints, than that of Chez Ninon, at 551 Madison Avenue. In addition, this small shop is showing a collection of French models which not only are universally chic but also are not to be found all over town, probably because the detailed work on most of them can be achieved only by a place that does its own dressmaking.

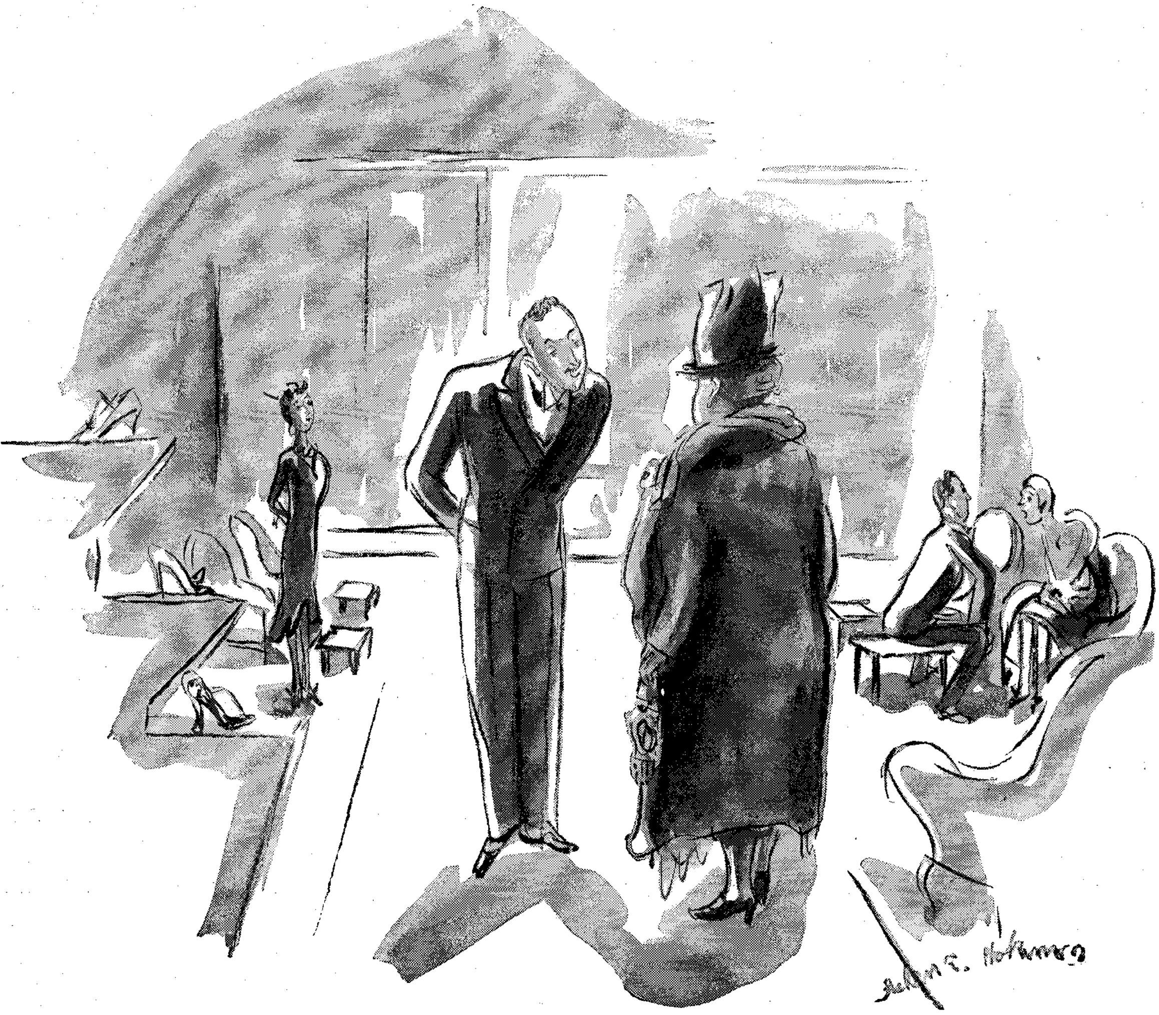
Anyway, there is a particularly good collection of Chanels for those of you who doubt that Chanel's best is perfect. One of them is that gray-blue tweed coat lined with a splashy floral red, white, and blue (to mention only a few dominating colors) chiffon. The chiffon dress is sleeveless and, though simple in effect, is in reality cut up and patched together again to change the appearance of the print toward the hem, with chiffon flowers cut out and applied around the neck, and also here and there on the skirt to bewilder the eye a little. Then, there is her evening dress of beige net with red and Yale blue widely spaced flower designs. It molds the figure closely and is stiffened a little to billow below the knees; and there are the inevitable cut-out flowers. Another is a navy-wool coat on redingote lines lined with a navy, gray, and white print — very practical. They show a sleeveless dress and short jacket with cut-out flowers, etc., etc. (What, again?) applied round the square neck and the edges of the jacket. A Directoire coat, which may be worn with the huge lapels either going downward in deep V's or buttoned up across the chest, is done in a red, white, and black small-patterned knit stuff. Also there is a Chanel knit suit of pink, black, and white tiny checks with a pink blouse edged with the knit, and a pink scarf that must be tied closely around the neck and terminates in a bow under one ear.

Carettes flourish in this shop, too. You may remember one chiffon suit, for tropical travelling, weddings, or Casino summer dining. This has a pale blue blouse with black tracery in a small wire-fence pattern over it. The jacket (which ties in a big bow in front) and the full circular skirt are of black chiffon traced with white lines in the same way. The chiffon is doubled and redoubled so that, although the effect is fluttery, it doesn't look sleazy at all. Carette also brought forth a red-brown tweed coat to accompany a dress of red-brown crêpe with pale blue and white dots making big squares on it. It sounds terrible, but is one of the smartest prints I have seen this year.

Leaving Carette for the time being, look at a slim black crêpe evening frock with tiny red and white embroidered flowers scattered over it at six-inch intervals, and at Talbot's printed dress with a tuck-in short-sleeved blouse and a pleated skirt. With this you wear a plain crêpe coat, slightly fitted, and a scarf of plain and printed fabric. You will like the models, and you will go mad trying to choose among the fabrics they suggest—practically all of them tempting.

The Tailored Woman is bragging, in the first place, about the acquisition of a former Chanel fitter, Elsa Toldalagi by name, who is sublimely efficient, and as nervous and busy as all employees of the Great Chanel eventually become.

Also there is a grand collection of spring coats here, some of them made in the Tailored Woman workroom (which is a very good workroom). One by Vionnet, of covert, buttoning up to the armpit in her favorite fashion, can be had for sixty-five dollars. Bruyère

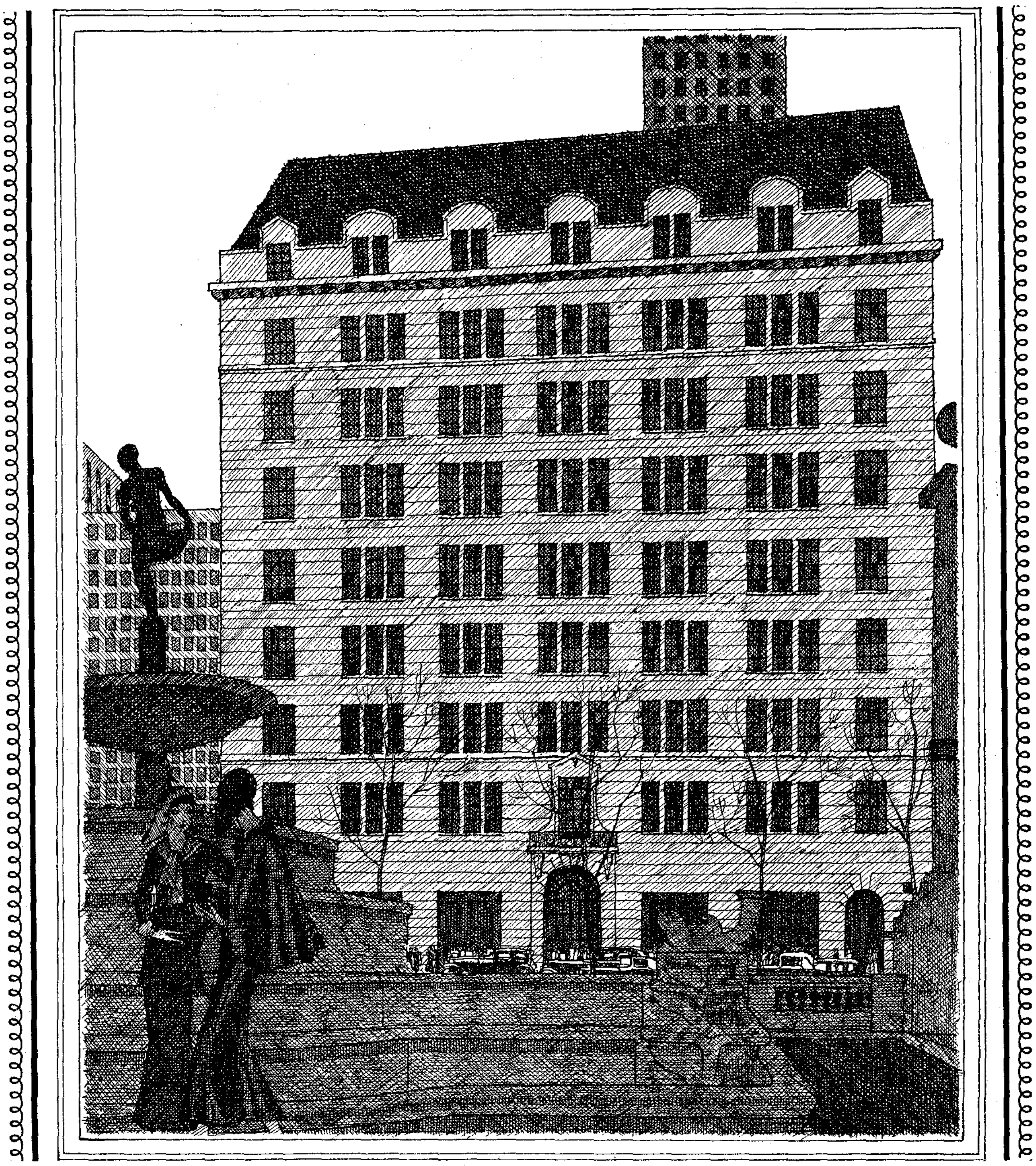


"What kind of shoes, Madame? Shoes to walk in?"

☆

An *Impression*

OF BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



The spring collection on the Plaza has all the freshness of the Place Vendôme and the added authority of Bergdorf Goodman's own creations. Here, the smart woman is certain to strike the highest fashion notes of her *monde.*

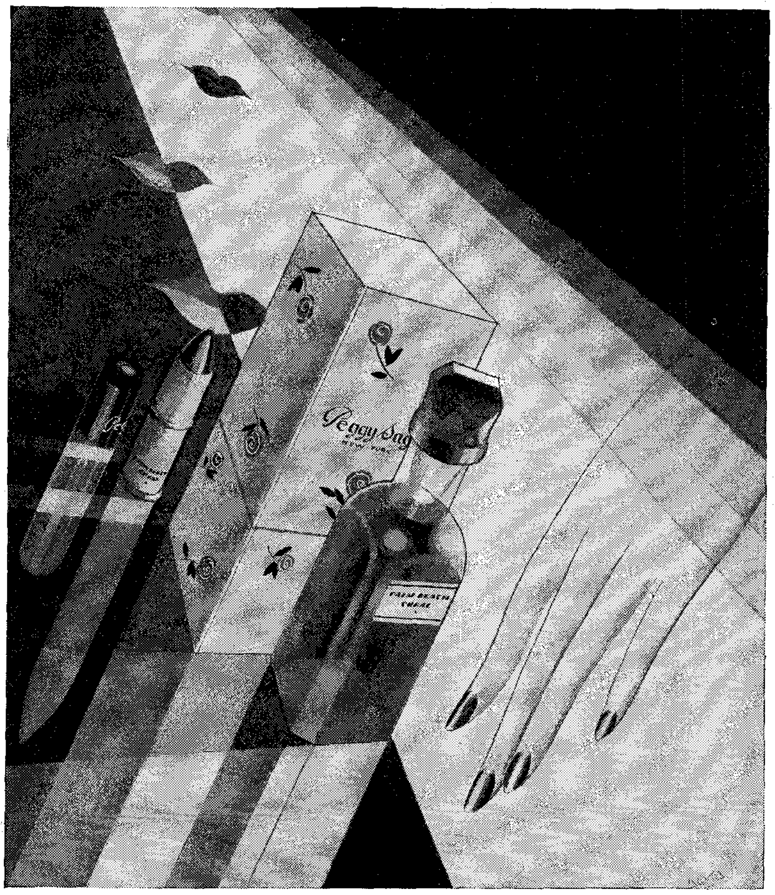
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

NAIL POLISHES AND LIPSTICKS TO MATCH

PEGGY SAGE'S new idea . . . new . . . true . . . but long indicated. Brilliant fingertips . . . brilliant lips . . . both are very smart . . . but much, much smarter if they repeat in color. Peggy Sage . . . exclusively . . . introduces nail polishes and lipsticks that exactly match . . . when in use. Now available in three approved shades.



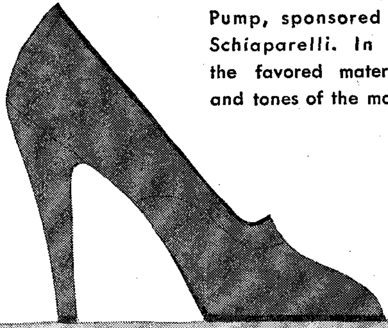
Palm Beach Coral . . . Biarritz Red . . . Lido Crimson . . . are the matched shades of nail polish and lipstick. Other well-known Peggy Sage Nail Polishes . . . Pale, Medium, Dark, Blood Red, Onyx, Jade Green, Pearl . . . and many more. These shades . . . as well as the matched products . . . may be seen at the Peggy Sage manicure salons . . . New York, Palm Beach, East Hampton, Southampton . . . and at the smartest cosmetic counters everywhere.

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

is represented by a silky tweed, buttoned up the front, flaring stiffly below the close waist and having a little scarf that buttons on the top button at the throat; $75. A gray tweed coat with white piqué revers, which sells at $45, would be nice for rainy days, since the tweed has a hard finish. There is a Paquin copy of blue, silky, light wool, perfectly plain except for stitching up from the hem that suggests godets; and there is a brown rough tweed, with beige galliac cuffs, and galliac making half of the scarf. All of them under a hundred dollars.

Polka-dot addicts should look at a costume having a dress with a pleated skirt below the hipband and big lacing down the front and side-back. The little polka-dotted jacket with this ascends in front. Or look at one from Lelong, of heavy brown marocain, with white dust flecks, which has a little edging of pleated organdie in the V-neckline. This has a perky peplum jacket, apparently flying free in front, but it is in reality attached. Another tailored dress from Bruyère is of black crêpe with white flecks, very simple and straight (you could have it fitted to any waistline you liked, I should think), with flaring organdie cuffs the only frivolous note. Or you can buy youthful dresses of navy chiffon with white flecks and great swirls of organdie around the elbows. This shop is also doing a great deal with printed moire in daytime tones (brown with a beige leaf pattern, for instance) in either dress-and-jacket or two-piece-suit versions. And very smart they look, too.

DOWN the Avenue at Russeks, they are making much of their own Design Studio, on the third floor. Here you will find little-known or specially designed French models, original designs, or French ideas rehashed in such a way you wouldn't recognize them at all, at all. These are not made to order, but ready-to-wear, the simple crêpe dresses selling around $55. I was smitten particularly by some very simple lace evening dresses, in red, green, blue, or yellow colorings, with short velveteen jackets in contrasting colors to go with them. Some of the jackets are simple, with a tiny collar, some have shoulder capes, and some double Directoire capes. The dress and jacket together cost $95. Or you may prefer plain or printed chiffon evening dresses with little gored capes to match. Only remember that nothing is more terrible than a short evening



The new HANAN Opera Pump, sponsored by Schiaparelli. In all the favored materials and tones of the mode.

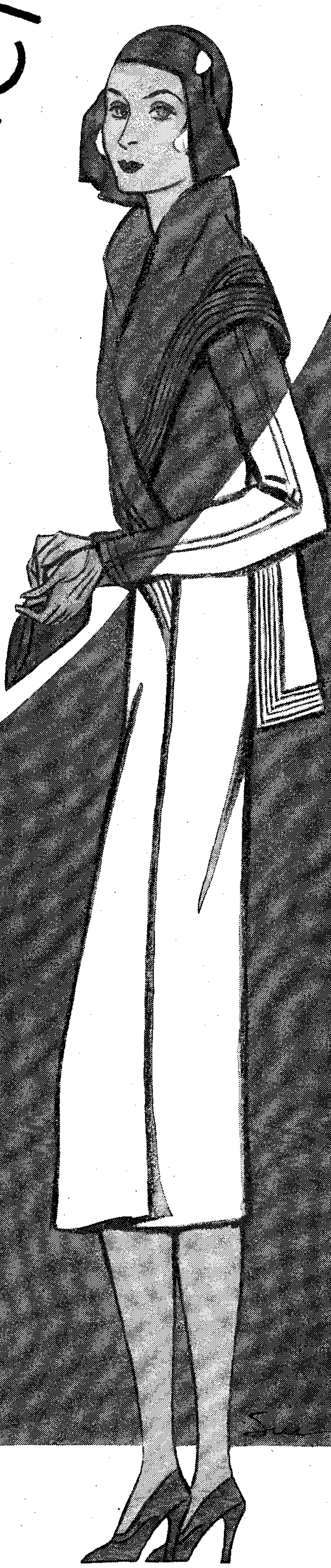
SCHIAPARELLI SELECTS

HANAN SHOES

From among all the beautiful shoes the new mode has evolved, Schiaparelli, Paris mistress of fashion, chooses HANAN Shoes. For rhythmic contours, for imaginative treatment of detail, for the deft moulding of heel, toe and arch to uphold the body in the sculptural planes of the New Silhouette, Schiaparelli pronounces HANAN Shoes beyond compare...The HANAN Models chosen to complete the creations worn by mannequins in Schiaparelli's Paris Salon at her recent showing are available to you in all the HANAN Shops here and abroad.

HANAN & SON

THIRTY-SEVEN SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



First impressions are grooved deep

OUT for the air . . . sizing up the passers-by, what do these smart young people think of us? Interesting? Attractive? Favorable or unfavorable, our appearance makes one clear picture in the minds of those we meet. All articles of dress must blend together . . . and the surest finish to a perfect grooming is a smart new Stetson. • Everything you can ask of a hat . . . youthful, just right in style. The most fashionable shades . . . the finest quality. And, with so many smart Stetsons to choose from, it's always gratifying to be able to choose one particularly becoming.

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, leghorns, panamas, silk top hats, opera hats and caps.

• • •

Stetson Hats

wrap that doesn't look as if it had been purchased for the very dress with which it is worn.

If you have moving-picture-actress ideas of a wedding, they have some exclusive Hartnells here that have nothing to do with City Hall marriages, nor are they practical little things that you could use as evening frocks later. They are spectacular, what I mean. If your wedding is to be one of quiet elegance, look at Callot's gown of pale blue satin, simple and classical to the ankles, where a great circular swirl of train spreads out to cover acres of ground. Chanel's only wedding gown is here, too, with lace sleeves, and lace-and-net scraggly petals adorning the skirt to the ankles.

DON'T let me catch *you* eating in restaurants with your snappy evening gloves on your hands! —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

First Aid for the Short-Sleeved — Scotties or Mutts — Optical Note

WELL, it was with a feeling closely akin to horror that I saw clearly for the first time just what my arms and elbows looked like in that smart short-sleeved dress. In the evening, there is something about the lights; in the summer, your gentle contentment forbids detailed criticism or carping. I am not in the habit of gazing pensively at my elbows anyway. But leaning on the chic tables at the Colony Restaurant—ah me. The facts jump at you.

Rose Laird, at 785 Fifth Avenue, is already doing swell things about arms and elbows that honestly make them over in a week's time. She has preparations that bleach them and make them soft and smooth. She shows you how to work special nourishing creams into the elbows so that they soon are rid of that harsh or crêpy look; she gives you exercises that keep the upper arm from becoming flabby, no matter how you loathe golf and tennis. The results are amazingly effective, which is no more than I have learned to expect from this exceedingly competent establishment. In these days of pink-scented bunk about miracles, Rose Laird's refreshingly scientific and matter-of-fact handling of your problems is a great relief. For the scalp and hair, for the skin, and for the body (they have recently finished taking twenty pounds from an operatic star without leaving her face haggard) they know their job. Diets, nice preparations that don't smell screamingly feminine, and good advice are given out with a sure hand.

FOR little children, Best is showing some lounging robes cut on grown-up lines, and one-piece pajamas of some sort of cotton material in colors, printed all over with white Scotties, and mutts, and other puppies according to the child's taste in canines. About $1.95 or so, and one of those gay ideas.

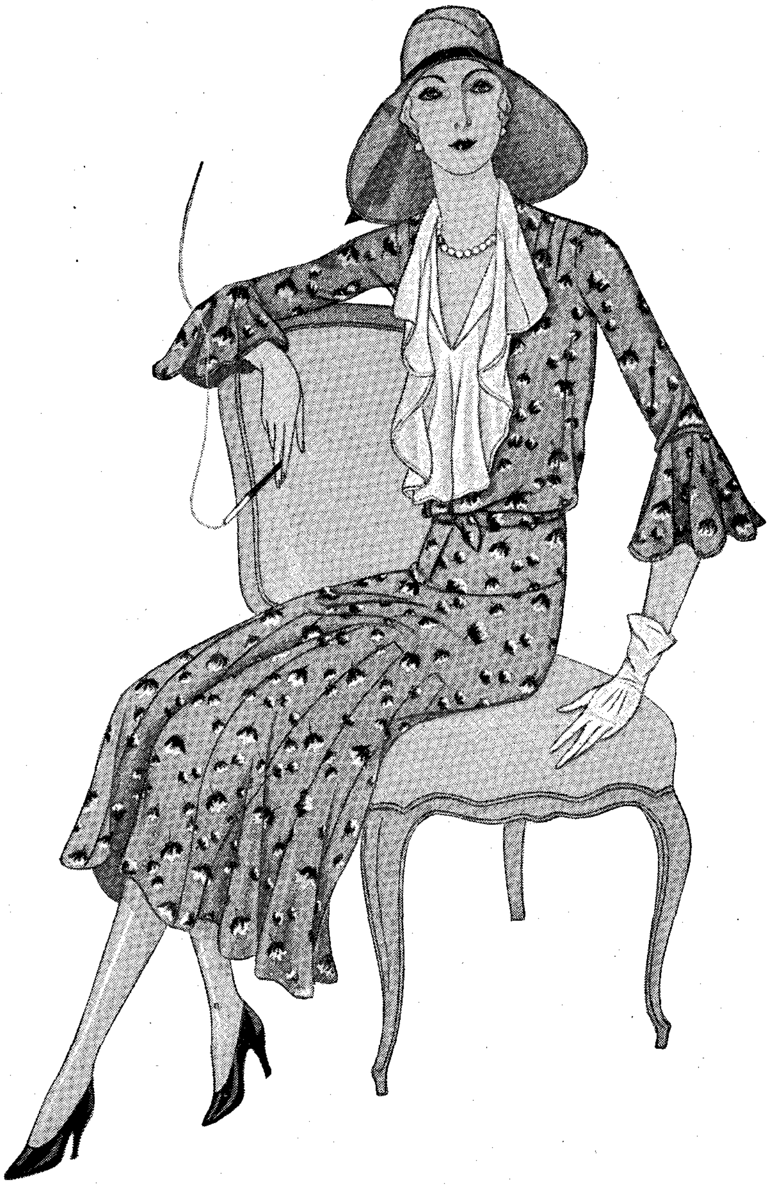
IF you are subject to crying spells, or feel eyestrain after reading, motoring, or cavorting generally, the Viking eye-astringent is exceedingly effective. In the first place, your eyes feel rested immediately after using it. In the second, they *look* rested, and the astringent has a way of tightening up the skin around them and giving them a fresh, eager, come-hither look. I speak only as one who has tried it and noted results, not as a medical expert on the care of the eyes. Anyway, if this appeals sufficiently to you to arouse interest in another product put out by the same house, I recommend, as your second experiment, the Liquid Beautifier. This has a taut, astringent quality, leaves the skin feeling clean and fresh, and is a nice foundation for powder without having the usual finishing-cream sticky feeling. Franklin Simon has both of these. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Gardens and Gadgets
—Pension for Plants
—Blown-Glass Fauna

IT has been just a toss-up whether this would turn out to be an instructive talk about spring decorative fabrics or a lecture on gardening gadgets. That the gadgets won is no reflection on the excellence of the fabrics market, but simply a concession to our preoccupation with timeliness.

SEVERAL new ideas have shown up at Lewis & Conger. The first of these is a sort of combination wheelbarrow and refuse-burner. A huge wire basket is mounted on wheels so that the gardener can trundle it about your vast Long Island estate collecting leaves and things as he goes. After that you set a match to the whole works and go away. A tray slung be-

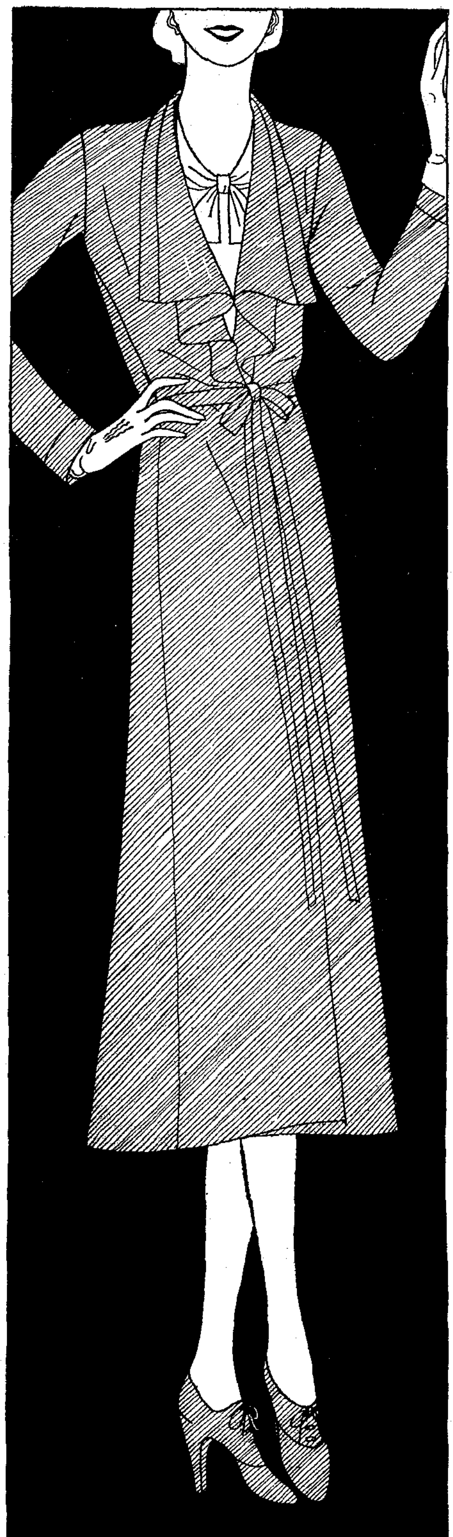


FOR COUNTRY SUNDAYS, and the occasions that demand a costume at once gracious and informal, Mrs. Franklin features the print dress, worn with a larger brimmed hat . . .

The dress, in small floral designs with a jabot-collar of georgette . . . $65.
The hat, very new, very smart in natural linen with a grosgrain band . . . $28.

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street
PHILADELPHIA
260 South 17th Street
CHICAGO
132 East Delaware Pl.
WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

Mrs. Franklin inc.



The jabot-front
*WHITBEY COAT
$38.75
Soft, crepey woolen
BETTER COAT SHOP
MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

neath the basket part neatly catches the resultant ashes, the basket emerges, unmarred, from the flames, and your grounds show no charred traces of a recent clean-up. The official title of this device is Estate-Burner, if you must have it. Misleading, of course; but that's what they call it. It costs $43.

For the humble back-yard dirt gardener, a new kneeling pad has come to light. This is very much like every other kneeling pad in general outline, combining the best features of each; but it adds a few of its own. A damp-proof, rubberized surface, for instance—very easy on the knees, being soft and paddy to the touch. It turns up at front and sides to protect the clothing, as all good kneeling pads should. Two dollars, in several colors and combinations of colors.

The Lewis & Conger garden basket is no news to old customers, but it is still a prize value at $5. The set includes a large woven basket, trowel, fork, pruning shears, a special bulb trowel, and a topsoil-loosener—all with handles painted in bright, beautiful colors. There are also a kneeling mat, a dozen markers, and a line to keep your rows straight. You couldn't make it yourself for the price.

Their new seed markers have a number of practical touches of their own, such as a diamond-shaped plaque that sticks into the ground and keeps the rod from swinging about like a weather vane with every changing wind. It sounds unimportant enough, but these little points mean a lot to amateur gardeners.

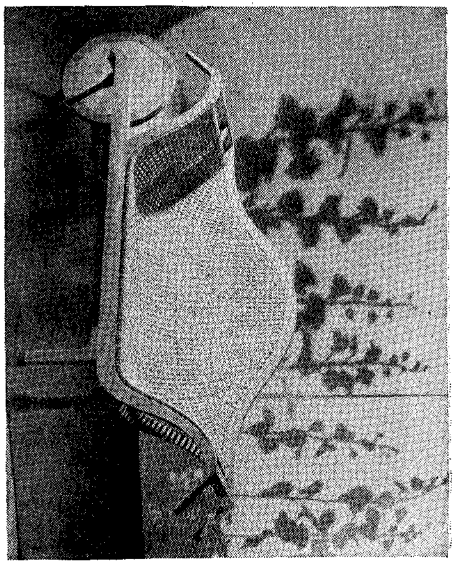
For bird lovers: Bird fount—spikes into ground and hooks up to ordinary garden hose. Bird bath, at the top of five-foot spike, is painted yellow; base is green. Five dollars, complete.

Finally, there are some new glazed faïence birds and beasts—notably a turtle—brown, black, and white, and as big as a puppy; a barking dog, visibly hysterical; a squirrel in the act of shinnying up something (tree, water-spout, or anything you have around); and several rabbits in new poses. These figures, you will remember, made a tremendous hit last year. This year's are even better, to my prejudiced eye. I am partial to turtles.

You are probably tired of hearing from me that Lewis & Conger are at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

THENCE to Mitteldorfer Straus' Peasant Village, at 245 Fifth Avenue—sixth floor. A few weeks ago,

RUTH COLLINS
CREATOR OF
RUTLINS GARDEN FURNITURE
●
It is important to know that Rutlins Garden Furniture is designed, manufactured and imported...by Ruth Collins. All original pieces are patented or patents applied for.



Wheelbarrow settee of ash . . . seat and back of woven reed. Among our new designs is a Sun Bath Enclosure . . . and a canopy covered hammock.
●
RUTH COLLINS
740 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CORNER 64TH STREET RHINELANDER 6600

you may recall, I talked about this place and threatened to go on with the tale eventually, with special reference to gardens.

They have, for one thing, an endless variety of silly markers. None of them means anything, really, unless you like to be amused. They are not utilitarian. One group in metal comes at $1.25 up—little ducks, stars, etc., sitting on top of brass rods. You just stick them here and about in the flower beds. The wooden ones have painted birds, fruit, and gargoyles for heads. They range around $5 a dozen.

The witch balls, of course, are enchanting. These are suspended from slender brass rods hooking over at the top, cane fashion; the balls are thin glass in all colors; $1.75 each. They swing in the wind and glow like everything.

The garden spigots are nice. They are brass, with horses, rabbits, cocks, birds, elephants, and dogs for handles; $7.50 each, regardless.

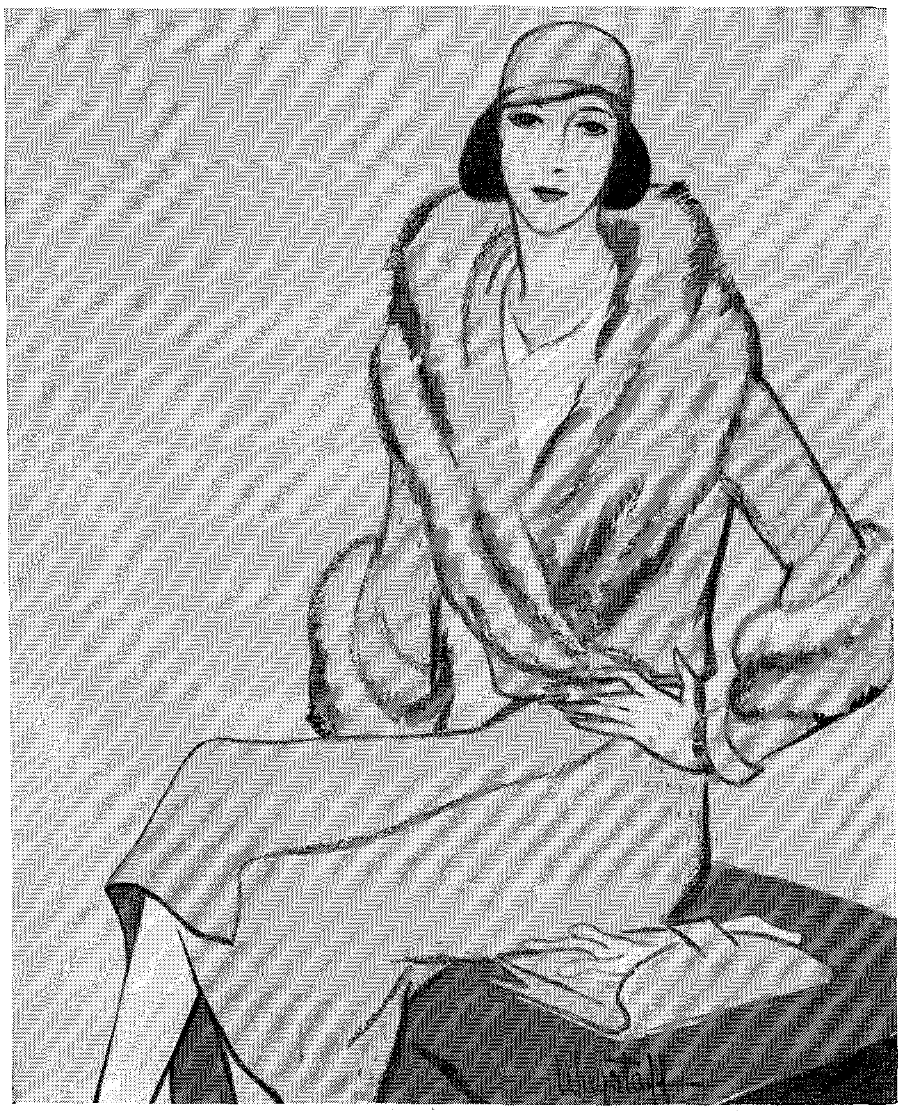
Also to be discovered here is an assortment of trick garden chairs. One in wire mesh, for instance, that tips back when you sit in it, until you are practically lying down; another, in iron and wood, that folds up flat when you pull at the back of the seat—a nice, easy, sliding motion involving no effort at all. A third is made of canvas and wood, collapsing into a compact bundle of sticks when you unhitch the back. It is a source of great gratification to me to see someone doing constructive things like this about the folding-chair situation.

Footstools in metal and wood to accompany these seats are $1.50 apiece.

There is also an umbrella clamp to fasten to the back of your chair; you clamp any old umbrella in it—one of these big striped affairs or your personal rainy-day one—and switch it about to follow the sun, without moving your chair. The clamp alone, $7.

Final item: flower-pot petticoats. These look more like picket fences strung on elastic than anything else; the pickets are painted alternately red, green or orange, and white, and you just slip the whole thing over your pot. Each picket petticoat comes with a tray in an appropriate color, the whole thing costing $1 for the smallest of three sizes, which would be a good fit for the average ivy pot. Somehow these have a cleaner look than most flower-pot trimmings. They ought to be pleasant for roof-garden decoration.

BLOOMINGDALE's greenhouse, by the way, has gone in largely for roof-



SPORT COATS WITH JAECKEL FURS

•

The models are unusual—we have only Paris coats with Jaeckel furs or original Jaeckel creations

•

We prefer to make coats exclusively for you to your individual order

•

. . . but of course the original models may be purchased if you so decide

•

Our coats are made by Jaeckel tailors in the Jaeckel workrooms, therefore the tailoring is superlative

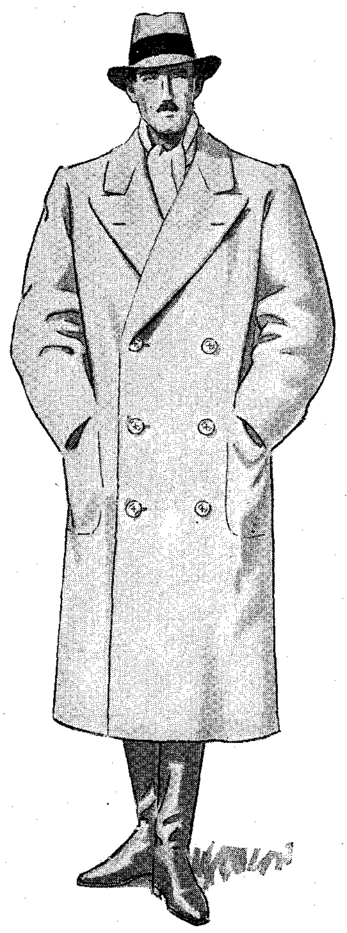
•

And the furs, of course, are the finest it is possible to procure—Jaeckel furs

•

Jaeckel fur storage de luxe—expressage paid both ways throughout the United States on furs sent for storage

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET



ESTABLISHED 1874

Wetzel

2 AND 4 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET — NEW YORK

TO HAVE served three generations of a distinguished clientele is evidence of WETZEL'S ability to create good will, and to retain it.

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HUNTING AND FISHING FOR CORRECT EQUIPMENT

To be outfitted correctly is to anticipate the best sport in fishing, hunting or camping. The S.S.B. is in touch with local conditions everywhere. We know what clothing is proper; what equipment and supplies to take along. This helpful service saves you time and bother and costs no more than if purchased direct.

The Sportsmen's Service Bureau plans your outings for hunting or fishing,—equips you correctly and routes you expeditiously. Visit us or send for Brochure.

S S B

FREDERICK J. BURGHARD INC.

545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

terrace equipment. They will supply you cheerfully with loam, shrubs, plant arrangements, and apt suggestions. Besides this, they will board your house plants for any length of time if you plan to travel. A helpful department, on the whole—but it should not be confused with the Bloomingdale cut-flower shop on the corner of Fifty-ninth and Lexington, which is something else again. The greenhouse is on the roof.

I MUST interrupt myself in favor of recent developments in blown glass, the news being too good to keep.

Mitteldorfer Straus has an elegant collection of finger-bowl fauna in clear sparkling glass and in color—minute figures of every sort of animal life. Grand gifts for your weekend hostess, if I may be so bold as to mention this delicate topic. You can get an assortment of fish, lizards, frogs, and turtles for around $2.50 a dozen. The starfish are really grand.

Stern has carried the thing still farther. Here are larger animals, in more colors, to set around on the dining table just for fun. Some are large enough to use in place of the centre flower arrangement, and a smart, practical idea, too. Two fighting cocks, for instance, in bright blue and red on a clear glass base—this would be simply devastating on a long narrow table. It costs $10. There are also a boxing ring with a pair of boxing gentlemen plying their trade, and a big, spreading coconut tree with a red monkey clambering up the side. This last ought to be a good centre for a round table; you could put a ring of little colored monkeys all around it—things like that. The trick is to keep the monkeys through more than one dinner. The way people go about picking up souvenirs these days is what gives hostesses gray hairs. —B. B.

•

The facts, as related, are that a few nights ago Mr. Gilbert, accompanied by his wife and Miss Ina Claire, an actress, walked into the restaurant, in which Mr. Tully was seated with some friends.—*London Daily Mail.*

The facts, as related, would be news to Miss Claire.

•

Mrs. Hill gave a beautiful piano solo in which rippling water, dancing feet, joy and sorrow blended as usual.—*Vinita (Okla.) Daily Journal.*

Or better.

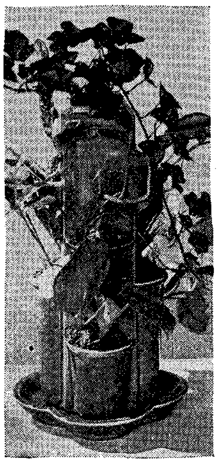
ROMANY RYE

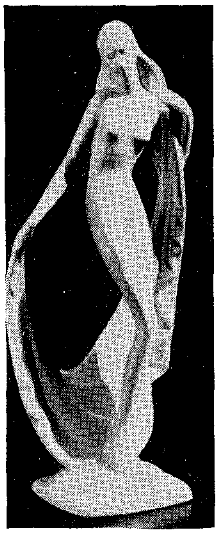
THE search for a convenient place to have luncheon. The handsomely printed sign offering not only food but a chance to have your future foretold in a teacup. The girl who doesn't believe in that sort of thing but would like to try it. The girl who has had some very funny experiences with horoscopes. Your own rather bitter memory of the palmist who said you would marry before you were twenty and of the medium who failed to notice that you were tone-deaf and advised you to take up music. Your effort to preserve a healthy skepticism. Your secret interest you recognize as being weak-minded. Your veiled excitement as you go in the door.

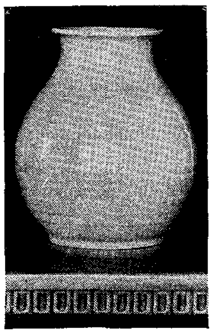
THE darkness. The candles. The black-and-orange furniture. The ceiling that looks a lot like a tent with all that canvas. The trellises, prettily twined with paper roses. The waitresses who have gone exotic in bandannas. The woman in black satin, a little out of place behind a cash register. The gypsy with the beads. The rather Nordic gypsy whose permanent wave was not successful. The gypsy with the eyeglasses, studying the bottom of a yellow cup with myopic enthusiasm. Your table, located in a corner that is so dark you can hardly read the menu. Your chastened mood as you order a chicken sandwich and the inevitable tea.

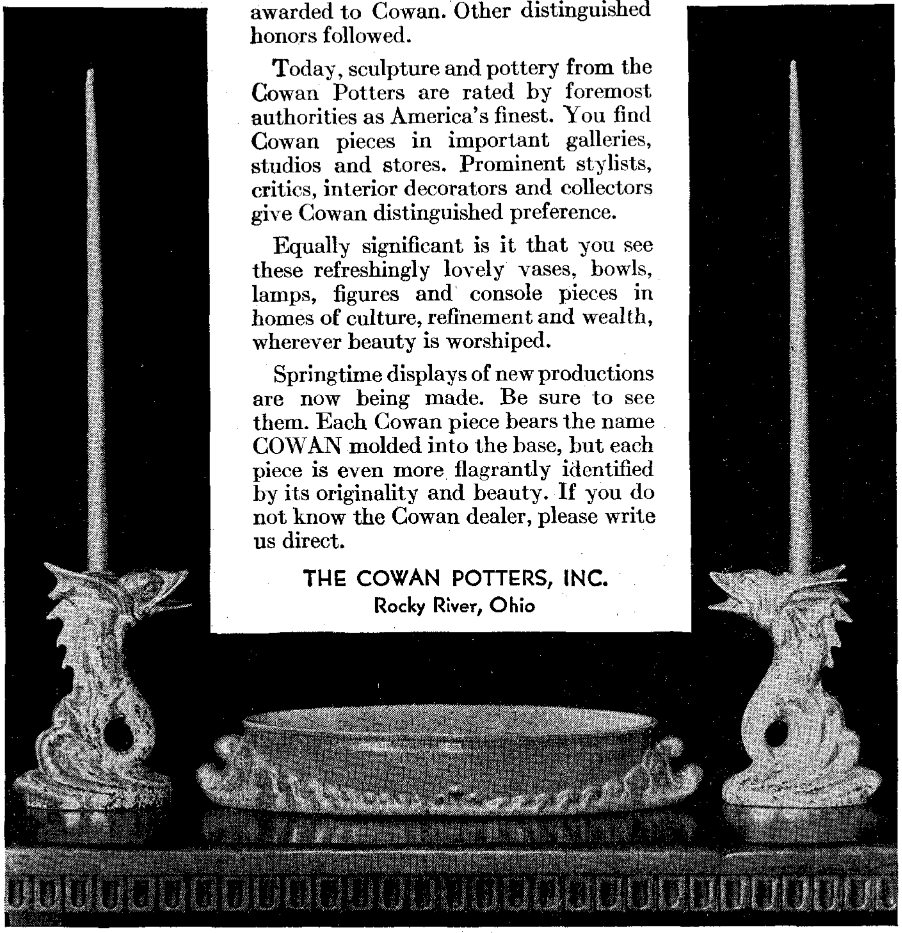
The long wait during which the atmosphere begins to get you. The hushed conversation dealing entirely with the supernatural. The young man at the next table, pretending that he came because he likes the food. The selfconscious smile of the woman in the purple hat who is being told about a tall, dark man and trying to look as though she didn't believe it. The sandwich that turns out to be filled with tuna. The wilted lettuce. The languid pickle. The tea, black with leaves and tasting like one of the less-appetizing poisons. The gypsy with the magenta rose who announces firmly that she will tell your fortune now.

The girl who hasn't finished her luncheon. The girl who wouldn't be first for anything. Your nervousness as you put both hands on your cup and wish for something important. The confiding mood in which you admit that you are not married, have not been ill recently, and can think of nobody likely to leave you money. The highly conservative prediction that you will









Guy Cowan
Made a new contribution to an Ancient Art

A ceramic engineer and an artist, Guy Cowan believed that something new and stimulating could be introduced even into pottery.

Visions of an American pottery that in form and color would rival the choicest productions of the Old World . . . flitted through the brain of artist Cowan.

Recognition came. Cowan's ceramic sculptures—new and vital—were the first to be accepted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. They were rated equal in artistic merit to the finest works in bronze and marble. And in 1927 the Logan Medal for excellence in design was awarded to Cowan. Other distinguished honors followed.

Today, sculpture and pottery from the Cowan Potters are rated by foremost authorities as America's finest. You find Cowan pieces in important galleries, studios and stores. Prominent stylists, critics, interior decorators and collectors give Cowan distinguished preference.

Equally significant is it that you see these refreshingly lovely vases, bowls, lamps, figures and console pieces in homes of culture, refinement and wealth, wherever beauty is worshiped.

Springtime displays of new productions are now being made. Be sure to see them. Each Cowan piece bears the name COWAN molded into the base, but each piece is even more flagrantly identified by its originality and beauty. If you do not know the Cowan dealer, please write us direct.

THE COWAN POTTERS, INC.
Rocky River, Ohio

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED
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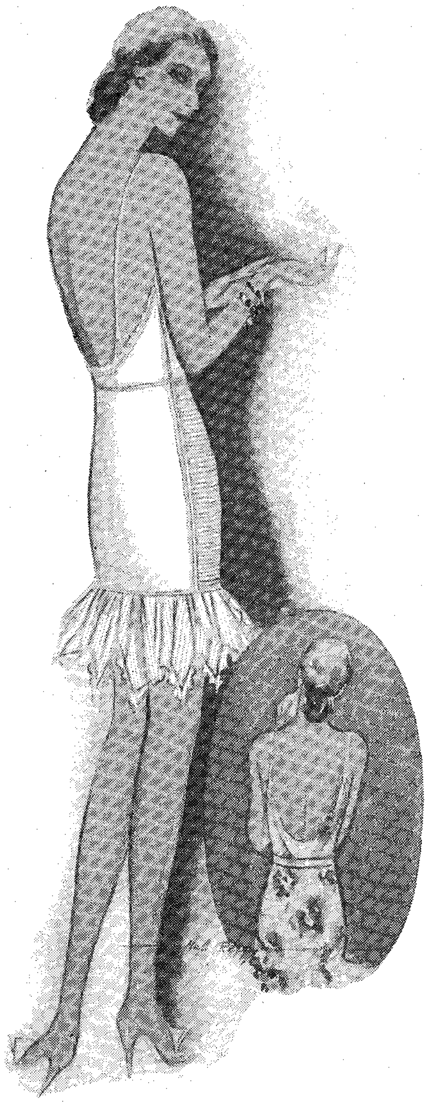
by Model

Scanties . . . Stockings and a Dress . . . that's all!



A scant eight ounces of luxury combining—brassiere, vest, girdle, panties—all-in-one—is all you need wear beneath your new frock to have each curve fall gracefully over your own natural, supple form.

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INCORPORATED
DEPT. 14
London 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Paris

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SCANTIES IN HER WARDROBE

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soon cross a body of water. The moderately safe statement that you are going to get a letter and a cheque, amount not mentioned. Your inability to consider these revelations as other than extremely dull.

The jubilant plunge into your emotional life. The breathless denials. The low-voiced admissions. Your two friends who are listening with profound and speculative interest. The fortune-teller who evidently finds your trusting attitude inspiring. The fine creative frenzy in which she not only mentions the tall, dark man but describes him with loving detail. The startling information that he is a snappy dresser and fond of playing the saxophone. His other traits which fill you with fascinated horror. The sudden reaction. The return of reason. The suppressed laughter. The lightness of manner. The cold fury of the fortune-teller who says vindictively that she can see nothing further except that she is sure you will not get your wish.

THE other two fortunes which strike you as being a little familiar. Your faintly patronizing amusement at the solemnity of the victims. Your calm good sense as you reflect that all this is idiotic. The departure. The fresh air. The welcome sunshine. The vague, inexplicable feeling of depression. The realization that it is due to the fact that your important wish concerned going abroad in April and that you now feel unreasonably convinced that you won't be able to manage it until next year. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

●

GUESTROOM BOOKS

Beside my chaste and downy cot
There stands a goodly number
Of stately tomes of prose and pomes
To lull the guest to slumber.

The verse of T. S. Eliot,
A copy of "Ulysses,"
As though to say "No place you'll stay
So cultured is as this is."

The works (in French) of Baudelaire,
And Keats' "Epipsychidion"
And next to it The Holy Writ
Purloined, I fear, from Gideon.

A goodly and narcotic list
Of literary glories,
While down below my host, I know,
Is reading *Snappy Stories.*

—NEWMAN LEVY

BUT HOW WILL THEY WASH THEM?

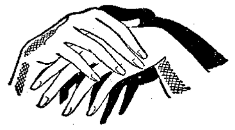
Buyer and stylist from an important Western store were in New York recently to look over a new line. The perfect 34 who was modeling the latest 3-in-one foundation garment for a well known corset maker spoke up:

"If you're asking me, I always use Silk-Eze, because it doesn't take all the stretch out of elastic inserts and garters."

●

All the good stores have Silk-Eze in the Hosiery Section, because you'll probably use it oftener for washing out stockings and silk undies than for any other one thing.

Matter of fact, it is equally grand for woolens—restores the natural oil in silk or wool as no other soap does.



Saves your hands, too—leaves the skin smooth, as if you had been using lotion.

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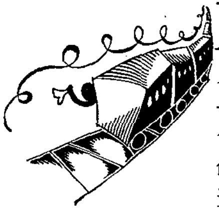
where
you buy
your hosiery

OUT OF TOWN

Due South—Tennis, Golf, and the Ponies — Spring Weekends Near Home



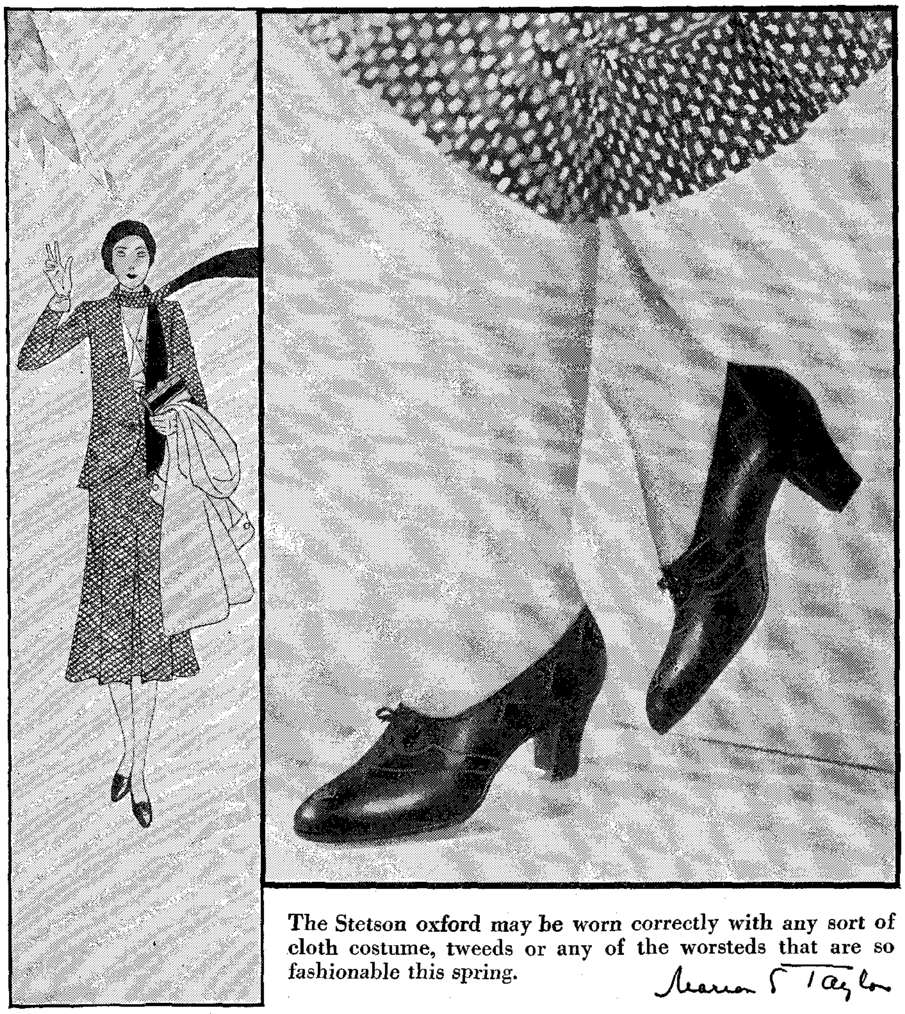
EASTER is only a week off—April 20, to be exact—but you still have time to make vacation arrangements if you hurry; and if it's a complete and quick escape from local weather and general conditions that you want, we can think of nothing better than a short trip to Bermuda. Both the Royal Mail Steam Packet and Furness Bermuda lines offer cruises of from five to eight or ten days, with all expenses included in rates that begin around $75 and move up to about $100. It would be hard to plan a better short vacation, for it gives you a sea trip, no passports are required, and you will find plenty of atmosphere and warm sunshine when you get there. If you have the time and prefer for one reason or another to travel under the American flag, you can go down on one of the ships of the Munson Line, which now stop at Bermuda on their way farther south, and join it again on its return trip.

As for hotels, the Hamilton, Princess, and Bermudiana are all large and popular. The Inverurie, Elbow Beach, and Belmont Manor are a bit farther from what town life there is at Hamilton. At the northern end of the island is the St. George, more isolated, quieter, comfortable, and equipped with a huge swimming pool. The bathing, incidentally, is excellent at all the beaches, and there are no sharks to discourage you.

While there are several golf courses to choose from, by far the best-known is that of the luxurious Mid-Ocean Club. By all means take out a temporary visitors' membership. Guests at the larger hotels, of course, can get golfing privileges through their hotel management for the asking.

AT the Greenbrier Tennis Club, April 21, the Mason and Dixon Cup Tennis Tournament starts, which is just another reason for spending Easter at White Sulphur. I must warn you, however, reservations are already scarce, for this year the tournament is drawing a large number of nationally

Beauty comes to the Oxford!



The Stetson oxford may be worn correctly with any sort of cloth costume, tweeds or any of the worsteds that are so fashionable this spring.

One's memory need not be long . . . no longer than yesterday's fashion . . . to draw a vivid contrast between the clumsy oxford of other days and this chic, light Stetson creation. Several things endear this modern model to the exacting woman. The geometric patterns effected by double lines of stitching and single perforations, a decorative scheme entirely original. The fine lacing, which definitely distinguishes the new from the old. And unseen but felt, a new flexibility that is a revelation in walking ease. Choice of two tones—brown or black calf. At Stetson Shoe Shops in principal cities and Stetson agencies elsewhere. The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

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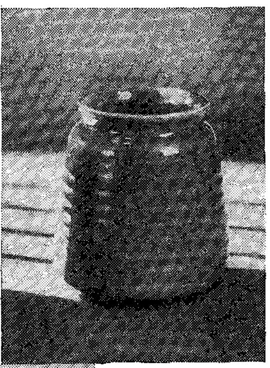
by Cowan
famous American Potter



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Exquisite COLORS in great variety
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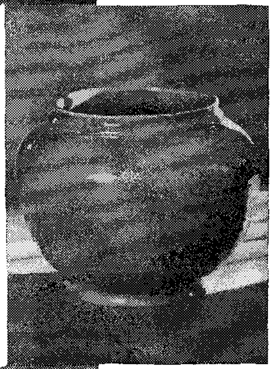
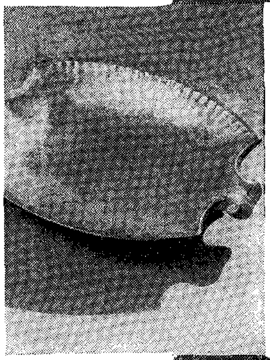
bottle
$2.74



Diversified SHAPES for every need
∘
bowl
$4.49



These shown are exclusively MACY'S
∘
low bowl
$6.94

VASE
$7.94
∘
sixth floor

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New York

known players, and apparently plenty of spectators as well.

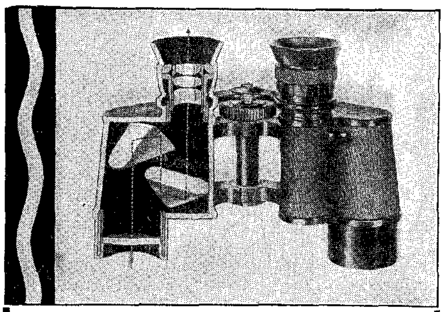
If you start off a spring tour to the Mid-South with a visit to White Sulphur, and then go on to Virginia and the Carolinas, you will find the motor roads in fine shape, the trees and flowers all in bloom (or I hope so), the air balmy, and the golf superb wherever you go. If circumstance or any other motive carries you to Richmond, give yourself the treat of a stay at the Jefferson Hotel, which, while of necessity open to the ubiquitous travelling man, nevertheless manages to create the atmosphere of real leisure, hospitality, and warm personal charm that you hear about all over the South, but don't so often see. The food at the Jefferson is in the finest Virginia tradition—real turtle soup, fried chicken, hot bread, and ham like no other ham.

THE Cunard and Anchor Lines are planning a golfing cruise called, incredibly, the Tournament of the Centuries. Aside from the name the idea itself is a splendid one. The Tournament of the Centuries leaves New York May 3, on the Caledonia, arrives at Glasgow May 12, and then conducts you over the following famous courses: Cruden Bay, St. Andrews, Gleneagles, Edinburgh, North Berwick, Turnberry, and so back to Glasgow again on May 23, whence you sail home on the Cameronia full of oatmeal, comparative scores, and glory. Prizes for the tournament play will be awarded on board the ship at the last dinner.

The cost of this trip is $750, of which $100 is to be deposited when the reservation is made (which should be soon, as the number of people who can be accommodated is limited). The price includes rooms at the hotels, train tickets, meals, greens fees—in fact, all expenses except personal ones. Nor is membership limited to male golfers.

THE Maryland Jockey Club racing season moves along from Bowie to Havre de Grace on April 14, with meets there daily until April 26. It then goes to Pimlico until May 10. The Preakness is held May 9, but from now until then there are good cards to choose among.

If you put up in Baltimore while attending these races, the Belvedere is the hotel to stay at, that Belvedere of the wonderful fish dishes, old-fashioned furniture, and nice darky service. You can stop off, however, at Carvel Hall



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in Annapolis, a quiet place where tradition hangs heavy in the air.

FOR victims of the office desk who can be spared over only the briefest period, here is a list of those places you wish you could remember when the inevitable craving for a weekend comes on. All are easily accessible by motor and all will give you a couple of good nights' sleep, plenty to eat, perhaps a round of golf or an hour on a bridle path, and a glimpse of the fresh young greenery that stirs us all in the springtime.

In Connecticut: The Mayflower, at Washington, quaintish and quiet. . . . The Elms, at Ridgefield, in one of the widest elm-bordered streets you ever saw. . . . St. George's, at Wallingford, where they love antiques. . . . The Old Lyme Inn, at Lyme, on the Sound, with the best of air and food to satisfy the sharpened appetite. . . . The M'Fingal, at Watertown, in a pleasant school community. . . . The Ben-Grosvenor, at Pomfret, quite fashionable. . . . The Open Door Inn, at Westport, simple and delightful. . . . Simsbury Manor, at Simsbury, run by garden lovers.

In Massachusetts: The Lord Jeffery, at Amherst, more college atmosphere. . . . Landlord's Inn, at Templeton, unusual and charming. . . . Deer Cove Inn, at Swampscott, furnished with antiques. . . . Wellesley Inn, at Wellesley, where fudge cake was born. . . . Williams Inn, at Williamstown, where you will find charming people; and the Greylock, a great favorite.

In New York: Millbrook Inn, Millbrook near Poughkeepsie, old-fashioned and comfortable. . . . Yama Farms, Napanoch (opens in May), quite swell and quite delightful. . . . The Gramatan, at Bronxville, well known and popular. . . . Briarcliff Lodge, at Briarcliff Manor, gay and very nice. . . . Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, unspoiled natural surroundings and good horses. . . . Stage Coach Inn, at Locust Valley, smart and famous for its food.

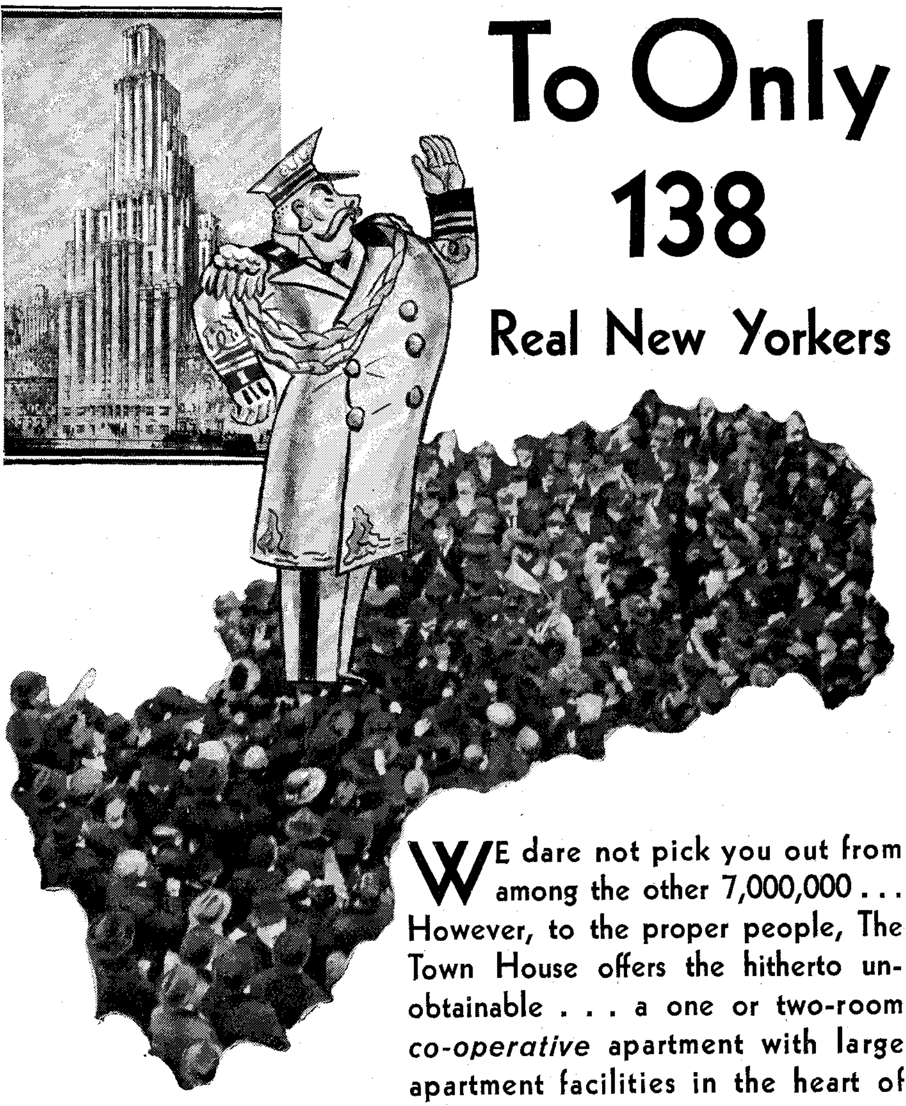
The Princeton Inn at Princeton is popular and has the Springdale golf course hard by. It is always a good place to remember, for Princeton is little more than an hour from town by train.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

DRESS lost on 76 car, please call or return to Miss Cole. 7373 Reward.—*Adv. in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

What time shall we call?



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There . . . we've told nearly all. We'll tell more though if you will write or phone . . .

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MUSICA

The Opera Cur

WITH only a few "Parsifals" conducted by Mr. Serafin ahead of us by way of operatic news, it becomes possible to count most of the blessings of the Metropolitan season. In any event, the performances of the consecrational showpiece are so much April velvet, for the novelties, revivals, and new members of the company have all been revealed.

Somehow, the operatic market of 1929-1930 seemed to parallel the stock market over the same period. In November there was a terrible crash, followed by a stretch of listless depression. Lately, there has been a good comeback; so, if it is permissible to look ahead, everything ought to be quite pleasantly prosperous in the next *stagione.*

The German repertoire was the pivotal security. A new conductor, Josef Rosenstock (is that name familiar?), made his début in a "Meistersinger" that made no great impression, and before another week had passed, the smart operators were selling him short. (That metaphor is still around, isn't it? Well, here it goes!) An unwonted outbreak by reviewers culminated in a breakdown, a resignation, and a departure by the hapless Rosenstock, who really wasn't so terrible. He simply wasn't a boss conductor, and when every critic seems to be able to spot from the smoking-room a false entrance by the third horn in a Wagnerian work, a conductor has to be a masterful man to hold his job.

WAGNER, who was responsible for editorials of the "this will never do" school, also rehabilitated the wavering fortunes of the Metropolitan, for the uncut Cycle was the outstanding hit of the semester. Mr. Bodanzky, hauled back to do his bit for the old alma mater, returned in glory and compelled his onetime detractors to forget almost everything that they ever had said about him. Even his "Siegfried," which only a year ago had been compared unflatteringly with that of Mr. Serafin, was a triumph. It was odd to discover in Mr. Bodanzky, who had labored for more than a decade only to resign what seemed to be an ungrateful assignment, the sparkplug of the Metropolitan; but now it is acknowledged that there is

VENTS

rts to Fall

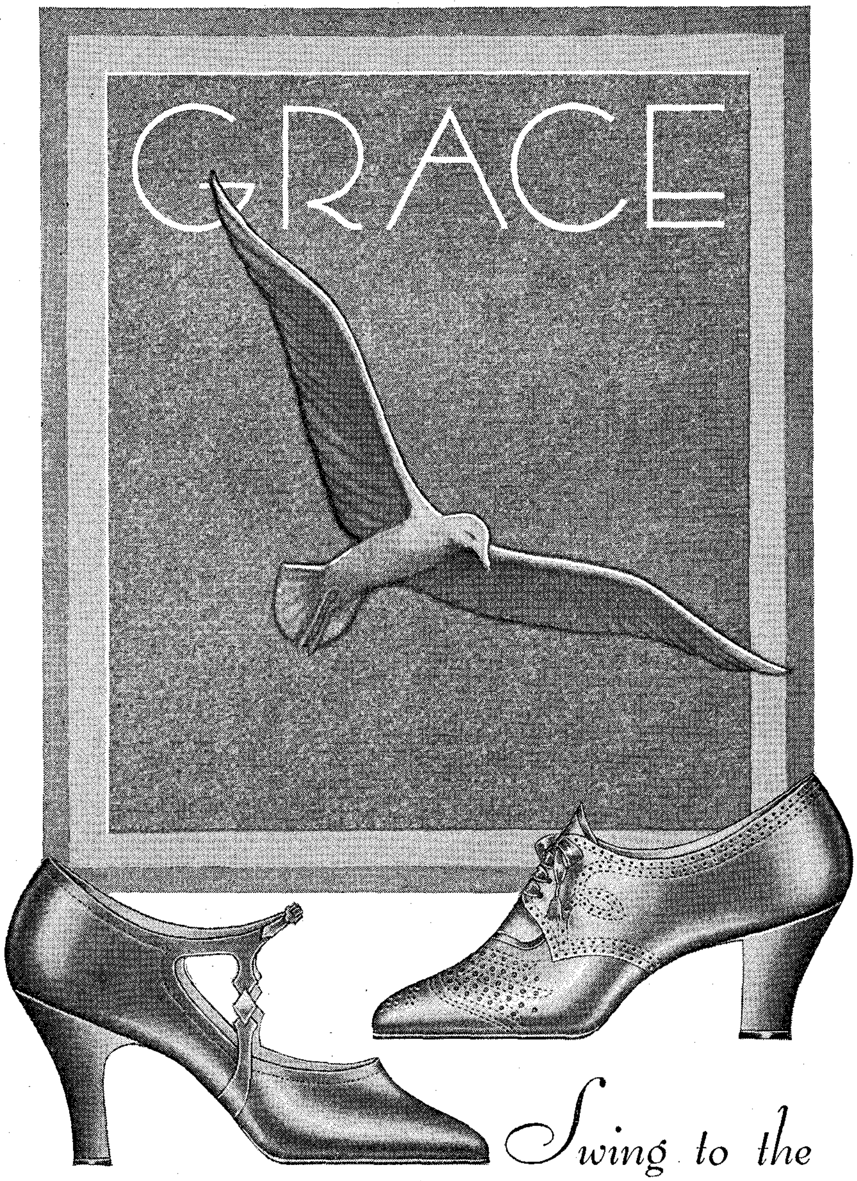
more power to his elbow than people used to admit.

OF the novelties and revivals, only one, "Sadko," was a newcomer to the New York stage, and although I like "Sadko" best in excerpts of an hour, it proved to be generally popular. Curiously enough, the least effective part of the score was the hopelessly famous "Song of India." This ditty might have fared better, however, had it been entrusted to a singer who possessed the peculiar vocal range which it demands. "Sadko" is not so repetitious as it sounds, but it suffers from a sameness of mood which was not relieved by the performance; a prevailing suaveness highlighted Rimski-Korsakoff's tendency to be cute. Yet it was a good spectacle, and the singing of Editha Fleischer, who finally came into her own this season, was one of the year's most brilliant individual contributions.

PUCCINI'S "Girl of the Golden West," which many of us had assumed to be a lame duck, turned out to be surprisingly effective. As Minnie, Mme. Jeritza was entirely in her element, leaping from coquetry to melodramatics with her familiar showwomanship. All of the Dick Johnsons this season—the Messrs. Martinelli, Johnson, and Jagel—were convincing, and Mr. Tibbett presented at least a good sketch of Jack Rance. This rôle is much juicier in the Belasco play than it is in the opera; the lyric Rance has little to sing and, except in the poker scene, his function seems to consist principally in chewing up a prop cigar. Mr. Tibbett has a way of building up his impersonations, and he probably will do as much with Rance in time as he did with the Rogue in "The Rogue Song."

"Don Giovanni" had been held up for years as an opera which the Metropolitan was incapable of doing properly, and the cast, led by Mr. Serafin at his delightful best, proved promptly that the terrors of the music had been exaggerated. No one artist scored any miraculous success, but the ensemble was excellent, and the staging, which verged on musical comedy—and why not?—was free from "classic" posturings.

FROM the unfamiliar operas of Verdi came "Luisa Miller," of



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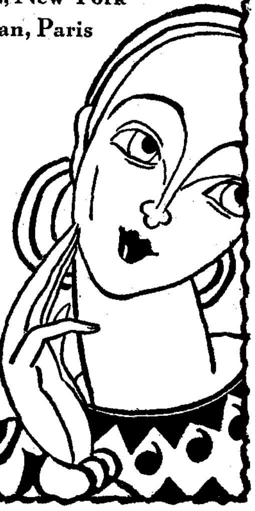

which the impossible had been expected. It may be that "Macbetto" shows dramatic strokes far in advance of their day or that "Simone Boccanegre" is a pre-"Tristan," but "Luisa Miller" is simply a recitative-and-aria compote. It served to demonstrate that Miss Ponselle's early-season indisposition had not impaired about as fine a soprano voice as you may hear, that Mr. de Luca is a prime bel-canto proprietor, and not much more. The recent exhumation of "L'Elisir d'Amore" again revealed the fine possibilities of the Metropolitan as a light-opera stock company.

"Fidelio," as a revival, was nothing new, for it had not been out of the repertoire for long, and there were no notable innovations in staging or personnel. "Louise" had the advantage of painstaking and sympathetic treatment from Mr. Hasselmans, as well as a vivacious dramatic handling, but the net opinion was that the opera has become a quaint old dido.

THERE were not many new singers, and none of them upset any old favorites. Mme. Ohms proved to be a serious and serviceable German soprano, whose best, I fancy, is yet to come. The Mmes. Biondo and Oltrabella, the other new sopranos, were not overworked. Mme. Swarthout, with a good command of stage routine, appeared to advantage in a variety of mezzo rôles, and Miss La Mance had no opportunities to flash her wares, whatever they may be.

Of the two new tenors, M. Trantoul was the first French tenor that the Metropolitan has had in many years, and in spite of a certain sloppiness in his acting, he handled his business with assurance and sang with considerable ingenuity. Somebody, it is said, started

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A new theory of relativity
by SCHUYLER WHITE
formerly Men's Fashion Editor
VANITY FAIR

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EINSTEIN may be right—or may be wrong—on his theory of relativity. But relativity in the realm of style is a more easily understood and far more interesting matter. It all sums up to one thing—harmony down to the last detail! At your favourite men's wear shop you'll find Pioneer Braces definitely related in colour and pattern to the motifs favoured in related items of the Spring turn-out. Brighton Garters, too.

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an undercover campaign against him (why start with M. Trantoul?), yet he is a good trouper and has a place in the roster. Edward Ransome, by no means as experienced as M. Trantoul, remains a bit of a mystery, for he has a fine voice which seemed to be under wraps whenever I heard it.

Siegfried Tappolet, imported from Germany in a rush to replace Mr. Bohnen, had no difficulty in establishing himself as a Wagnerian bass of parts, and Tancredi Pasero, who divided the Italian low-note repertory with Mr. Pinza in the early months, was equally efficient. Alfredo Gandolfi, a baritone with a good idea of what it was all about, strengthened the army of bit singers. Karl Riedel, although he had been listed for several years as an assistant conductor, really became a new first-line director when he took over "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre" for a few performances, and made the venerable boys hop. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Some Sweet, Silly, and Semi-Senescent Songs

SPRING styles in popular songs still run to the smooth, swaying, almost swooning melodies, with a few eccentric variations. The hillbilly influence, which had reached an apparent climax some years ago in "The Prisoner's Song," is with us again, breaking out most virulently in the aria about the St. James Infirmary. There are several versions extant, but I fancy that the *Ur-text* never will be published in its entirety. Why they like this funereal epos, I don't know; but they do, and the only recourse you have is to turn off the radio. Speaking of the radio, I note a swing back to "Casey Jones," one of our finest folk tunes, which deserves a good concert transcription.

There also is a tendency in the direction of dizziness. Witness the revival of "Minnie the Mermaid," an innocent piscatorial ballad which is capable of curious ramifications. Observe also the gyrations of "Me and the Girl Next Door" and the exuberant idiocy implied in "'Leven-Thirty Saturday Night."

FOR your piano you might try these suggestions:

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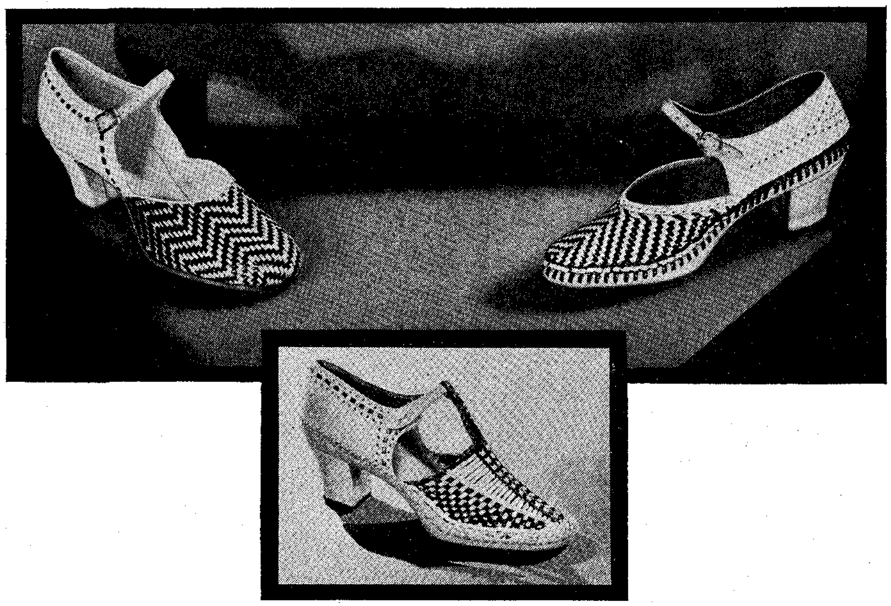
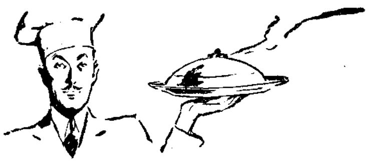
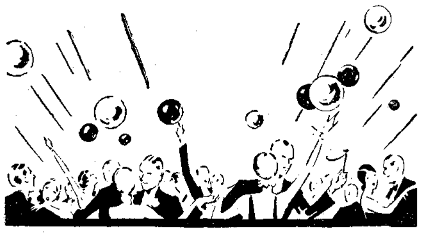




EAT . . . . .

. . . . DANCE



and be MERRY

IT'S fun to let your toes tap to the rhythm of Bernie Cummins' music while you eat some luscious morsel prepared for you by that other artist—Chef Pierre Berard. It's just a question of minutes before you'll be melting into the crowd and swaying to those twinkling tunes.

We provide the perfect floor, the perfect music and the perfect atmosphere. All you have to bring is the perfect partner. Then the Terrace Restaurant of The New Yorker becomes a 1930 version of Paradise.

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers play nightly at dinner and supper. No couvert at dinner—$1.00 couvert after 10 P. M., except Saturdays and Holidays—then $2.00.

2500 rooms . . . all with radio, tub, shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice-water . . . Four restaurants . . . Room Rates $3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are $5.00 or less. Suites $11.00 a day and upward.

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Attractive rates offered on rooms and suites taken on a permanent basis. For rates and particulars write or 'phone the assistant managers.

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to those tested appeals: the South and the lunar system.

WHERE THE GOLDEN DAFFODILS GROW. Light and lazy business, with a good fox-trot lilt.

I NEVER DREAMT. The first English importation not heralded as the favorite song of the Prince of Wales. The Prince ought to like this well-mannered affair, and so ought you.

WE LOVE US. Vivacious business, not to be taken too seriously, but good hoofing material.

ON A BLUE AND MOONLESS NIGHT. Not exactly a torch ballad, but a good specimen of contemporary *mélancolique*.

YOUR EYES. Pleasantly liquid and dealing with a popular notion.

TALK OF THE TOWN. A great deal of animation and celebration, to which you will dance frequently.

SO SYMPATHETIC. Plaintive inquiries into the vagaries of reciprocal affections, gracefully aired.

HANGIN' ON THE GARDEN GATE. It goes on to describe the minutiae of sayin' good night.

DOWN THE RIVER OF GOLDEN DREAMS. A well-made waltz, excellently adapted for close-range humming and strumming.

ACCORDION JOE. An ovation for a gentleman who does his amatory stuff with the assistance of a popular musical instrument. A good tip for some of you young fellows; but do you know how long it takes to master the accordion?

YOU DARLIN'. A little confection which ought to get along well. —POP

•

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

HOLLYWOOD

Who but a child of folly would
Betake himself to Hollywood?
There's nothing there but rows and rows
Of unimpressive studios.
Their walls are high and white and wide.
They will not let you go inside.

Occasionally indiscreet,
They shoot a few scenes in the street;
But you are herded off to mope
Behind a half a mile of rope,
Where tall policemen, while they screen 'em,
Shove elbows in your duodenum.

The stars look much like melon rind,
Their countenances calcimined
With somewhat more than just enough
Of horrid, sticky, tawny stuff;
And how could any fellow wish
For anyone so yellowish?

It isn't nice. It isn't fair.
And so I've come away from there,
Heading home again to *my* land:
Sensible Manhattan Island,
Whose ladies more discreetly take up
The artful-artless art of makeup.

—A. K. L.

With a lily in his hand

. . . and what else but a big box of Maillard's concealed behind his back

He is, after all, one of the better sort, a member of that sturdy breed who have never forgotten Tennyson's famous line (or is it Chaucer's?) that goes "last the best of all the game."

Neither has he forgotten that practically any day now he may wake up and find it's Easter. Hence the lily. Hence the expectant look on the lady's face. Hence her lack of the enthusiasm you know she'd register if she could see what he's holding in his other hand.

But you and we, gentle reader, we *can* see. We who have learned the incomparable appeal of Maillard's know the radiance soon to suffuse her fair features. Here are sweets that she'll reach for—and how!

One of the latest and most popular of the Maillard assortments is a box called Chocolats Miniature. It comes in both one-pound and two-pound packages and contains a variety of exquisite chocolates in pieces of diminutive size. $2.00 and $4.00 the box.

Maillard's
at good stores everywhere

THE DEEP TALKERS

"PAR'M me, Miss Fink. You better eat up your char maine because it's getting cold."

"Oh, I finished up the char maine. See?"

"You wanna dance?"

"No, I think I'll sit this one out. I think if people developed theirselves along the lines of their mind insteada dancing, why they'd be much better off in the long run."

"Say, you're kinder deep, ain't you? Par'm me, but what line of business are you in?"

"Why do you ast?"

"Because you must hold down a good job. You can't tell me that a girl who is a deep thinker ain't got a good job."

"You must be a mind-reader or something. I'm a private sec'etary to a buyer. He handles over a quarter million dollars' worth of business a year. Nachally you don't hold down a job like that unless you got some grain matter in your head."

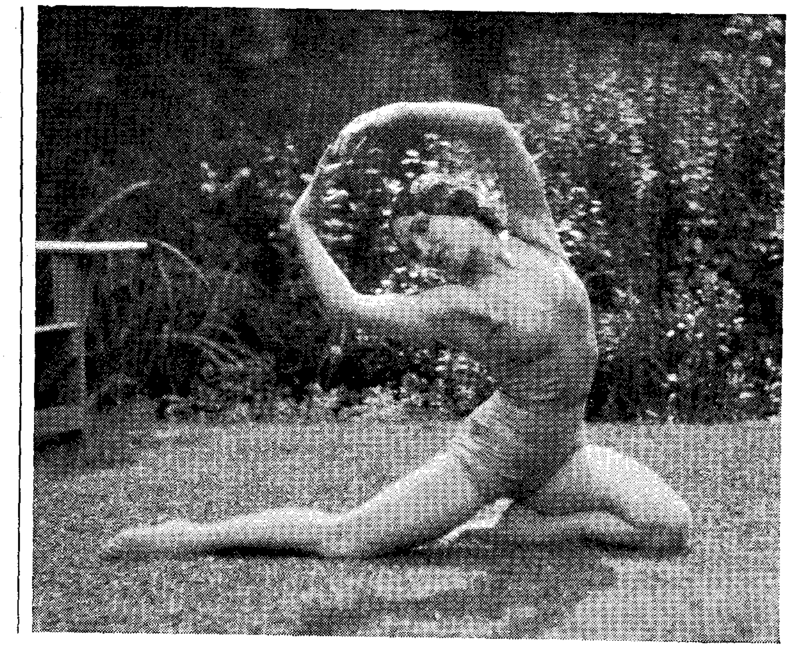
"Nachally."

"I got better offers from lots of people who come in contact with my desk. The oney thing is I gotta big responsibility and nachally if I resign I gotta break in some new girl and the chances are she'd mess up the job and get Mr. Roberts all upset. Mr. Roberts, he's my boss. I installed a new system all myself the first month I was there and Mr. Roberts, he's the buyer, he gimme a raise on the stren'th of that alone. Nachally I wanna stay with a man who appreciates what you do for him."

"Y' KNOW, it's funny meeting a girl who don't wanna dance but would rather sit and talk and develop their mind insteada their feet. A feller thinks more of a girl who does that than who is dancing all the time and is developing their feet insteada their mind."

"Well, I'm always one jump ahead of the average girl. That's why I'm where I am and the average girl, she's where she is. Mr. Roberts, he threw a bouquet at the office to me about my books, oney the other day. He told me I was awful neat in the way I keep my books. But then, if you ain't neat where does it get you? I think you can always tell what a person is by the way she keeps her books. If she keeps her books sloppy then it's a sign she's got a sloppy nature."

"Yeah, you said it. It's the same



COME STRAIGHT FROM THE DRESSMAKER

to Elizabeth Arden

IS there anything more demoralizing than a fitting? Cold floods of light and a triple mirror make your limitations only too apparent. You come away in a state of baffled fury.

Come straight to Elizabeth Arden. For she is much more interested in your possibilities than your shortcomings. True, she will deal with the shortcomings first. But her sure knowledge shows her the face you will have a month from now—the coming line of your throat, the new figure that will carry off the clothes you bought today.

The change she sees is not a superficial one—no mere trick of altering the site of your rouge, the shade of your lipstick. Miss Arden's methods are less concerned with the surface than with what lies beneath. Surely, naturally she tones, strengthens and builds new beauty—not simply for your face, for your whole body.

Her new salon, equipped with every aid to beauty according to Miss Arden's accurate, scientific methods, is literally a laboratory of loveliness, a charming clinic where you may consult a famous specialist to perfect and maintain your charm.

For an appointment at the hour you prefer,
please telephone Plaza 5847.

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NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

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Spendthrift?

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One filling of this tiny purse-size atomizer will last for weeks of correct perfuming.

PRESS, *PRESTO!—and out floats your favorite perfume*

Posed by June Collyer, Fox Film Star.

in a delicate mist-like spray!

Carry it with you always—use just enough perfume at a time . . . renew it, as desired.

It's the *necessary accessory* for your handbag.

Beautifully made Purse and Boudoir Models to match your costume or scheme of decoration.

$5. and up wherever perfumes or accessories are sold.

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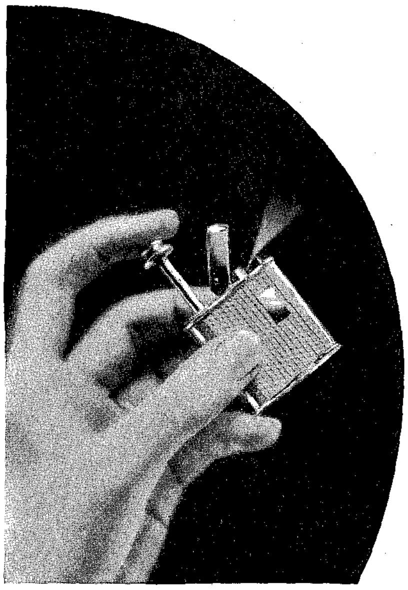

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way even in my line. I'm in the—"

"It's not oney your line. It's true in every line. You can't mention one line it ain't true in."

"You said it. You got a head on your shoulders. While the people on the floor is using their soles, I'm talking to my soulmate. Get it?"

"What's that?"

"I was saying, the people on the floor, they're using soles to dance with. I'm talking to my soulmate. One is the sole on the shoe, the other is the soul—you know. Like an angel. Like a soul in heaven."

"Say, you're kinder deep, ain't you?"

"That ain't deep—that's a wisecrack."

"Oh, it's a wisecrack? Say, next time you pull a wisecrack you better lemme know. The other day Mr. Roberts he was in conference with one of the executives and I came in to get a letter signed, and he was telling a joke. The executive din laugh at all because he din have no sense of humor. But you shoulda heard me laugh! Mr. Roberts din say a word but you could tell he was glad he had a sec'etary with a sense of humor. Where are you if you ain't got it?"

"You said it. I got such a sense of humor I keep the family in stitches all the time."

"MR. ROBERTS gimme a letter today and if I din use my head and corrected the figgers the firm woulda lost about a thousand dollars. I saw the mistake and I went in and I called Mr. Roberts' attention to it. 'Thank you very much, Miss Fink,' he says. 'I'm glad you called my attention to it because the firm woulda

lost about a thousand dollars.' That's what I like about Mr. Roberts—he's always appreciating things."

"You must hold down some important job."

"You said it I must hold down some important job! All his personal correspondence goes through my hands. I got all his personal information right on my fingertips. I could tell you a thing or two that I bet even Mr. Roberts don't know I know about him."

"Is he a good-looking man—Mr. Roberts?"

"Well, he's kinder good-looking. He's a college man, but he's short."

"A shrimp, ha?"

"But I always say, never judge a man by his heighth. I judge a man by what he is, not by his heighth."

"Well, that's the oney way to judge a man. Holding down a job like that, I suppose the last thing you wanna do is to get married."

"Well, I wouldn't get married unless my intended can make it as comfortable as I'm now off."

"Nachally."

"Still and all, if I loved my intended very much I'd be willing to make some sacrifice. But I dunno, Mr. Roberts would certainly be in a pickle if I left him."

"I can just imagine. I think—oh, hello. The dance over? Say, I wanna tell you that your friend here, Miss Fink, is certainly a deep thinker. We had a long talk and what she don't know about the inside of business ain't nobody's business. She told me—"

—Arthur Kober

•

When a color blind man marries a color blind woman, all children will be color blind. If the same man marries a normal woman all children will be apparently normal, though the daughters may transmit the defect to their sons. Should a color blind man marry a woman that is a carrier, half his daughters will be color blind, the other half carriers, while his sons run an even chance of being color blind or normal. When, however, a normal man marries a normal woman there will, of course, be no color blindness among the offsprings nor among the descendants, unless some of them intermarry with strains that are affected. A normal man marrying a carrier may expect half his sons to be normal, the other half color blind. His daughters will all be apparently normal, but half of them will be carriers. But when a normal man marries a color blind woman he may expect all of his sons to be color blind and all of his daughters to be carriers.—*Good Health.*

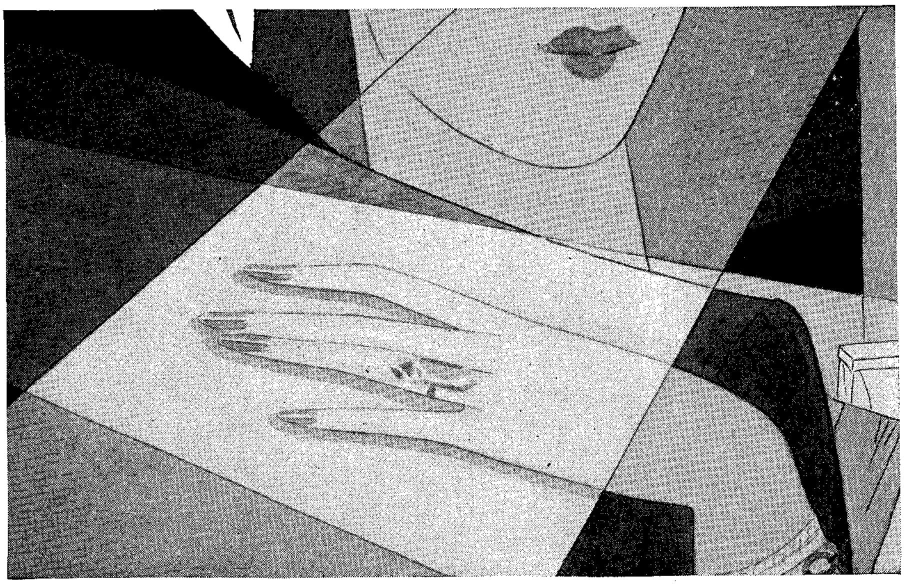
Good health? Good God!

Lipstick Reds!

GLAZO'S

NEWEST NOTE IN FINGERTIPS

Nothing quite so chic has ever sparkled on feminine nails as these new Lipstick Reds of Glazo's. They are real reds!—brilliant and tremendously dramatic. Flame, Geranium and Crimson are their names. And in the new Paris manner, they are designed to harmonize, respectively, with light, medium and dark lipsticks in a smart symphony of color. All three are exquisitely perfumed.



THESE NEW LIPSTICK REDS, TOO, ARE CONSTANT, UNCHANGING, UNDER ANY LIGHT

Like all Glazo polishes, these lovely new tints are as constant in color as the stars. No matter which jewel-like color you choose, you will find it charming by the table's candlelight and just as charming under the dazzling light of ballrooms and bridge tables.

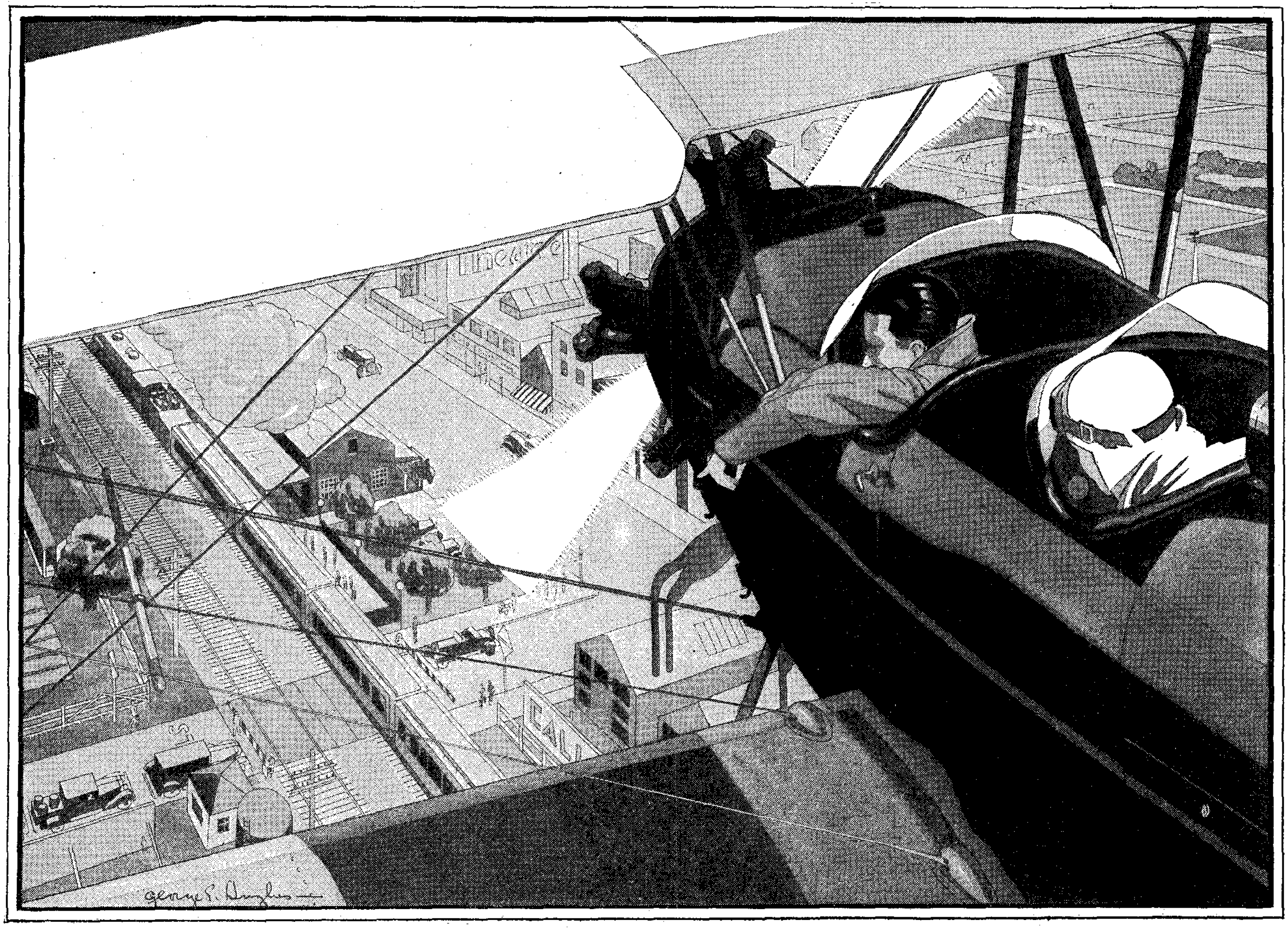
Such constancy of color belongs to Glazo alone. While other polishes may change color or lose lustre under changing lights, Glazo ever remains the same—always lovely, always flattering.

Be sure to see these new Glazo Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson. You will be fascinated by their possibilities of beauty. You will find them at all good toilet goods counters.

PERFUMED **GLAZO**

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., 191 Hudson St., N. Y.

My Boy . . . My Business *and our Travel Air*



MY BOY began his flying like some of the youngsters in my day began their swimming—in secret. He broke the news only after his first solo flight. Of course I was proud, but I was also disturbed. I did not know what sort of plane and what kind of pilot Phil was going up with. Then I decided that if he was going to fly, it would be in a plane of proved reputation and performance.

After a thorough study of the different types and makes of aircraft, we bought a Travel Air biplane. It was really "one for Phil and two for me," for I soon found that a plane fitted happily into my business picture. You see my home and my factory are at Oldtown—114 miles by road, three and one-half hours by rail, from my office and showroom in the city. By air it's 90 miles, *by Travel Air* 45 minutes.

Now Phil pilots me to the city three times a week. I save the salary of a city manager and Phil gets all the flying he wants. And his mother and I don't worry, because we know the ship he is flying is the last word in safe and sturdy aircraft construction.

Weekends! The Travel Air doesn't rest then either. It has carried Phil, my daughter and me to every good golf course within a radius of 150 miles. Of course all the young folks in the neighborhood want to go along too and I am often crowded out of the party. All in all we are certainly getting our money's worth from our Travel Air.

* * *

Stalwart and rugged, designed to withstand every strain, rigorously tested in construction and flight, the Travel Air is the "Ironsides" of the skies. A large percentage of commercial planes are of this make. Travel Air planes are speeding air mail, transporting passengers, flying hither and yon on swift industrial missions. Many of the Travel Air records are unsurpassed. Full particulars about these planes, their construction and performance in commercial, industrial and private flying, will be gladly sent you. Write Dept. T-12.

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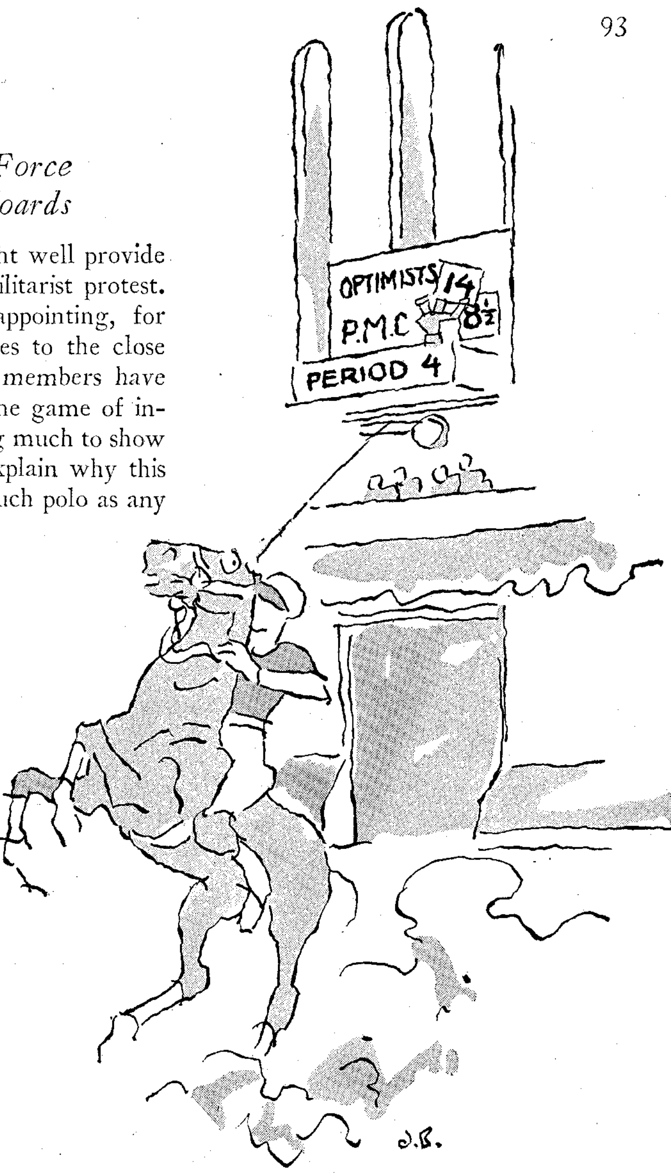
A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

TRAVEL AIR

INDOOR POLO

What Might Have Been—Grace Against Force —Argentines at the Armory—Over the Boards



IT might not be a bad idea for teams to rest a fortnight before the start of the National championships. Looking back over the past few weeks of the tournament, it is possible to pick out several games in which polo that was more or less wasted in practice could have been used to great effect in the finals. Several times championships were lost because a team apparently had gone stale.

This year, for instance, Squadron A concentrated its best forces on Class B. A week or so before the opening of the championships the team worked out with the Optimists, taking nine goals from them on handicap and giving them very much of a run for their money. Tom Bancroft, Bill Jackson, and Fritz Vietor played the best polo they were to show all season, but unfortunately a practice game doesn't count. When they faced Fort Hamilton in the championships their original freshness had worn off.

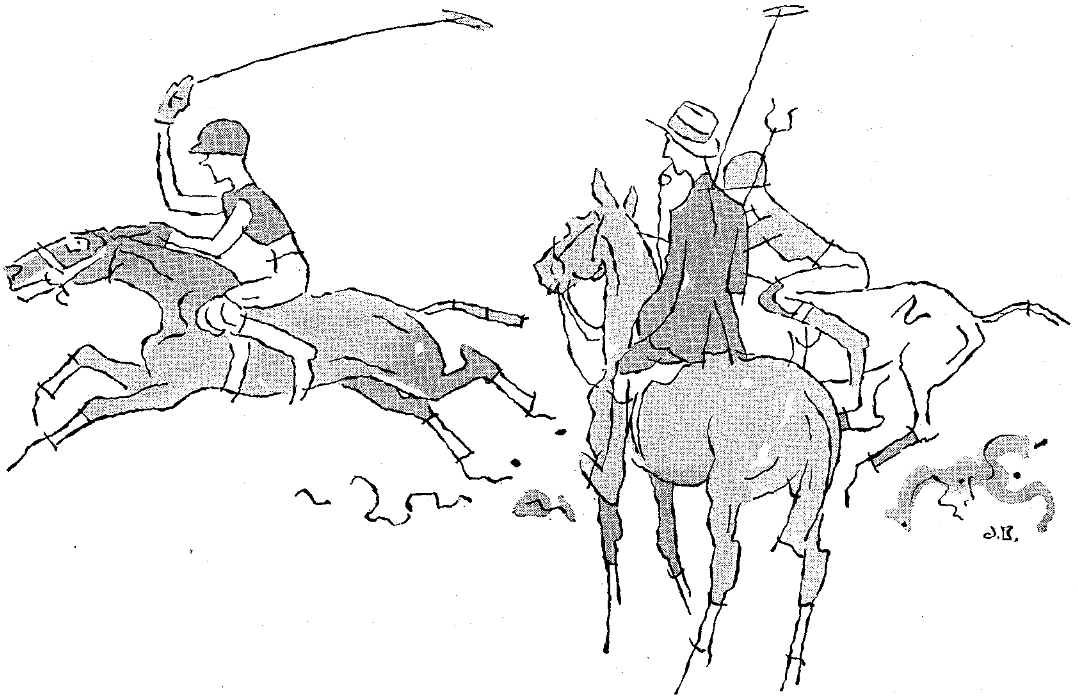
Since the Squadron had abandoned the custom of recent years whereby, as hosts, they felt obliged to take a drubbing in Class A, their hopes were high for the next class; but the officers of Fort Hamilton had other plans, and their plans worked. Indoor polo is ideally suited to the army officer. There is always a whole-hearted ruggedness about army polo which has a chance for full play within the walls of a riding ring. You can't do much that is subtle with a man and a pony climbing up your back. The blue-shirted riders of Squadron A went to a complete and one-sided defeat.

At the risk of arousing the animosity of the National Security League, I want to point out that last Saturday there was a parade in celebration of the start of the war or something, and Squadron A was in it. The regulars also marched, but that sort of thing is an old story to them. For the semi-pros of the National Guard, and particularly for their horses, a parade is an exciting affair. The result of the evening's game might well provide fuel for another anti-militarist protest.

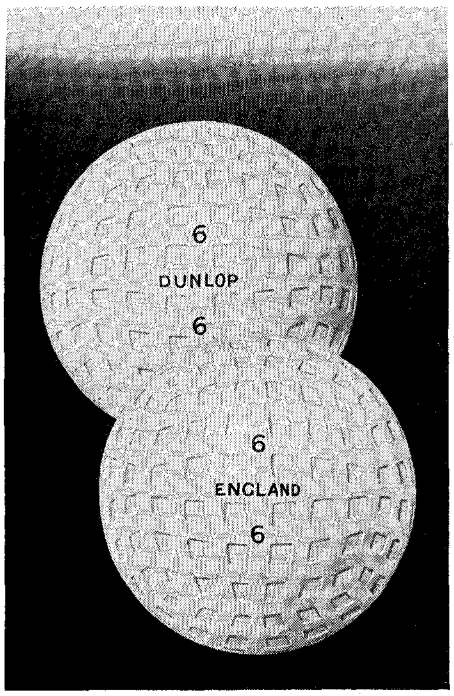
It was all very disappointing, for Squadron A again comes to the close of a year in which its members have done a great deal for the game of indoor polo without having much to show for it. It is hard to explain why this outfit, which plays as much polo as any other group in the East, and perhaps more, should find it so difficult to win National titles. Possibly the annoying routine of drills and military chores will have to be done away with.

THE Squadron A defeat came in the same week that saw the last appearance for the season of the youthful Pennsylvania Military College players. This, also, may be made an excuse for a discussion of what might have been. Not that they should have been any closer in their final game, for they made quite a plucky showing against the Optimists, but they might have done better in the Intercollegiates if they had saved their strength during the preliminary weeks.

P. M. C. played a tremendous amount of polo this winter. Week after week they would wander back to their campus—or is it called "post"?—at three and four o'clock of a Sunday morning after a game in Brooklyn or New York. They practiced every day, just to keep their hands in, until they



The little difference in price can never equal the big difference in results to the good player..



THE *imported*
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$1
MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

were eliminated, when what they needed was a week at Atlantic City.

Also, one can't help but feel that if Stewart Iglehart had not decided to win the hockey championship for Yale this season—only to be tied by Harvard—Yale might well have taken the college polo championship. For Iglehart looked exceptionally fit when he returned to his ponies last week.

WHETHER or not the Riding and Driving Club faces the Optimists in the final game, its team certainly came back with appealing courage in that encounter with Yale. Yale, with Iglehart, Raymond Guest, and Cokey Rathborne, has a fine polo team. It was a young team and it was on the upgrade, while the Brooklynites have been battered, more or less, from pillar to post this year. It was fitting, too, that Carl Pflug should have scored the last-minute winning goal, for Pflug has been having his troubles this season, and not all of them were his own fault. It is gratifying to see Brooklyn, if it must go down, go down with banners flying and mallets flailing to the attack.

IT is impossible to avoid making the weekly comment on the play of the Optimists. If they stay together another year, they'll all have to be handicapped at ten goals apiece or made to play with only two men for two periods.

Their last act was a neat demonstration of the triumph of grace over brute force. The display of grace was interesting; at times, as when Lieutenant Jones dribbled around the entire field, it was fascinating; but somehow the brute force was more amusing. This

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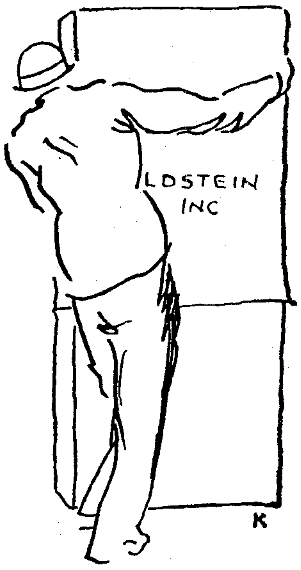

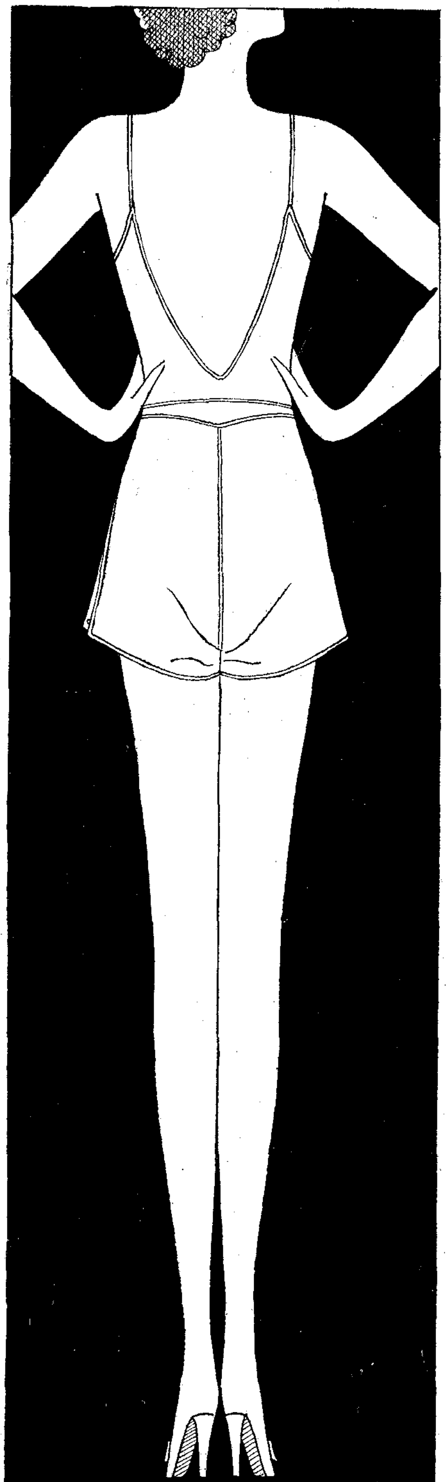

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rôle was, of course, filled by Tim Clark.

THE members of Argentina's polo team, on their way home from California and victory, sat in a box at the championships to see what indoor polo is like. Manuel Andrada kept grunting in admiration whenever Clark tore into things. Once he turned and remarked, "He ver' tough." That, from Mr. Andrada, is praise from Caesar.

Even so, Lieutenant Jones, who weighs only a hundred and thirty-five pounds, kept proving that, if you can ride, you don't always need weight in this game. He had Clark on top of him most of the evening, yet he continued to shoot goals and set them up with unfailing finesse. This man Jones—but then, that has all been said so often this year.

ON the safe side of the knee boards: A last-minute search for the Class D trophies, which were found just in time to be presented to Ramapo. . . . The Messrs. Robert Granniss and George Sherman trying to persuade the Argentines to send up an indoor team. . . . Winston Guest postponing his shower while he waited for word of his brother's progress in Brooklyn. . . . Archie Kinny, as referee, struggling to keep from being run over and trying to listen to advice from the sideboards. . . . The sudden twilight that followed a blown-out fuse. . . . The broken ball which Tim Clark and someone else struck at the same time. . . . Captain Kelly Wise's spinning fall under two ponies and his quick recovery. . . . Bill Jackson, minus a mallet, riding over a ball which his pony kicked in the right direction. —MARTINGALE

•

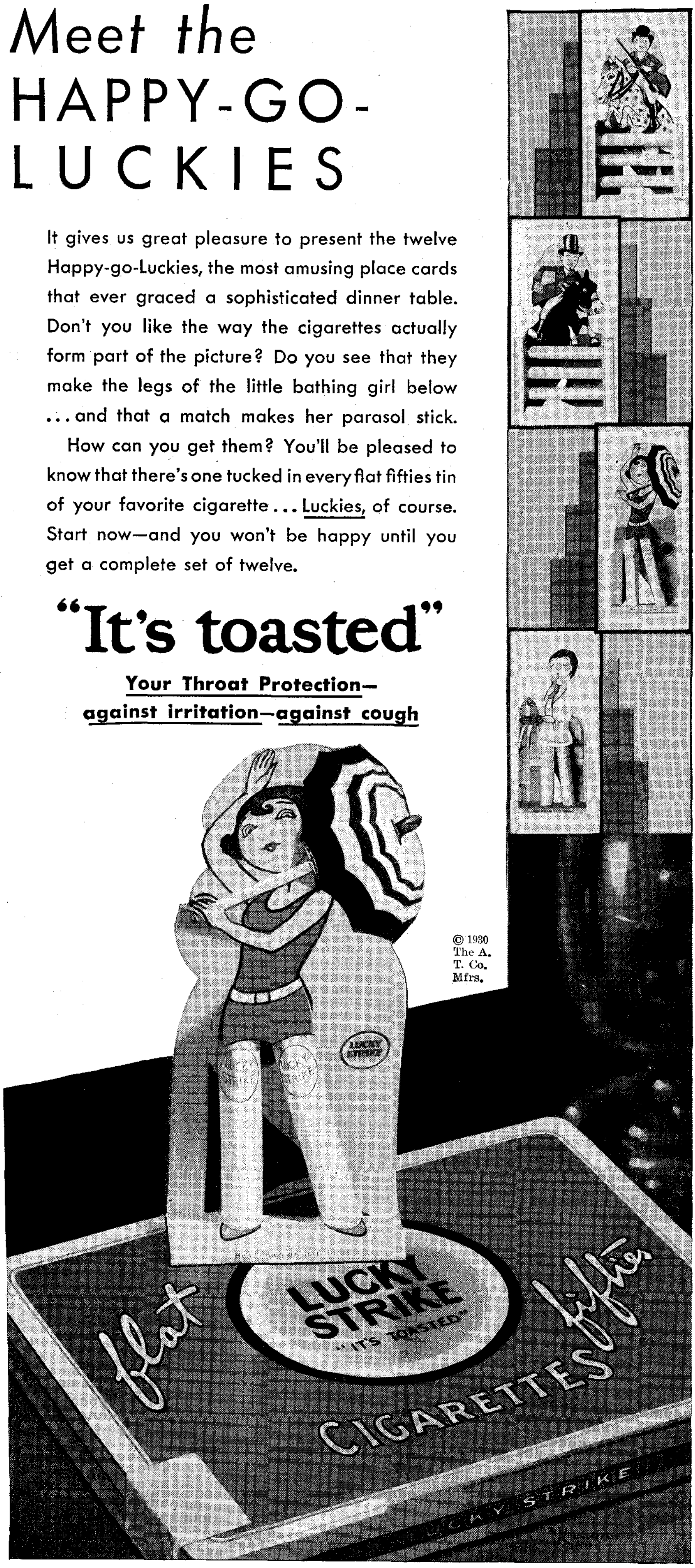
This wizardry of spring will be over soon. I cannot be content in an office chair while this chemistry is going on. Cows are rubbing off their winter garments and taking on their spring vestments.—*The Industrial Student, Camp Hill, Ala.*

Now you've made *us* restless.

•

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12—Mrs. Lewis Jerome Johnson, wife of a Harvard professor, told the house judiciary committee today that she had never heard of "corn liquor."—*A.P. dispatch in an Omaha paper.*

That's all right, we've never heard of "Harvard."



Meet the HAPPY-GO-LUCKIES

It gives us great pleasure to present the twelve Happy-go-Luckies, the most amusing place cards that ever graced a sophisticated dinner table. Don't you like the way the cigarettes actually form part of the picture? Do you see that they make the legs of the little bathing girl below . . . and that a match makes her parasol stick.

How can you get them? You'll be pleased to know that there's one tucked in every flat fifties tin of your favorite cigarette . . . Luckies, of course. Start now—and you won't be happy until you get a complete set of twelve.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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Made A Prediction
«Tennis, Like Golf,
Will Change From
Wood to Steel» . . .
Now It Is a Fact . .

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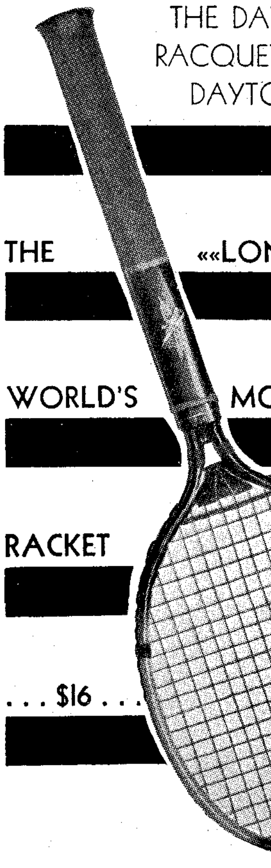

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LITTLE REMEMBRANCES

WHEN I was a little boy up in Heaven I was not given the ability to write verse. So when I came to this earth and grew up to be a big boy, I couldn't write poems to my girl when she gave me the air.

Driven by a desperate need for some way to show how badly I felt, I fell back on my ingenuity. I herewith pass on little tricks to show the prosy how to express their sorrow when the loved one grows cold.

One of my favorites is to telephone her at four o'clock in the morning. "What," the reader might ask, "do you say to her?" And to that I reply, "Nothing." That's where the trick comes in. Sleepy-eyed and a little angry, perhaps, the loved one picks up the telephone and says, weakly, "Hell-loooo." Then you hang up, without a word. The loved one then knows that *someone* is thinking of her. She may not even suspect it is you, but surely she will think of you, if only as a possibility.

Another way is to send telegrams. The first telegram should read:

HOW ABOUT IT
UNSIGNED

The loved one will wonder how about what. There are certain things she will think of first, certain questions which every attractive girl is asked at one time or another, but she will not know which of her admirers sent the telegram. The next day you send Telegram No. 2. This should read:

STILL WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER
UNSIGNED

You can imagine her perplexity. The loved one may even send thirty or forty telegrams to various people, asking how about what. Think of it. You may even get one such telegram. Better not answer it.

MY loved one told me she didn't want to hear from me again, but I had to participate in her mail. This is how I did it. I got old Jim Henry to send samples of good old Mennen's to S. T. Frisbee (her name being Suzanne Townsend Frisbee); I got the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to tell her the advantages of their books in a house where there are children; I subscribed to *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang* for her. Some of these things cost a little money. Here and there I had to

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared E. R. Spaulding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the general manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editors, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City. Editor, H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City. Managing Editors, R. McA. Ingersoll, 57 East 88th Street, New York City, and Katharine S. White, 16 East 8th Street, New York City. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, C. E. Brindley, 136 West 91st Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. R. Fleischmann, 71 East 77th Street, New York City; R. G. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; Jane Grant, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City; J. Hanrahan, 4520 Livingston Avenue, New York City; R. Irvin, Palisade Avenue, Spuyten Duyvil, New York; J. J. McCall, 135 West 183rd Street, New York City; H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City; A. H. Samuels, 10 East 85th Street, New York City; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; Katharine S. White, 16 East 8th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. E. R. SPAULDING, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1930. (Seal.) CHARLES B. FRASCA, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 167, New York Register's No. 1F117. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

send ten cents for a sample tube or blade, but to know that her mailbox continued full as when I was writing to her—that was worth it!

My florist helped me out on one occasion. We fixed up a little scheme to send my loved one two orchids, with my card enclosed. A half-hour after the loved one got the orchids her doorbell rang. It was the delivery boy, bearing a note in which my florist apologized for the mistake. He had become so accustomed to sending my flowers to her that he forgot for the moment that the flowers were meant for a Miss Smeed in Sixty-first Street. Of course there isn't any Miss Smeed in Sixty-first Street, but I am sure that when my loved one didn't find Miss Smeed's name in the telephone book she figured Miss Smeed has an unlisted number.

These things are nice, of course, but I envy the people who can write poetry.

—John O'Hara

•

GOOD COMPANY

His dissertation through, she cooed
  assent.
She too, it seems, thought therapy
  enthralling,
He smiled, and, at her bidding, lent
Her books which treated with his
  chosen calling.

A youth she met who loved that dear
  delight,
Philosophy, and straightway it tran-
  spired
That she adored it. Far into the night
He talked of Kant and Croce—and
  admired.

All things she loves, the sciences, the
  arts,
Abstract, concrete, the Higher Things,
  the lower.
All knowledge is her province, maid
  of parts—
God grant she never meets a hammer-
  thrower.

—Parke Cummings

•

Frank Thomline, wanted by Cincinnati police for alleged stock swindle, has been located in Los Angeles writing scenarios.—*Medina (O.) Sentinel.*

Take him on both counts.

•

GUENTSEL'S INN—Private pining rooms. 131 S. 1st Ave.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

With lonely maid service?

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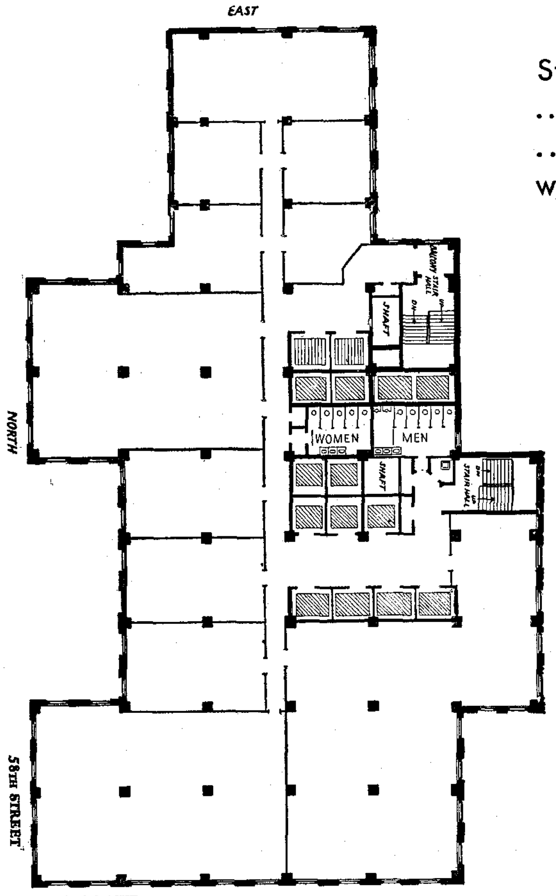

Study the Diagram
...See the Building
...Your Judgment
will do the Rest!

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Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon

EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

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Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of

Berkeley Square

By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore
LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

LAST 2 WEEKS

Engagement Ends Sat., Apr. 19

WAKE UP AND DREAM

ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of
CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE
with TILLY LOSCH JESSIE MATTHEWS TINA MELLER

SELWYN THEATRE 42 St., W. of Broadway
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Walter Greenough announces the fifth production of the New York Theatre Assembly

OTTO KRUGER

in **THEY NEVER GROW UP**

THEATRE **MASQUE** 45th St. W. of B'y Evs. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

CHANINS 46th ST. THEA. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30

Entire Balcony Good Seats $1, $2, $3. (No Tax)
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New Revue of Laughs and Beauties
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featuring WILL MAHONEY
WILLIAM DEMAREST
THREE SAILORS
56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30
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"The play is an event. It is not a play to miss." —*Sun*

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THE Green Pastures

By MARC CONNELLY

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

44th STREET THEATRE
West of Broadway

JOHN McCORMACK

in **"SONG O' MY HEART"**

Twice Daily 2:45-8:45—Sun. at 3:00, 5:45 & 8:45;
Nights 50c to $2.00. Mats. (Exc. Sat.) 50c to $1.00

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"MUST REMAIN THE LAST WORD IN DRAMA FOR A LONG TIME TO COME."

Benchley, New Yorker

SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street
West of Broadway
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

By Ivan Turgenev

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE APPLE CART

Bernard Shaw's
Political Extravaganza

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

PHILIP MERIVALE in

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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The Comedy Hit from the French
with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

GRACE GEORGE

in the St. John Ervine comedy

FIRST MRS. FRASER

with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.

MATINEES EASTER WEEK:
Mon. April 21—Wed. April 23—Thurs. April 24 and Sat. April 26

2ND YEAR IN NEW YORK CITY

STREET SCENE

AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:50

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:10
Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

9TH MONTH

DAVID BELASCO presents

"It's a Wise Child"

"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

An Evening of Thrills and Laughter!

"THE BLUE GHOST"

FORREST Thea. 49 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

EDGAR SELWYN presents

CLARK & McCULLOUGH

in the new and novel musicalplay

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, 42 St. W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

EMBASSY

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ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

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a Comedy

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with HOPE WILLIAMS

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Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger*
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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50 MILLION FRENCHMEN

A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
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"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*

LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

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"Should live as long as the Subway itself"—*Evening Post.*

REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

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"The Perfect Fool"

in ZIEGFELD SENSATION

"SIMPLE SIMON"

PRICES—$1 to $5 & tax. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3
Seats at Box Office—Mail Orders Filled

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Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats Wed. & Sat.

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ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

"UNDER A TEXAS MOON"
(in Technicolor)
WINTER GARDEN
B'way & 50th St. &
7th Ave. & 50th St.
POPULAR PRICES
Continuous Performances—
Midnight Shows Every Night
Warner Bros. and Vitaphone Pictures

AL JOLSON
in "MAMMY"
WARNER BROS. THEA. Broadway and 52nd St. | Daily 2:45—8:45 Sun. 3—6—8:45
Specially equipped seats for the Hard of Hearing. Tickets in advance.

TIFFANY presents
The Greatest screen drama of all time
The all talking screen version of R. C. Sherriff's World Famed play
JOURNEY'S END
with COLIN CLIVE
GAIETY Thea., B'way. & 46 St. Twice Daily 2:45—8:45. 3 times Sat. & Sun. 2:45—5:45—8:45

FUNNIEST COMEDY ON EARTH!
6TH MONTH
JOE SMITH & CHAS. DALE and ALEXANDER CARR with LISA SILBERT
MENDEL, INC.
GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 43rd St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Seats $1 to $3.

Connolly and Swanstrom's Hit
JACK DONAHUE in
SONS O' GUNS with
LILY DAMITA
(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)
ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS
IMPERIAL THEA. 45th W. of B'WAY. EVS. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
"One of the best musical shows to come this way in several seasons."—Heywood Broun, Telegram.

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
April 12, 13, 14: GRETA GARBO *talks* in "ANNA CHRISTIE"; April 15, 16: MARILYN MILLER in "SALLY"; April 17, 18: "LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY" with Cliff Edwards & Charles Kaley.
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

[— JOHN GALLISHAW —]
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A Spring Discussion Group
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SHORT STORY WRITING
Beginning April 15, 1930.
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

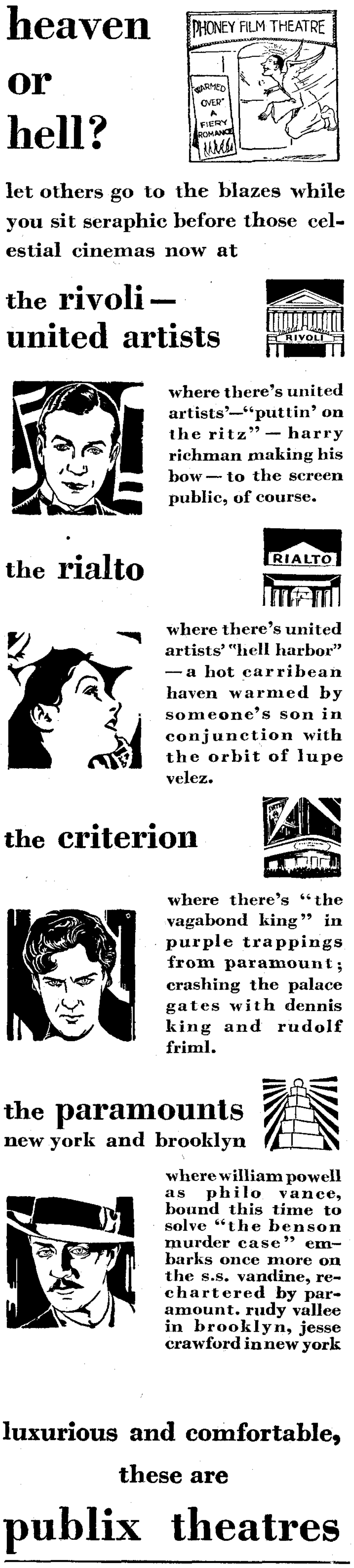
Just Two Laughs—The Mexican Jumping Bean Comes into Its Own—With a Happy Ending

A CLOUD, perhaps Lenten, hangs over the movies this week, and any pleasure you may hope to derive from this form of entertainment will have to be looked for in the old pictures rather than in the latest offerings. There are few enough of these anyhow, with only one major star presented among the lot. Not that there is anything really Lenten in William Haines' peculiar talent as displayed in "The Girl Said No," but its effect is depressing, for all his energy here seems bumptiousness, and the whole noisy, raucous business weighs heavily upon the spirit.

The picture is one of those comedies of modern youth wherein our hero proves to have a heart of gold as well as a competent flair for business. Generally Mr. Haines gives a touch of real humor to this sort of part; in this movie he seems to show all his faults and none of his virtues. It is the poorest Haines picture I have seen.

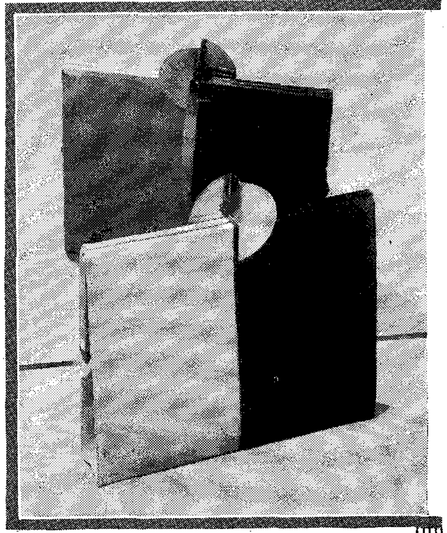
Yet I suppose one should credit it with two laughs. Two little laughs in this vale of tears must be treasured. One comes in a scene in which a waiter, passing a patron a bowl of milk in a restaurant, meows at the aghast guest, and the other we owe to dear Marie Dressler as the lady financier, Hetty Brown, when she takes a swig of alcohol and, with utter abandonment of elegance, shows us a tipsy matron.

BURLESQUE, I believe, is intended and laughs are sought in "Under a Texas Moon." It might even be described as a satire on the usual musical drama of bandits and romance, as the particular Don Carlos, interpreted by Frank Fay, of this particular piece is given to jests and is quite a bit of a wag. The laughs again, however, are mostly on the Vitaphone and seldom in the audience. It is very Spanish, with *hombres* and *señoritas* and mandolins, all washed in especially ghoulish shades from the Technicolor palette. For one reason, though, the picture



heaven or hell?
let others go to the blazes while you sit seraphic before those celestial cinemas now at
the rivoli — united artists
where there's united artists'—"puttin' on the ritz" — harry richman making his bow — to the screen public, of course.
the rialto
where there's united artists' "hell harbor" — a hot carribean haven warmed by someone's son in conjunction with the orbit of lupe velez.
the criterion
where there's "the vagabond king" in purple trappings from paramount; crashing the palace gates with dennis king and rudolf friml.
the paramounts
new york and brooklyn
where william powell as philo vance, bound this time to solve "the benson murder case" embarks once more on the s.s. vandine, rechartered by paramount. rudy vallee in brooklyn, jesse crawford in new york
luxurious and comfortable, these are
publix theatres

MACY'S
ACCESSORY
SHOP
has skilfully copied
VIONNET'S
two-tone BAG



of soft, velvety calfskin,
with a sleek outline

$13.89

More individuality than most bags—more attractive details in one bag than you usually find in several! An odd sort of pinwheel twist in burnished metal is the clasp.

STREET FLOOR, BALCONY

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York

marks a step forward in the history of the cinema: it shows the first appearance on the screen of the Mexican jumping bean in a full-fledged rôle.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM" is a mystery movie—but, God help us, they want us to laugh at it too! The one innovation in this trifle is the detective, who does not follow the current mode of cultivated, overwhelmingly Oxonian, profusely erudite detectives. He is a hardboiled customer here, ignorant of the classics, and consequently somewhat a butt for ridicule. Aside from the laughs, such as they are, there are the familiar properties of horror stories—hands reaching out from behind curtains, shots in the dark, a secret staircase, poisoned needles, even a cataleptic lady in gauze. All is treated, though, with too much hilarity to be very compelling.

EVER eager to leave a benevolent, happy impression, I am possibly unduly grateful to "Guilty?," that grim little thing showing at the Cameo. It is the one picture of the week that doesn't ask for a smile. There isn't a laugh in it, and it is the only new picture that will hold your attention. Not that it is any great affair in itself. It has merely reasonably good acting, and it works around with a wild wrench to a happy ending in a moonlit garden. Its chief big moment is a death-house scene which, for a second, remotely suggests "The Last Mile." The movies, however, never as daring as the stage, hasten over this tragic item. They obscure it as quickly as they can. —J. C. M.

•

AN INTERIOR DECORATOR GETS IN MY HOUSE

Little pretty petty hints
As to taffeta and chintz;

Dainty touches here and there;
Tidy pushes to a chair,

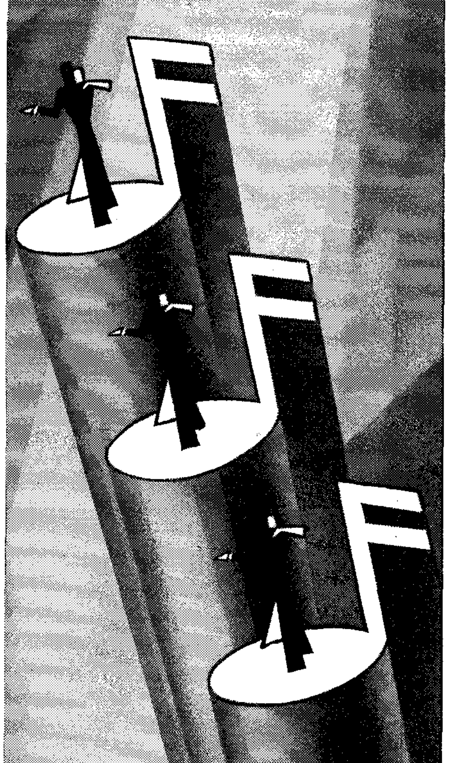
Done artistically, oh!
Everything must balance, so!

Blow a tiny breath of love
On a tapestry, or shove,

Say, a bowl a half an inch,
Give a pillow just a pinch—

Everything, my lady, will
Be enchanting but the bill!
—WILFRED J. FUNK

LIKE NO OTHER
MUSIC YOU'VE
EVER HEARD!



GUY
LOMBARDO
and his
ROYAL CANADIANS

Over the dance floor spreads a coral glow . . . A poignant jazz rhythm has begun . . . From amorous saxophones and muted cornets come the quickening strains of hidden music . . . Lights change to dream-dim sapphire. A waltz like the whisper of warm winds holds you captive to its spell . . . Such is the ecstasy of GUY LOMBARDO and his Orchestra, playing nightly for dinner and supper in

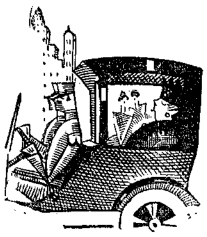
THE
ROOSEVELT
GRILL

MADISON AVENUE
AT 45th STREET

Broadcasting Exclusively
Over the Columbia System

MOTORS

Spring Songs in Major Keys—Non-Shatterable Graham—Man Friday



SINCE spring is here, the motor shops are going in for pastel shades, cream colors, and open-air vehicles. Essex, for instance, now has a convertible sedan, a form of body new to so modest a price class. Its appearance in the democratic ranks suggests that sliding-panel roofs and other ventilating measures are coming to the fore again.

Among the color effects, one of the most successful is that of the blue-and-cream convertible victoria which Brunn has made for Pierce-Arrow, at a price in the neighborhood of $6,500 (more or less, depending on the equipment). The feature here is the quality of the blue, almost a Maxfield Parrish blue—but it's not quite that either. Perhaps we have been unduly carried away with enthusiasm, but the color and the lines of the carriage strike us as indisputably distinguished.

Another exceptional car is the vermilion-upholstered gray Imperial roadster. Chrysler *fecit.* It costs $3,350 delivered at your door in Manhattan, including two extra red-spoked wire wheels with tires, and some ingenious features as well. It has blue-gray fenders, sweeps of blue-gray molding, and aluminum-finish running-boards. The front of the rumble seat, which folds down over your lap, may be pushed up as a windbreak, and—here we pause—it is fitted with two square glass windows.

THERE are some rather neat models to be had at moderate prices. For $1,307 in this city (with the extra wheels and tires) De Soto is showing a fieldmouse-gray convertible coupé with a cloth top and blue-green trimmings. The windshield, nickel-bound and adjusted with nickel side-brackets, tilts outward from the bottom.

Then there is the pearl-gray coupé of Marquette, which, with two extra wheels, sells in New York for $1,270. This also has a nice design. The black fenders contrast well with the body paint; the black moldings are relieved by narrow red striping; and there is lots of nickel. All in all, quite gay.

Incidentally, the custom of building cars with the tires carried in fender-wells (wide grooves on the backs of the fenders) is a shrewd one. If you have the wells, and sport cars do nowadays, you are bound to buy the extra wheels to go in them.

ON first impression the new Graham six, $985 in New York, is a car of exceptional interest. Graham has aimed to incorporate in a popular-priced carriage some of the features of a more expensive one. Here we have non-shatterable glass in all the windows as well as in the windshield, and the sun-visor is in the roof above the driver's seat. The strip of color inside below the windshield, matching the body paint, and the square instrument dials harmonize well with the restraint of the squirrel-gray interior.

Graham's most arresting achievement, however, is in the construction of the body. The sides of the tonneau extend considerably over the running-boards, as in a fabric body. This gives the passengers several inches more room in back. Ruggedness has received a good bit of attention. We shook the fenders and lifted the engine hood, our ear alert for tinniness, but found the metal sturdy and silent. For one who is driving without a chauffeur, or expects to be travelling some distance from any service station, the arrangement of the motor would be very convenient. The starter, the distributor, all the important gadgets, are on the curb side within plain sight and easy reach.

INVENTIONS keep cropping up. The Watson Stabilators have changed over from the strap method to hydraulics. The device has only three moving parts and is so arranged that the temperature of the liquid in the contraption doesn't affect the amount of bounce you get, or miss.

Diesel-engine enthusiasts are at it again. It seems that a car equipped with a Cummins four-cylinder Diesel has recently made seventy-eight miles an hour on a trial at Daytona Beach. That's fine. The Diesel motor has the advantage, too, of doing away with a lot of ignition parts and using a low-grade fuel which does not inflame easily, features which have marked value in aircraft. For passenger cars these qualities are pleasant, though not essential, but they could easily prove to be invaluable on heavy commercial vehicles, which are always shaking things loose and now and then bursting into flames on Manhattan Bridge. Our enthusiasm weakened a bit, however, when we were told the fuel would call for another pump at every filling station.

QUITE a novel motor vehicle has been developed that should be useful on large estates. The affair is the Twin-Coach truck, and it looks like a motorized milk wagon (without the shafts). It goes backward or forward with equal ease, which makes it simple to handle in narrow roads. Also, its floor is very low, almost at the level of the ground, an advantage in hauling stuff where there is no loading platform. It can be fitted with benches to transport workmen or servants. In short, a diverting and serviceable Man Friday for a country place that is large enough to warrant a fleet of vehicles.

WHILE the automobile designers have apparently been quite industrious this winter, the people in charge of our streets and roads seem to have merely been resting. There has been a lot of talk at various times about building a decent plaza at this end of the Queensboro Bridge, but where is it? Also, they might well finish the other half of Riverdale Avenue at its southern exit—that's been hanging fire for about three years; and there's still a lot of delay and fidgeting about widening that bridge near the start of Jericho Turnpike. The only bright spot we can see is the further extension of the boulevard leading from the Holland Tunnel—that and the Christmas-tree lights on the Hudson bridge at 178th Street.

SO far, the main highways of the country seem to have been spared the spring floods which usually rise with disastrous effect in one section or another. Georgia, which went through quite a siege last fall, has completely recovered. Route 1, from Augusta to Florida, and Route 41, which goes south from Atlanta and joins Route 1 at Jacksonville, are in excellent condition.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

●

Having said all this with sincerity, and having expressed my profound gratitude and my pride that such a genius [Thornton Wilder] should belong to Yale, I may also with some trepidation express my hope that he will not again take a harlot for a heroine.—*William Lyon Phelps in the Yale News.*

Yes, he certainly owes *that* to Yale.

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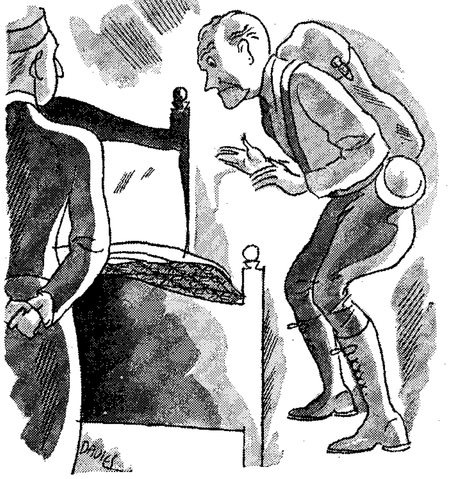

And Spartans Sneer

BEDS quite removed from the pine bough school of sleeping . . . food quite opposed to the roughage era . . . service on tap like hot and cold water . . . camping-out pilgrims, back-to-nature-lovers find little satisfaction at the luxurious Carlton.

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FIVE FROM A CIRCUS

CALLIOPE

My music
(Since you call it such)
Does not intrigue me
Overmuch.
To publish it
I would not dream.
It is a way
To let off steam!

CLOWN

The paper hoop
Is but a sign,
A symbol
Of this trade
Of mine.
Not I
The fool
For crashing through it,
But *you!*
Who pay to see me do it.

FAT LADY

Have you considered
That my worth
Is measured
Only
By my girth?
You earn your substance
By your wit,
While all *I* do
Is sit
And sit!

ACROBAT

The thrill!
Of swinging high
In space—
My world,
En masse,
An upturned face
Compelling me
With bated breath
To have my fling
At life
Or death!

RINGMASTER

Crack of my whip!
That act is through.
Bring on another,
Something new!
(I laugh
To think
You cannot see
The whip
That's cracking
Over *me!*)

—MILDRED WESTON

SATURDAY MATINÉE

[BALCONY, ROW K LEFT, INCLUSIVE]

THE left-hand aisle seat contains Mrs. Morley. Furthermore, she arrives early in order that by the time the other ticket-holders appear to climb over her, her lap may be laden with her fur coat, her hat, her bag, her gloves, one bundle containing the blouses she bought for Junior, another holding the rayon underwear she bought for Louella, and odd bundles of soap (sale), canned peaches (special reduction), and only Mrs. Morley and the saleswomen know what else. There are wedges torn in the first two packages, as she of necessity must show her purchases to Mrs. Brown at her right.

Mrs. Brown always attends the matinée with Mrs. Morley. Her lap is similar to that of her friend, nor is she any small person in her own right. Included among her packages is the half-pound of chocolates and caramels without which the matinée would be incomplete for both women. Mrs. Brown, of course, does not remove the paper and string from the candy box until after the curtain rises.

TO the right of Mrs. Brown is the youth who always manages to get a single seat in this section. He is seriously interested in the Drama, which fact is emphasized by his unkempt hair, his slightly soiled collar, and the way in which he hunches forward in his seat. During this movement his hat slides onto the floor, and he fumbles for it to the unkind glances of his right and left-hand row-mates, who inevitably pick that moment to enjoy the play. Their looks, however, are nothing compared to the ones which he gives when caramels are unwrapped.

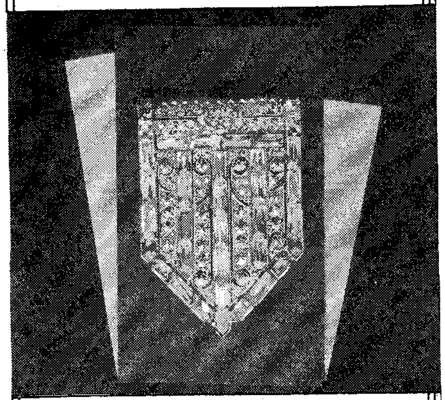
Christine and Margie are next in line. They arrive after the first act has begun, which necessitates a guessing contest of their own as to what has gone before. By the time that this is over, they settle down to more serious topics. Christine has just come, fifteen minutes late, from the hairdresser's. Her orange waves have the soft appearance of railroad ties. Margie is a bit irked at having had to wait for Christine, as she herself rushed away from a luncheon date with her boy friend in order to be on time. Christine, however, is an avid listener to he-says and I-says, which assuages Margie, although not others within earshot. Margie herself is no slouch as an appreciator and has only the highest praise for the color and technique which Jacques has displayed upon her friend's head.

Another singleton occupies Seat 114, but she is not so alone as the hapless youth in Seat 108. Two of her friends are seated in the row behind, leftward removed. No. 114 pays strict attention to the performance and gets each small nuance which the author may or may not have written into the lines. At these points she cranes her neck backward to her friends, who crane theirs side-and-forward, thus showing to all that these three Understand and Appreciate. Doubtless No. 114 has Intelligence and a Sense of Humor, which in her own eyes cover up the multitude of eyeglasses, homemade dress, and wisping hair. What No. 114 thinks of Christine and Margie's perfume, lipstick, hair dress, and boy friend is obvious. It is likewise obvious what they think of Intelligence and a Sense of Humor.

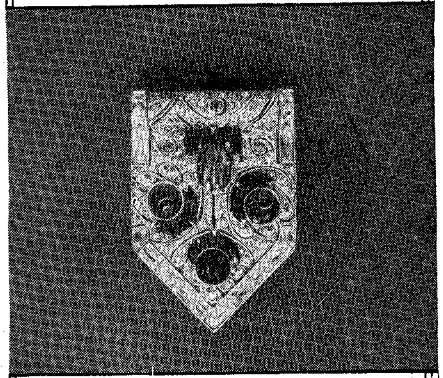
THE remaining three seats hold the three ladies from the suburbs. The first thought it was a musical show. She does not mention this once but every time she thinks of it, which is practically constantly, as she is not interested in the tribulations of the drama. "Wouldn't you have thought it was a musical show? It has such a sweet name. I thought sure it was a musical show." She selected it for her friends, and there is a plea for forgiveness in her tones. The play is not even romantically or daringly inclined as a saving grace. It is merely a good play.

The second of the trio agrees gently, "Yes, I thought it was a musical show, too," but it is plain to see that she is interested neither in this item nor the play. What does interest

. . . Nip your Neckline with a JEWELLED CLIP. $27.50



These do for our feminized frocks what brilliant paste jewels did for Directoire fashions.



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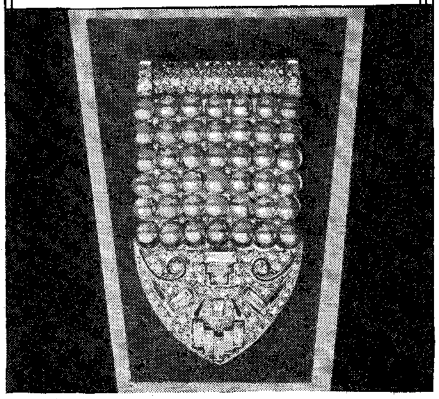
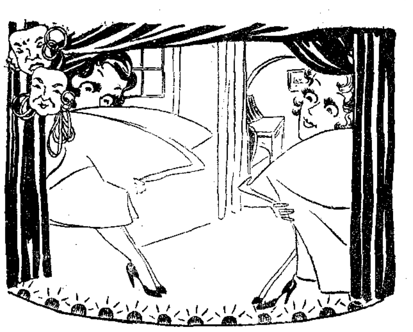




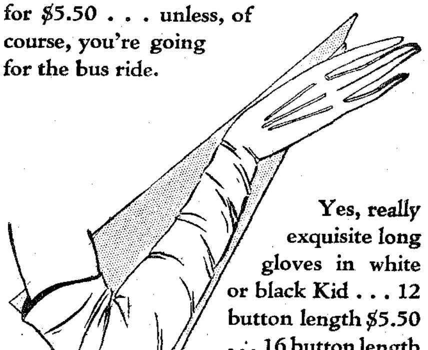
LITTLE DRAMAS OF NEW YORK LIFE

FIRST VOICE (with excitement)

Heigh Ho! Here's long Kid gloves advertised for only $8.95 . . . and do I need a pair! I'm off for downtown.

SECOND VOICE (with nonchalance)

On your way stop at TOURAINE . . . on the Avenue at 44th . . . they have them for $5.50 . . . unless, of course, you're going for the bus ride.



Yes, really exquisite long gloves in white or black Kid . . . 12 button length $5.50 . . . 16 button length $6.50 . . . quality away above par . . . unusual—except at TOURAINE.

Touraine
536 FIFTH AVENUE
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Choice, Rare Fruit!

From Berlin . . . Vienna . . . Budapest . . . the Blue Riviera

It may be a luscious mouthful from the Continent, or a rarity from the Tropics—but we have it! Try us and see!

And by the way—have you tried a Hicks Soda lately?

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her is that she paid ninety-five cents, "not including the tip," for a lunch consisting of a sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a fresh pineapple sundae. What the tip was is open to anyone's conjecture. Neither she nor her friends will ever go to that place again to eat luncheon.

The third member of the party is a professional shusher. She turns to the right and shushes the people across the aisle. She twists around to shush those in back of her and leans forward to shush those ahead. She even goes in for long-distance shushing when murmurs arise from any other portions of the balcony. The only persons she omits are her companions, who agree with her perfectly that "it's a crime the way people talk in the theatre right while the show is going on!"

—DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—V

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 108.]

I

TINGE with an "i," and kindle a light,
Add "d" for what's done to make papers right,
Add "s" and "o" for your very good health,
Do this, with "p," and you're rolling up wealth.

II

The CLAM is a reticent creature, I think,
Add "e," and it goes seven days without drink,
Add "r," it is quieter and more discreet,
Add "a," and it's sticky but awfully sweet.

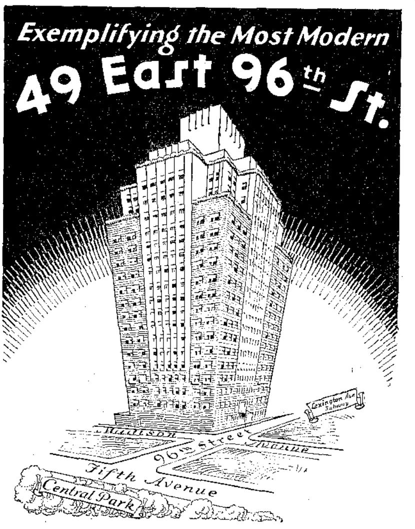
III

The VIOLET is very modest and mild,
Insert an "n," and it becomes wild,
Add "e" and "s" for the latest in notions,
Then use an "i" to see across oceans.

IV

A GIRL is divine but she must have her way,
Add "n" and "e" and you'll make her stay,
Then one more "e," and she's falling, not caring,
Give her an "i," and you'll have what she's wearing.

—ALBERT CARROLL



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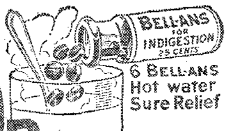

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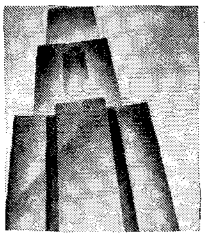
THE SKY LINE

Ecclesiastical and Domestic — A Modern Fifty-seventh Street—With a Personnel to Match



A GOOD example of the combining of ecclesiastical and secular architecture, a matter of which we have heard much in these days of high real-estate values, is the new Manhattan Towers, at Broadway and Seventy-sixth Street, designed by the firm of Tillion & Tillion. Gothic was the style chosen to give the churchly touch to this tall building. A pointed motif of tracery accents the centre bay at the street level, and the arches in the stonework which forms the base of the structure are Gothic in character. The shaft is less stylistic; the square window openings are simple and straightforward.

The color of the building is notably agreeable, the brick of the shaft harmonizing admirably with the grays and tans of the stone. At the upper levels, where the setbacks occur, stone is also used for parapets and other trim, and the disposition of the setback masses is very well managed. It is all picturesque without seeming in any way forced.

THE building is occupied jointly by the Manhattan Congregational Church and by the apartments called Hotel Manhattan Towers. The church is logically placed on the street level so that no elevator problem is involved; otherwise the secular and ecclesiastical elements dovetail. The arrangement of the auditorium space leaves room for two stores on the Broadway side, and an ell opens on the side street where the service entrances both for the church and the apartments are accommodated.

The interior of the church disappointed us. The plan appears to be square, which, except in the case of pure classic architecture, always seems a difficult shape to handle. The recessed side walls support a spherical vault, and the platform and organ are the dominant features of the side opposite the entrance. The design of the organ, which is a very important element in this interior, is unfortunately divided. There is vacancy where there should be emphasis. This axis from the entrance to the opposite side may well be considered the principal one of the composition, but it is not given enough importance to strengthen the design.

THE big black-and-white Fuller Building, designed by Walker & Gillette, is now one of the dominant notes in the sky line at Fifty-seventh Street. The termination of this tower and the way the shaft is subdivided by strong horizontal lines have always troubled us somewhat, but we must commend highly the lower stories, with their stores, and the fine entrance lobby opening from both Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street.

Black marble, "or equal" as the specifications say, is extensively used to frame the fine bronzework of the show windows and entrances. In the lobby the general tonality is brown-gold. The detail of this space is both modern and vigorous, a combination not as usual as one might expect. There appears to be a tendency on the part of designers who essay the modern to make their detail too fine in scale, too *bijou*. This is not the case in the new Fuller Building.

The mosaic floor of the lobby supplies a record of the activities of the George A. Fuller Company. A large medallion portrays the silhouette of the Tacoma Building, "the first steel structure ever erected," and similar medallions illustrate the famous Flatiron Building, built in 1903 as the original Fuller Building, and the new Fuller Building, dated 1929. The elevator doors also have pictorial interest, showing various structural operations in their coffered panels. The ceiling is the most important feature in the lobby and the sturdy lighting fixtures add much to the general effect.

AN admirable newcomer to this neighborhood is the huge Squibb Building, designed by Buchman & Kahn. They have done themselves proud. The cool white marble of the base courses is finely supplemented by the brickwork above, and the detail throughout is vigorous and restrained. There appears to be a little confusion in the relation of the setbacks, but the building as a whole has much beauty. It is distinguished, as it should be in this aristocratic neighborhood where such excellent designs as the nearby Stewart Building, the smaller but equally delightful little structure occupied by Park & Tilford, and the interesting Dobbs Building across the Avenue, make this one of the really modern quarters of New York.

TO further our studies of color schemes, we breakfasted recently at the new Childs restaurant in Lexington Avenue, opposite the Graybar Building. We had read that the waitresses are all red-heads, carefully selected by one of the managers, who was reported on the verge of nervous prostration brought on by the temperamental difficulties involved.

Red hair may not be strictly an architectural subject, but in this case it does much to relieve the eyestrain caused by the rather horrific modernism of Childs' latest installation. The red on the chairs, tables, and counters is so vividly vermilion that the assorted coiffures, ranging from brick to dusky Titian, are a really welcome relief.

QUITE recently we noted another instance in which the personnel was used as an accessory to the decoration of an interior. This was on the Yankee Clipper, the new fast train on the New Haven Railroad. Its fittings are the last word in railroad equipment, and the design of the cars shows a number of innovations which are both convenient and attractive. All lights, for instance, are table or bracket lights; there are no overhead fixtures to break the graceful curve of the ceiling. The chairs are more capacious than usual and have greater clearance, so that passengers may swing about without forming entangling alliances. The observation platform is perfectly protected from dust and wind, but there are no obstructions to cut off a view.

However, the crowning touch of thoughtfulness, it seemed to us, was the perfect color-matching of the entire personnel of dining-car waiters, porters, and maids. They are all a warm golden-brown color, with no especially light or dark shades to mar the perfect harmony.

—T-SQUARE

•

Manager Andy Anderson of Keith's
still playing to capacity audiences
State Theater is signing the con-
in the Earl Carroll Theatre in New
tract that brings "Rio Rita," RKO
York City. Through persistent ef-
version of the stage hit of two sea-
fort on Andy's part the "double
sons ago, to his theatre Saturday
wow" was secured for an early
for a week's run. "Rio Rita" is
showing in this city.—*Caption in New Brunswick (N. J.) Home News.*

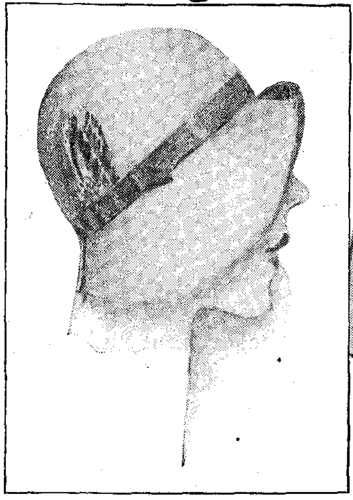
It might as well not be.

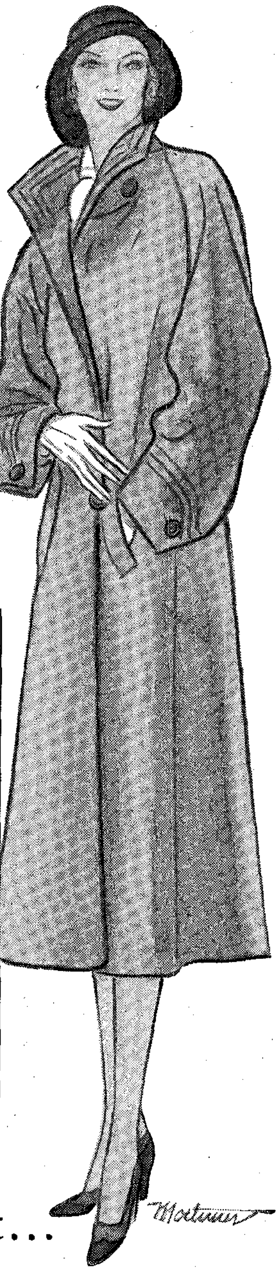
(Right) "WAYNE" *has that much sought jaunty flare—the useful new Jenny collar—the sophisticated raglan sleeve and an ability to meet innumerable occasions in town or en route. In six colors with a new effect of invisible tweed.*

$145

"CHATTERBOX" *(below) tilts its brim gently—and wisely reveals the eyes and forehead. An inseparable companion to a camel's wool coat. In all the new matching colors.*

$15





"*Wayne*" the Coat
"*Chatterbox*" the Hat...
a buoyantly modern pair by KNOX

Dependable, sportive camel's wool...sleek, classic felt...a companionate pair equal to the varied trials of town, travel and country. Superbly tailored the coat...correctly molded the hat. Worthy of the fine heritage of Knox

The Women's Shops of
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THE HATTER

The Colony Room, 711 *Fifth Avenue (at 55th)*

452 *Fifth Avenue (at 40th)*
161 *Broadway (Singer Bldg.)*

Roosevelt Hotel (Madison at 45th)
Paramount Bldg. (Broadway at 44th)

SUMMER-SPORTS FORECASTS

V-A LITTLE LOOK AHEAD AT FISHING

IT may be that there are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, but it doesn't seem that way after ten hours in a boat without a bite except those accounted for by mosquitoes. However, fishing will be practiced by just as many people this year as ever before. Fishing has the advantage of furnishing just as good a topic of conversation if you don't catch anything as if you do.

Nearly everyone will go back to the old fishing grounds intent on catching some particular fish, which he had on his line last year, or back in 1903, but couldn't get into the boat. The odds are a hundred to one that the fish has moved to parts unknown, or never existed at all, but that makes no difference. Even when such a fish is caught—admitting for the sake of argument that one might be—it will be found to have lost considerable weight with each passing year. The thirty-pound muskellunge that nearly got caught last year will never be found to weigh more than eleven pounds three ounces if caught this year.

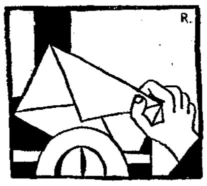
Thousands of dollars will be spent for new and more alluring bait. Apparently fishermen are all trusting souls, for they bite on these new baits with considerably more enthusiasm than the fish. There may not be any more different kinds of bait this year than last—it scarcely seems possible that there *could* be any more—but they will be done up in gay, new packages, and will be bought with high hopes and eagerness.

Perhaps 1930 will be the year to disprove an old theory—the one which holds that a small boy with an old stick, a spool of worn thread, a bent pin, and a can of worms can catch more and bigger fish than an expert bait-caster with a full line of highly expensive equipment and a superlatively varied stock of bait. But perhaps this is too much to hope for.

The waters of countless lakes and streams will be whipped by expensive lines from early spring to late fall. Some fish will be caught, without a doubt, but the prediction is fairly safe that no matter how many fishermen go out, and no matter how much they may fling their bait about, the vital statistics of the lakes and streams will not be revised downward to any great extent. —JOHN C. EMERY

LONDON LETTER

London, April 2



OXFORD no longer can be called the home of lost causes. The undergraduates who startled the world and frightened their parents a while ago by advertising in the papers for a second-hand dirigible, after the university authorities ruled that they could not have airplanes, finally found a balloon. The Oxford University Balloon Union was promptly formed, and with a rather neat flourish of trumpets. At the appointed hour the party of four intrepid aviators, including Miss Tallulah Bankhead, assembled at the Oxford Gas Works. The entire gas supply of Oxford was cut off for two hours during the process of inflation, and when all was ready Miss Bankhead performed a simple and appropriate ceremony with a bottle of Heidsieck, the party assumed the Balloon Union hat, a specially designed affair that looked like a soup plate with a peak in front, and entered the basket. A talkie was made, the crowd stood back, regretfully Miss Bankhead kissed her hand to them, and the balloon refused to rise.

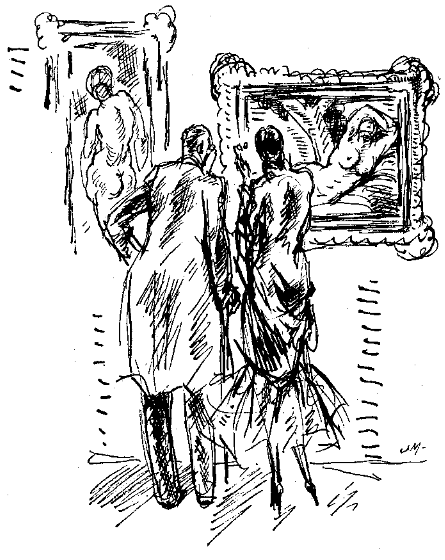
Miss Bankhead and an unknown hero nobly volunteered to remain behind, climbed out, and the contrivance shot into the clouds and made off in an easterly direction. The brave aëronauts passed slowly over the Morris automobile factory and could make out the blare of the horns of cars that followed them along the road. It was here that they released a tiny balloon with the message "All doing well." Five miles farther on a village band turned out to welcome them. Then the guide rope tied itself in a knot around a telegraph pole, breaking it and the wires as well, and the pilots were obliged to rip their balloon and descend ignominiously in a field, having accomplished a journey of approximately ten miles in one and a half hours.

Next year there is to be a balloon race between Oxford and Cambridge.

WHILE on the subject of intervarsity events, it may interest you to know that an Oxford women's four beat a Reading University boatload by 15 points to 14½ for style, though they were a length or two behind, which was apparently quite unimportant. Following this, the hopes of rowing women were raised high by the announcement that a Newnham College (Cambridge) eight is being trained in front of a mirror by Barry, who is the world's champion sculler. I understand that these ladies wear black stockings and that their total weight is 1,260 pounds.

THE French say that Bourdelle, who has been holding an exhibition of sculpture at the Leicester Galleries, is as great as Rodin, but I cannot agree. There is the same strength, but Bourdelle is at his best when a slight element of caricature creeps into his work. His bust of Beethoven has a tremendous beetling brow that in real life would proclaim the monster, but in bronze it expresses the very soul of Beethoven. It is Bourdelle's proud boast that a man who had never seen Anatole France, nor even a photograph of him, walked up to his bust and said, "That must be Anatole France." Bourdelle undoubtedly has the knack, or the art, of showing in a man's face the nature of that man's intellect, but his style is selfconscious, which Rodin's never was. As anyone who has visited the little Rodin Museum in Paris must admit, to be as great as Rodin one must be a very great sculptor indeed.

Another small art show worth seeing was the Royal Society of Painters' exhibition of water colors. The English genius has always expressed itself best in water color, perhaps because the medium does not lend itself well to alarming post-impressionism and merges very subtly with our climatic effects. There were the usual Laura Knight circus scenes, looking rather absurd in that atmosphere of quiet landscapes;



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There you can be the perfect host . . . for you know the famous chef Chevalier will give you all the excellencies of the cuisine . . . and Peter will make your luncheon or dinner a success, whether it is in a private dining-room or in the distinctively decorated restaurant.

Private entrance on Fifty-eighth Street.

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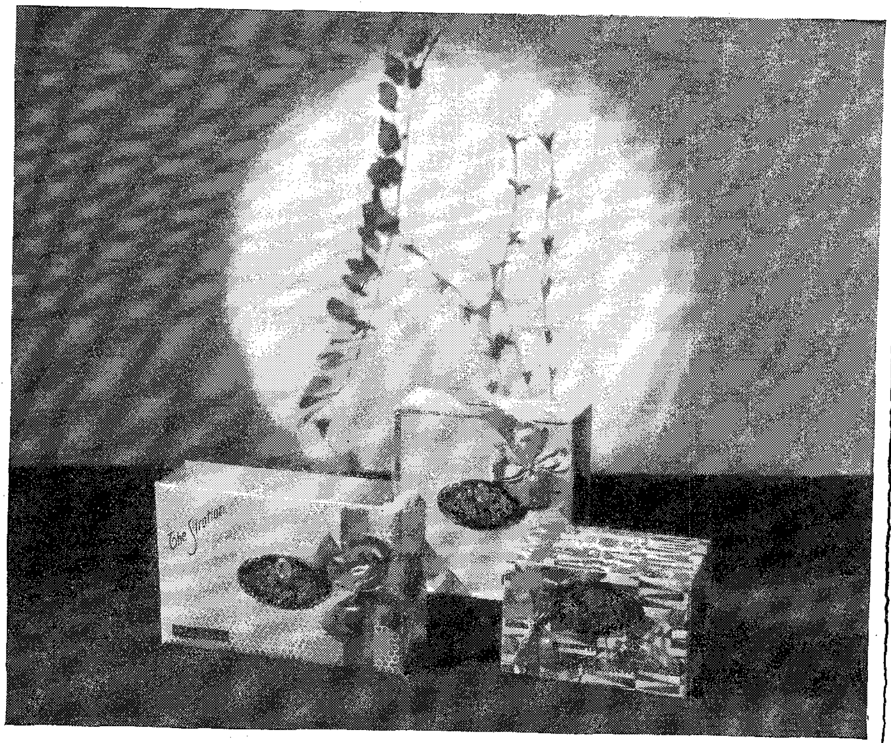

A Real Easter Candy Inspiration!

Honey-Maid Chocolates

THE LESS FATTENING CANDY

AS Easter approaches, and the desire for sweets is always closely associated with the Season--you may forget the calories and enjoy all the Candy you like. Just bear in mind that Honey-Maid Chocolates are **less fattening.** The new one pound STRATTON package at $1.50 offers tempting delicacies and surprises--in wide variety--all made from finest clover honey. The New Yorker gift package smartly resembles a genuine honey-comb; one pound de luxe box at $2.50. Honey Chews are featured in a novel unit of four boxes, enough for four tables of bridge, at $1.00.

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in fact all the old names were there. The hero of the exhibition was Lawrence Bulleid, who, in the face of everybody and everything, has produced a "Bather" so much in the Alma Tadema manner that its appearance in suburban parlors next to "The Bath of Psyche" is almost a foregone conclusion.

A VERY successful series of Shaw plays has been running at the Court Theatre, put on by the Macdona Players, a repertory company of, for the most part, not more than mediocre talent; but Shaw's plays are so good they can stand an unlimited amount of mishandling.

I mention this because previously "Misalliance" had had only four performances in London. It was a failure before. The author explains in a program note that " 'Misalliance' was written twenty years ago as a contribution to an attempt made by the late Charles Frohman to achieve financial results with a repertory of highbrow plays. The first week's receipts shattered that illusion, and 'Misalliance' received its *coup de grâce* from an American manager, who, believing as American managers are apt to do, that he knew exactly what 'Misalliance' needed to make it a great popular success, cut out the highbrow parts and made the rest unintelligible, so that its apparent failure in London became a real and crushing one on the other side of the pond."

Audiences may have grown older in twenty years, but the laughter at the Court Theatre was immoderate. It is certainly Shaw's most amusing play, and I should place it third in order of merit after "Back to Methuselah" and "St. Joan." Perhaps some other American manager will take his courage in both hands and make amends for the behavior of the first. Until then you must envy London the best show of the season. —A. G.

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 104]

I. Tinge, ignite, editing, digestion, depositing.

II. Clam, camel, calmer, caramel.

III. Violet, violent, novelties, television.

IV. Girl, linger, reeling, lingerie.

TABLES FOR TWO

Downtown and French—On Tea Dancing and the Orient

FOR the superb French-cuisine type of food, Park Avenuers and Sutton Place dwellers are pretty loyal to places like the Colony, Passy, and Robert, all of which have their individual tricks in cookery that are really works of art in their own luxuriant way. If you're downtown, however (Washington Square to me), and interested in substantial French cooking, sauces that are less fancy, and food in general that is practical for a steady diet, Charles, in Sixth Avenue just south of Eleventh, is one of my standbys. It is not dressy or swanky, but neither is it Villagy. Be sure to go through to the cozy room at the back. The lighting is softer there than in front, and the seats against the walls are comfortable so you can be lazy. You may recognize faces that you saw a few years ago when you were slumming in the arty dives—someone who finally sold a masterpiece (probably for an ad) and is catching up on all those art-for-art's-sake years. Don't let anybody tell you all restaurants in the Village are atmospheric and nothing else, because there are lots of them that combine uptown merit with that below-Fourteenth-Street feeling of camaraderie. More about them by and by.

JUST for the sake of contrast, telephone Volunteer 3493 and make reservations for a delectable meal at Ka Lama O Hawaii, 56 West Fifty-first Street. If you don't phone first you may be too early for the mango this or the Bombay that. Exotic flavors permeate all their little tidbits, which are so amusing you will probably forget you are there to eat. For instance, the main dish may be accompanied by an assortment of pungent kickshaws that have sweet flavors, salty flavors, pickly flavors, and nutty flavors. The silliest of them all is a flaky stuff that looks like Lux, is called duck, but tastes like, and is, fish. The careful blending of flavors is no less soothing to the palate than the color scheme is to the eye. A waning moon is all that is missing from the picture.

WHEN the pangs of hunger overtake you after a late drive in an open car—I am full of ideas—follow the newspaper reporters over to the Press Grill (open to people too), at Forty-first Street near Third Avenue, and have one of their marvellous, juicy steaks. Charlie is never too sleepy to greet you with a friendly welcome no matter what time of night. He's used to ravenous reporters after a fire.

GETTING away from the subject of food, there is another matter I'd like to speak of. Every telephone call of late seems to be an inquiry about places for tea dancing. The fact is few people above the flapper age dance at tea time in this year 1930, but if you have your nephew down for the holidays, there is the Casino, where you can watch the trees budding, between dances. The Italian Gardens at the Ambassador are always nice. There are, of course, a few other places. Personally, these first days of spring I like to take my annual pilgrimage to the Claremont and drink my tea while the sun sets. If anybody insists upon dancing at noon, they can, for all I care, go to one of those Chinese places in Broadway.

I DON'T mean to disparage all Chinese restaurants, especially after a discovery made only last night. Of course you know that chop suey is an American concoction. To get real Oriental food you have to go where the natives go; not these pseudo places where, just as you are about to uncover a bowl of rice, the crooning voice of Rudy Vallée comes to you over Station Something-or-Other.

Seeking Chinese food, to get back to that discovery, we stumbled upon a chop-suey house at 741 Eighth Avenue (about Forty-sixth Street) that looked unobtrusive enough to be genuine. It is called The Summer Palace Restaurant and you climb up a narrow stairway to reach it. The place was crowded with what we understood to be Chinese aristocracy—at least we saw a quorum of top hats, evening wraps, and silver-headed sticks. There were no other Americans there at the time but apparently they do visit the Palace now and then, as there is a stingy-looking little menu that is printed in English. Don't let them merely hand you this one. Ask for the boss. He will permit you to see the Chinese menu just to show his good-will, and he will order a dinner for you to show his good judgment. A very nice fellow he is indeed, once you let him know that you are aware there are other things in this world besides chop suey. While they are preparing some strange dish that sounds like Chow Guy Pen, you can get into the proper mood by glancing through the Chinese newspapers or looking for mysterious passageways behind the little nooks for two. —F. D.

•

STORIES OF TODAY

I—PURIFICATION

The Manufacturers' Association
Of the Dominion of Canada
Charges that their country
Is belittled and degraded
In the history texts
Printed in the States.

They are therefore campaigning
To eradicate from their schools
All history textbooks
With "the taint of Americanism."

II—PARADOX

The Total Abstinence Society
Has just disbanded
After an existence
Of thirty years.

"Nobody seems interested
In abstinence any more,"
The president remarked sadly,
"Since prohibition was passed."

III—REASSURANCE

Rollins College,
Winter Park, Florida,
Has just established
A new department
For "the study of evil."

"However, this course
Will not take up
The practice of evil,"
The college authorities
Hasten to explain,
"But only the history
And philosophy of it."

IV—RESIGNATION

The Kansas City
Harness Company
Just recently
Went out of business.

The directors announced
They had definitely decided
That "the automobile
Is here to stay."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

RECENT BOOKS

The Soul of Russia—Country-Club Morals—Mystery —Flotsam and Jetsam—Politicians—New Biography

THE task of reviewing Maxim Gorki's novel, "Bystander," is enough to appall even the entire editorial board of the *Nation*. I do not know of any recent book that presents such enormous critical possibilities—none of which can be dismissed in a few words—nor any book of such certain permanent interest. For here, in a vast panorama, is the summary of the life experience of an important artist; here, in fact, is a literary résumé of Russia after Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

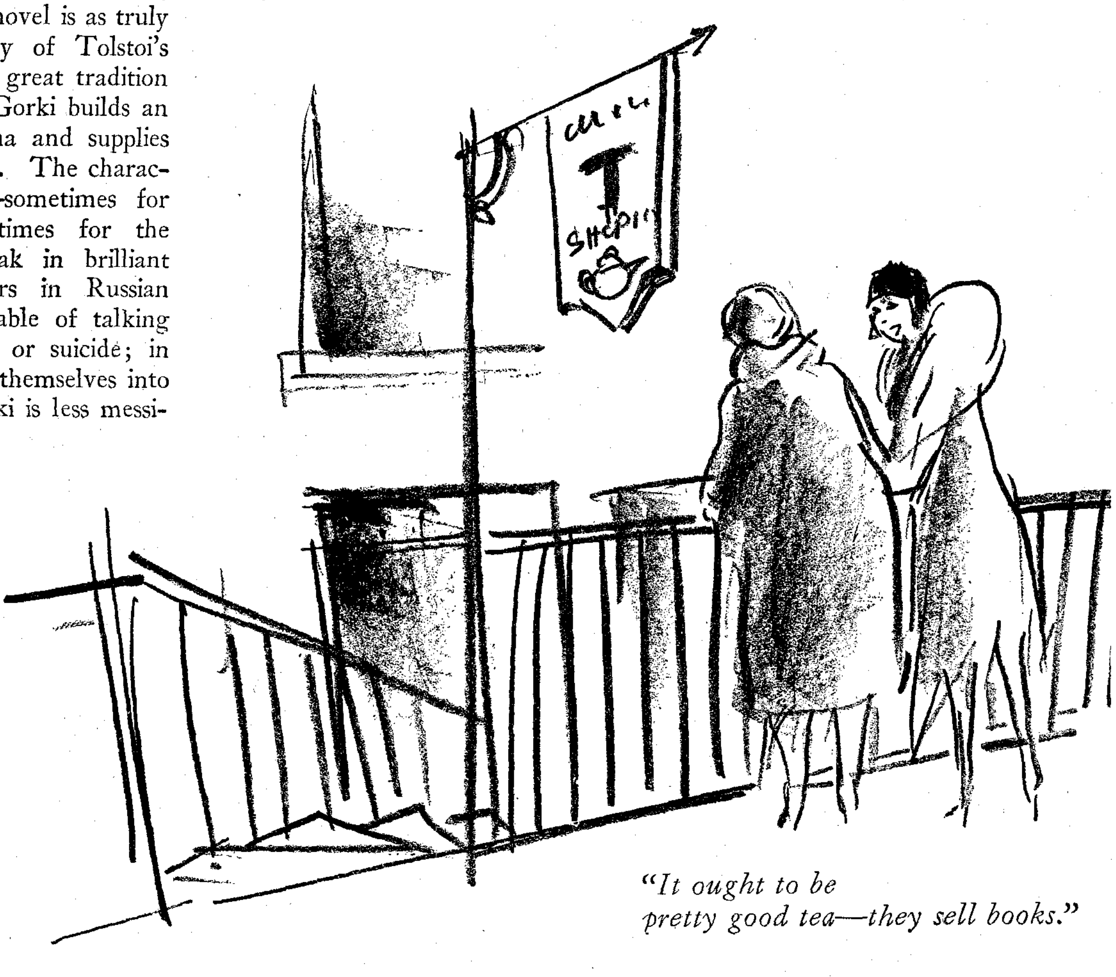
On the surface, Gorki's book never directly touches the Revolution; but the Revolution thunders in every sentence. It is, in "Bystander," a larger thing than street riots, royalist murders, or even an economic upheaval. It is the profound and disturbed unrest of all young men and women, an unrest which, in Gorki's novel as in real life, was intensified in the younger men of Russia. Gorki shows you the impetus behind the action.

The Clim Samghin of "Bystander" is not, in the externals of his career, Gorki himself, yet the novel is as truly autobiographical as any of Tolstoi's works. Following the great tradition of the Russian novel, Gorki builds an intricate personal drama and supplies it with a critical chorus. The characters live and speak—sometimes for themselves and sometimes for the author—and they speak in brilliant revelations. Characters in Russian novels are always capable of talking themselves into ecstasy or suicide; in "Bystander" they talk themselves into a state of revolt. Gorki is less messianic in his criticism of life, art, religion, sex, and politics than Tolstoi, and more epigrammatic. The book is heavy with proverbs, with sharpened, sophisticated versions of peasant wisdom. It is, in its curious mixture of self-criticism and self-satisfaction, nearer to the American novel than to the Continental novel. In its sense of freedom, of spiritual inquisitiveness, of spaciousness, and in its perpetual feeling of the wonder and strangeness of life, it is gloriously national. It has, even in its casual and insignificant details, a tremendous excitement and an ominous feeling of change.

Without, as I have said, even so much as bringing the Revolution directly on the stage except as a shadow, Gorki gives you the essence of the social phenomenon in a way to make all that you ever have read about it seem puny and journalistic by comparison. When you consider the circumstances of Gorki's life and his position in the new Russia, you marvel that, in this day and age, the artist has triumphed over the propagandist. Surely no other novelist ever has kept his prophetic vision and his integrity of observation in the face of events that would have destroyed a lesser artist.

NOW to pass on to more simple things: "Five Generations," by Margaret Armstrong, is a collection of the letters, diaries, and other personal records of an American family. I liked its gay, unretouched picture of past epochs, and Miss Armstrong has gone to considerable pains to link together these personal family mementos with an explanatory continuity. The Armstrong family, with all its sisters and its cousins and its aunts, lived in New Jersey and in the Hudson River country, and so the letters have special interest to local genealogical sleuths. I was impressed particularly with the program of early graduating exercises at Columbia University. It is pleasant to think that, in less pretentious days, the Grand March on these occasions was led by the janitor of the college. Also, the snobbishly inclined probably will be delighted to learn that they are directly descended from some of the notable guests at a certain swank Albany funeral.

"THE PARTY DRESS" finds Joseph Hergesheimer again in a Cytherean mood. Mr. Hergesheimer is a shrewd gentleman; his story proves that a woman may lead a life of righteousness and virtue for forty years only to have her morals threatened by a seductive Paris gown. That, of course, is exactly the thought deep in the sub-



"It ought to be pretty good tea—they sell books."

GRAHAM McNAMEE SPEAKING ••

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SEAL BRAND
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THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

consciousness of every woman when she buys one of those gowns. It is a suave story with a certain velvet naughtiness, and filled with all those beautiful elegances so beloved by Mr. Hergesheimer. It is a country-club outlook on sex, with Mr. Hergesheimer deftly saving it from the tinge of tawdriness by his insistent charm.

THERE are three short novels in Alfred Neumann's new book, "King Haber." The first—the title piece—is the drama of a Jew in a mid-European court. I cared for it least. The best story, "Schoolmaster Taussig," was written when Mr. Neumann was only twenty-seven and it is one of the best short stories I ever have read. "The Patriot" is the third story, and you will remember that Emil Jannings played in the movie version. It is Mr. Neumann doing his best historical writing—objective, dramatic, and free from too much dependence on modern historical commentary. If you saw the movie, you will know how the story turned out—the Czar Paul was murdered.

TO me, a mystery novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart is an important literary event. "The Door" is elegant entertainment, partly because Mrs. Rinehart is not afraid of making her murders dreadful and her murderers fearsomely abnormal. Also, her ability to write pleasantly and convincingly never deserts her even under the most trying conditions. Quite irrelevantly, I wonder what superstition or what early memory impels Mrs. Rinehart invariably to mention a nurse early in her narrative. —A. W. S.

EXCEPT in the case of established writers, whether or not a foreign novel ever gets published over here seems to be pretty much a matter of chance. Robert Neumann, the author of "Flood," got a lucky break when an American publisher who was in Germany called on Einstein (to try to persuade him to write his autobiography) and was kept waiting a few minutes. Just to pass the time away, the publisher picked up a book from the table and began to read. The name of the book was "Sintflut;" the publisher read, gaped, gasped; Einstein entered, said he was reading the book, said it was a great book; the publisher dashed back to America, had it translated, and here it is.

Well, if Dr. Einstein spends much of his spare time reading things like "Flood," it's no wonder that scientific problems seem simple to him. After wallowing through Mr. Neumann's work you feel that anyone (except, perhaps, Mr. Neumann) could explain the Theory of Relativity to you and make it seem child's play in comparison. True to its title, "Flood" throws up the flotsam and jetsam of human life: beggars, lunatics, criminals, dope fiends, degenerates, perverts, prostitutes, politicians, and profiteers. There isn't a sane person in the book. Everyone is vicious, futile, underfed, hysterical, weak. They make Aldous Huxley's postwar neurotics seem like Boy Scouts. Mr. Neumann doesn't temper his disapproval of society with humor; the swinishness of the scene he portrays is too unrelieved to be convincing; he hasn't any sense of form; but his book has the fascination of a large canvas, sensational characters, and a strongly biased point of view.

STILL, it's quite refreshing to leave the bordellos of Vienna and come back to the good old U. S. A. in Chester T. Crowell's "Liquor, Loot and Ladies." Here are shown only such wholesome incidents as the police killing gambling-house proprietors who don't pay enough protection money, politicians having hundreds of hostile voters clapped into jail just over Election Day, political bosses manufacturing white-slave legends in order to make a party platform, and gangsters shooting up people who failed to pay them regular taxes for the simple privilege of being permitted to conduct their business in peace. To make his exposé more emphatic, Mr. Crowell writes in the first person, as if he were a retired political boss, which he isn't. However, as political reporter and corporation adviser he has been behind the scenes enough to pick up a lot of interesting dirt. Nothing alarms him any more; without excitement and often with humor he tells of marked ballots, murders listed as suicides because investigation would get the police into trouble, mayors who were never allowed to get their hands on important business, officials making twenty thousand dollars' graft a year on twenty-five-hundred-dollar jobs, criminal lawyers winning obviously phony cases on technicalities, governors sending applicants for pardons to political friends who secure the pardon from the governor and pocket the applicant's fee, and so on far into the night. Any old fogy who entertains the romantic notion that there is a single aspect of state or municipal politics that is free from hooey had better read this book.

BIOGRAPHIES and autobiographies still come pouring in. "The Frail Warrior," by Jean Marie Carré, is a life of Robert Louis Stevenson written by a Frenchman. It takes the modern view that R. L. S. was neither angel nor debauchee, and, although it contains no new material and is written from a non-literary standpoint, is a pleasant enough guide for those who know little or nothing about the subject. "Youth in Revolt" is the second volume of the autobiography of Shmarya Levin, a Zionist enthusiast whose life has been spent in Russia, Germany, and Palestine. The author is apparently scholar as well as man of action; his character sketches and portrayal of Jewish life in Russia are at once vivid, full of feeling, yet restrained.

In "Simon Kenton," Edna Kenton, a descendant of the famous Kentucky pioneer, presents a spasmodically exciting picture of early frontier life, omitting none of the succulent details of Indian methods of torture. Kenton himself was a picturesque old fighter who never learned how to read or write, but whose land holdings at one time totalled thousands of acres. Carl W. Ackerman completes the week's mentionable biographies with a life of George Eastman. From an economic standpoint his book is a clear and comprehensive account of the policy and business career of the Kodak King, but it doesn't tell you much about Eastman the Man. Perhaps there isn't an awful lot to tell. —G. H.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

GALLOWS' ORCHARD, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

BYSTANDER, by Maxim Gorki (*Cape & Smith*). A novel of the revolution of the individual soul that will probably rank with the best of Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

THE PARTY DRESS, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Sex in a country club, and another good reason why women go wrong.

KING HABER, by Alfred Neumann (*King*). Three excellent short stories. "Schoolmaster Taussig" is particularly good.

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY, by Granville Toogood (*Brewer & Warren*). The struggle of a creative artist against Philadelphia society.

THE FOOL'S PARADE, by John W. Vander-

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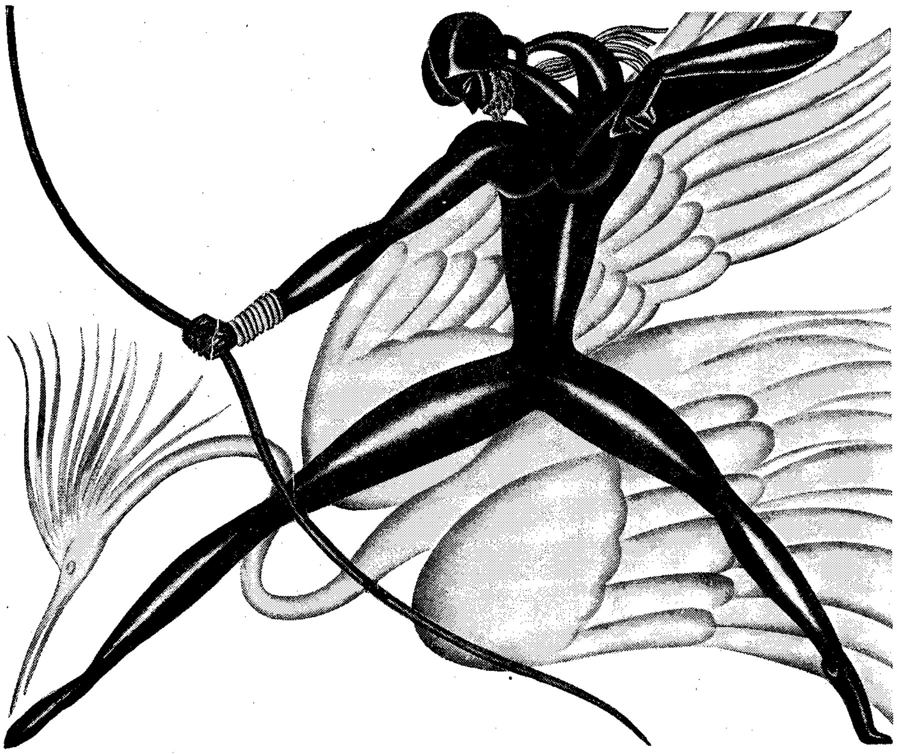

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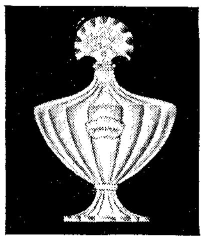

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cook (*Harper*). Splendid and terrible stories of Africa.

THE KRAMER GIRLS, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Family life in a small town in Iowa, recorded with feeling.

THE COMPANY, by Edwin Seaver (*Macmillan*). Satiric and sympathetic sketches of the cogs in a Big Business machine.

CIMARRON, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

BOTTOM DOGS, by Edward Dahlberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The story of the son of a lady barber, with some fine realistic writing.

VILE BODIES, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

CHRISTINE AND OTHER STORIES, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Four lugubrious tales smoothly written.

STEPHEN ESCOTT, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). Mr. Lewisohn's clinical analysis of marriage.

EROICA, by Samuel Chotzinoff (*Simon & Schuster*). Pleasantly romantic novel based on the life of Beethoven—and, incidentally, good biography.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

THE 42ND PARALLEL, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

AUSTRALIA FELIX, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

THE GOOD SOLDIER: SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

MYSTERIES

THE DOOR, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Farrar & Rhinehart*). . . . STREETS OF SHADOW, by Leslie McFarlane (*Dutton*). . . . THE AVENGING IKON, by Charles Barry (*Dutton*). . . . SEVEN SUSPECTS, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements (*Appleton*). . . . THE MASTER OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, by Leo Perutz (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). . . . MURDER ON THE MARSH, by John Ferguson (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . AUTHOR UNKNOWN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . RED ACES, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . DEATH IN THE BOX, by Marcus Magil (*Lippincott*). . . . THE CIRCLE OF VENGEANCE, by Nora and George E. Jorgenson (*Appleton*).

GENERAL

FIVE GENERATIONS, by Margaret Armstrong (*Harper*). The letters and diaries of an American family entertainingly presented.

LIQUOR, LOOT AND LADIES, by Chester T. Crowell (*Knopf*). Lively exposé of the dubious activities of a political boss by one who has been behind the scenes.

YOUTH IN REVOLT, by Shmarya Levin (*Harcourt, Brace*). Vivid autobiographical account of Jewish life in Russia. Well written.

ARROGANCE: THE CONQUEST OF XERXES, by Louis Couperus (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A great era recreated by a remarkable stylist.

THROUGH BLOOD AND ICE, by Ferenc Imrey and Lewis Stanton Palen (*Dutton*). A Hungarian artist writes without reticence of his war experiences on the eastern front. Gory but detached.

BYRON, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). The romantic story of the limping angel. The wisest and wittiest of current biographies.

"ORDERLY!," by M. R. Werner (*Cape & Smith*). Life in a base hospital, told for those who enjoy their operations.

MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY, by Frank Harris (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). A glimpse into Mr. Harris' unsuspected past.

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY, by Michael Gold (*Liveright*). Authentic story of New York's East Side. Written with restraint.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, by Karl Tschuppik (*Brentano*). Emperor Franz Joseph's unhappy wife sympathetically and intelligently portrayed.

A GENTLEMAN REBEL, by John Hyde Preston (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Mad Anthony Wayne rescued from mustiness.

MATA HARI: COURTESAN AND SPY, by Major Thomas Coulson (*Harper*). An English officer writes without sentimentality about the notorious woman spy.

THE CRUSADES, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a gorgeous adventure told with fine color and spirit.

COLUMBUS: DON QUIXOTE OF THE SEAS, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

LOBAGOLA, (*Knopf*). The life story of an African savage which, true or not, is good reading.

YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Liveright*). You should read it yet.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, by Jean Martet (*Longmans, Green*). A great man's words and deeds as recorded and seen by his secretary.

THE PARIS GUN, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

CANFIELD, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the year's books.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

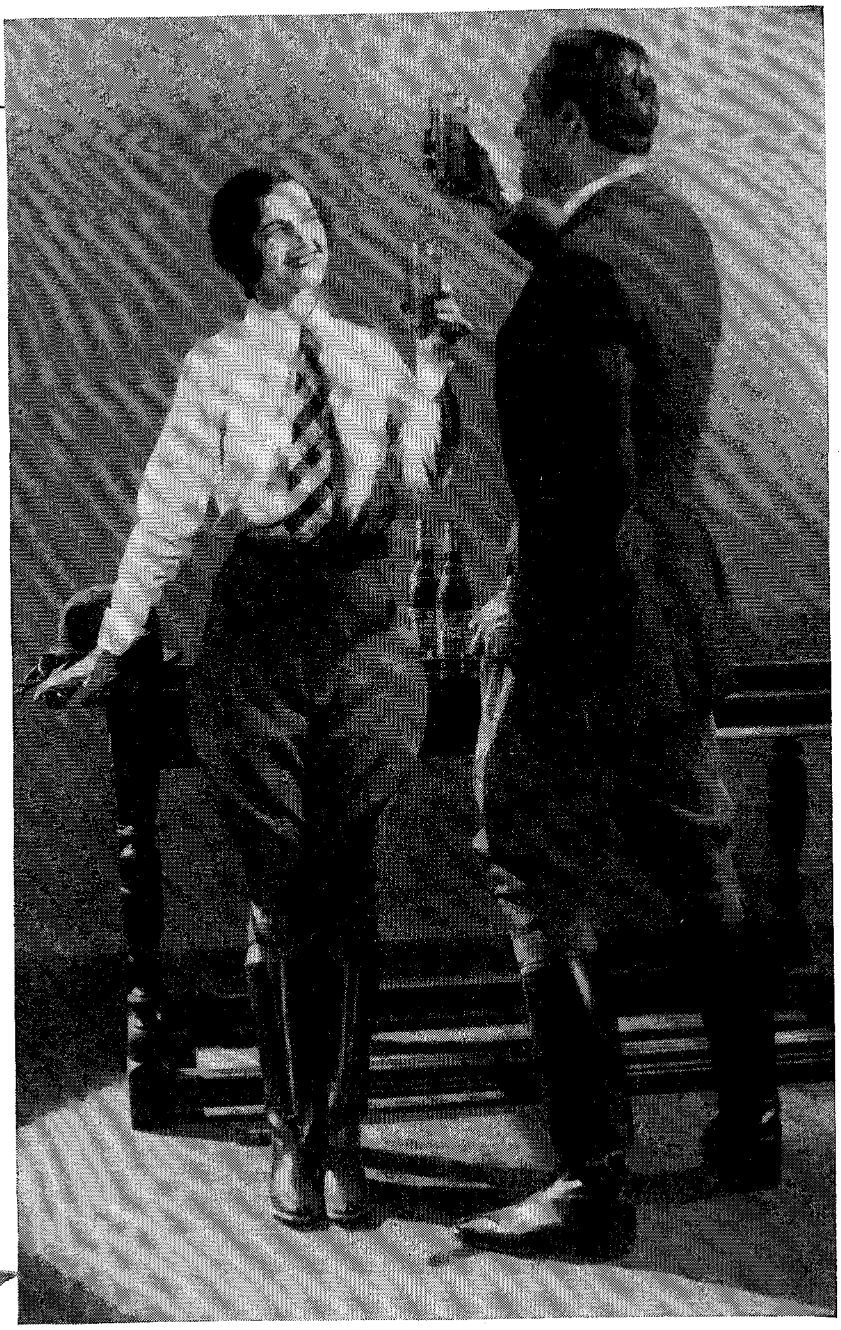
PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From an American Art Gallery catalogue*]

The front is decorated with a painted circular medallion of Venus instructing Cupid, in the manner of Angelika Kauffman.

Boots *and* Bottles

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
D'ye ken his new drink that's won the day—
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?



Crush-Dry

For breakfast, for a draught from the saddle, or when the day's done—youthful in its sparkling freshness, exhilirating as a point-to-point race, groomed like a royal hunter!

"Don't Squeeze—Pour!"

BRILLIANT in its bottle—more brilliant in the glass. Fresh orange juice from choice tree-ripened fruit, rich in health vitamins, and adroitly blended with a dash of lemon and lime, then livened with a taste of the peel and champagne carbonation.

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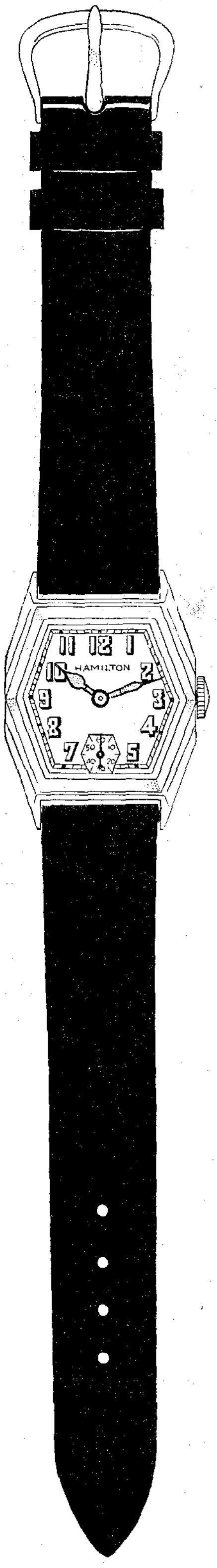

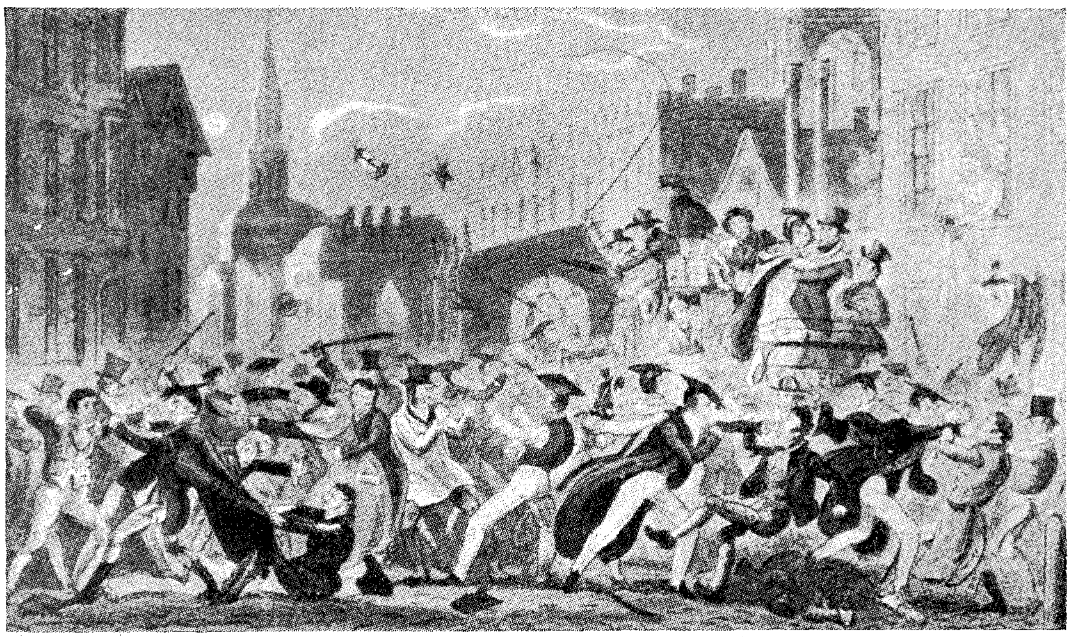

A Town and Gown riot following an Oxford-Cambridge boat race.

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The Oxford-Cambridge boat race *does* create a good deal of commotion on the High Street among the more spirited students. But it doesn't create any more disturbance and glee than Hamilton's new Cambridge (masculine gender) right on Your Street. This is the sort of strap watch that some beau brummels would simply die for! It's smart ("Right-o*!*")... and uncannily accurate ("Oh, *lovely!*") . . . and worth rowing against traffic for a few blocks in any city to see. How about *doing* just that—today?

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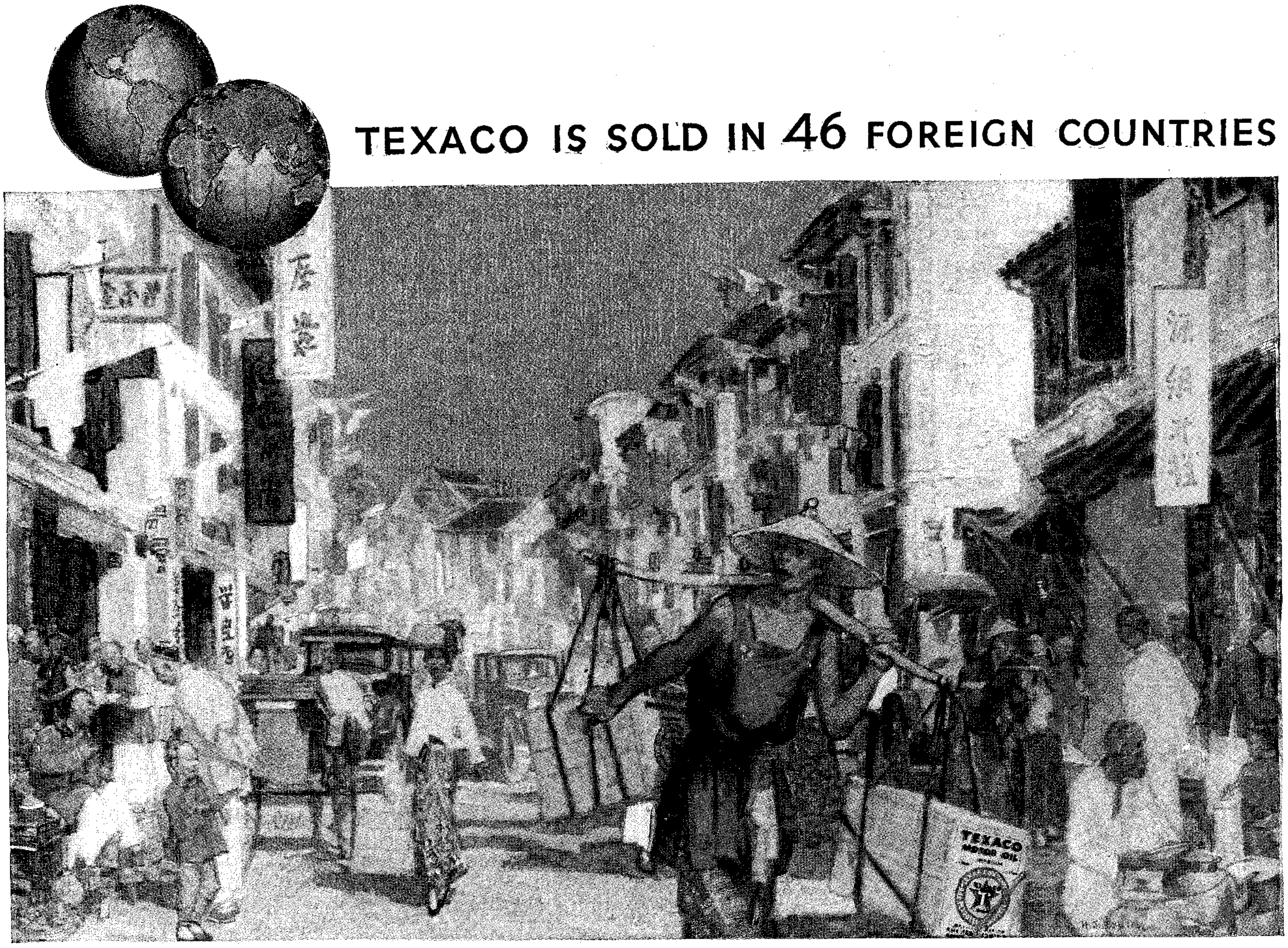

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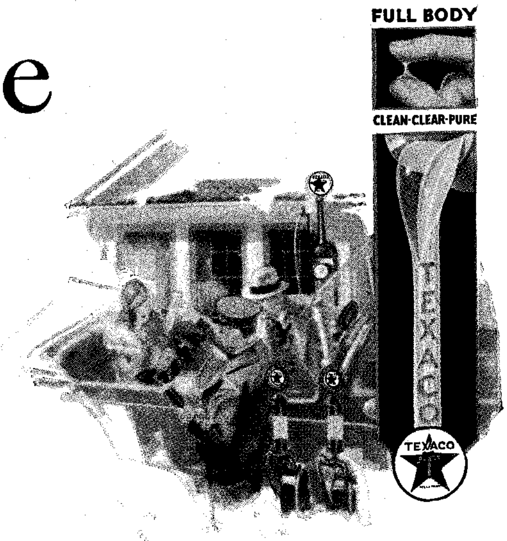
From the ports of the fabled Orient to the land of the midnight sun — in 'most every corner of the civilized globe — there you will find the familiar Texaco Red Star with the Green T!

And there you will find the same pure Texaco Golden Motor Oil that is sold from coast to coast— in each of our forty-eight States! For neither clime nor distance halts the progress of the Texaco Star!

In Singapore on the equator, where an engine's heat is magnified by a sun like polished brass, motorists depend implicitly on Texaco Golden Motor Oil!

And in Iceland, where the mercury hits thirty below, there, too, you will find Texaco Golden Motor Oil demonstrating its ability to meet efficiently all lubricating requirements.

The whole wide world knows Texaco quality—knows its purity, its golden color! And this international preference is added proof of Texaco superiority.



Let a Texaco man demonstrate to you the free-flowing quality of Texaco at low temperatures.

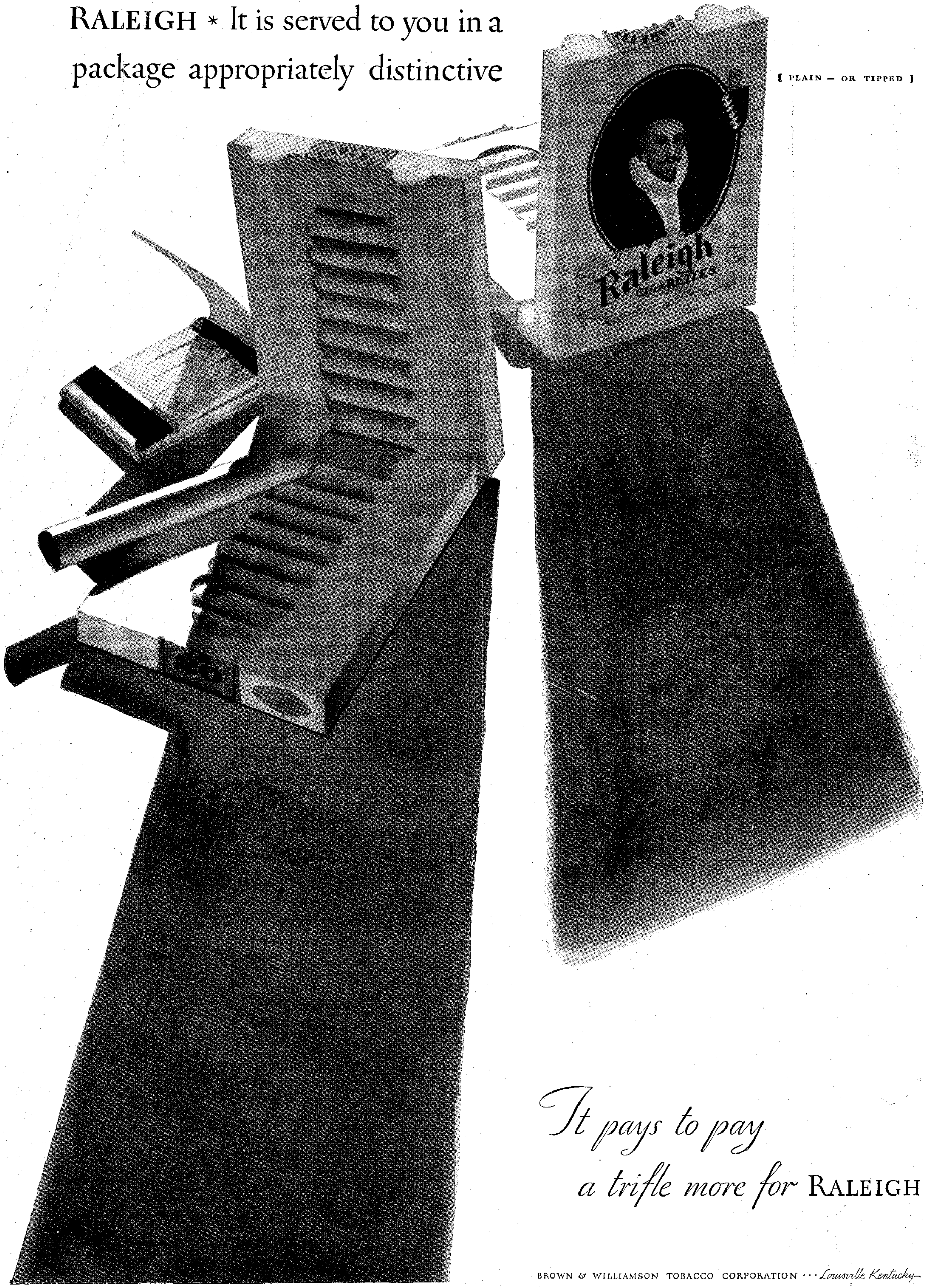
TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

TEXACO

There's no other cigarette quite like RALEIGH * It is served to you in a package appropriately distinctive



[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]

It pays to pay
a trifle more for RALEIGH

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION · · · *Louisville Kentucky*